

ISAAC S. WHITE

Manitoba Muses

OR

Gentle Joseph and other Poems



Composed in the solitude of the
backwoods of Manitoba

by

ISAAC S. WHITE

A man may muse here on earth's sod,
But inspiration comes from God.

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P R E F A C E

The story of Joseph and his brethren is a most interesting part of Bible history, especially for the young ; and it should not lose any of its interest, as it is retold in "Gentle Joseph" ; a poem descriptive of the events of a praiseworthy life, from his dreams till his death. Another interesting part in the history of the children of Israel, is their deliverance from the bondage of the Egyptians. "The Oppression," and following poems, show how Moses' life was preserved, notwithstanding the despiteful decree to kill the children ; and relate all the incidents, from the meeting of Moses with God at the "Burning Bush," including the plagues ; the institution of the Passover ; the death of the first-born of the Egyptians ; the passing of the children of Israel through the Red Sea, and the destruction of the Egyptian host therein ; the feeding of the Israelites with Manna, and supplying them with water out of the rock ; till the great phenomena at Mount Sinai, when Moses again met with God and received the commandments.

The Book of Job, may be said to be an exposition of the majesty, power, justice, greatness, strength and wisdom of God. It shows God's omnipotence and sovereignty, but God's mercy and His love are not in evidence. It dwells more on God's greatness, than on His goodness. "Afflicted Job," is a virtual translation of this Book into modern verse. The arguments are unaltered, but inferences deduced therefrom are given in addendum. Had Job said : "Behold I am weak !" instead of "Behold I am vile !" it would have been more in tune with the *Argumentum ad judicium*. That Job was pessimistic is undeniable, yet his speeches breathe integrity and faithfulness, and his declaration on the resurrection of the body, is the strongest in the Bible. That the poem has imperfections is admitted, but the Author's desire, is to assist the afflicted to while away a weary hour ; and also, to create a deeper interest in this remarkable Book.

None of the Miscellaneous Poems call for mention here, as notes are added when explanations are deemed requisite. The Author makes no pretence as to having scaled Parnassus, or of drinking at the fountains of Helicon ; neither has he attempted to soar into unrealistic regions ; no high-sounding, meaningless phrases, have entered into the composition of his poems. They are pleasant reading—neither lofty in tone, nor vulgar in expression ; and he hopes they will be found to be interesting, amusing and instructive.

Diffusing bright sunshine wheresoever they go ;
And multiply friends, without making a foe.

—I. S. W.

Violet Grove,

Riding Mountain, Man.

Jan. 17th, 1912.

A PROLOGUE

Go forth, my bookie go !

Thy humble mission fill ;
Teach, while this land is full of woe,
There's joys within it still ;
Joys that will bring us peace and rest,
And make us feel that we are blest,
Through doing of God's will.

When Joseph's brethren did see,
Their father's grief and pain ;
They were perplexed and longed that they
Could bring him back again ;
They tried with words to chase his grief,
But words would not bring him relief,
Who thought his son was slain.

They'd violated Nature's laws,
And they could not recede ;
The twenty silver pieces was
A very poor remead ;
Remorse will not the act undo,
No matter how much they may rue,
The doing of the deed.

In Pharaoh's acts again is seen
The evils that he brought,
His heart was hard through spite and spleen,
And so he evil wrought ;
But they unto himself redound,
When in the Red Sea he was drowned,
A thing he never thought.

The evils that afflicted Job,
Were wrought on him by man ;
They cattle took and him did rob,
To work out Satan's plan ;
For Satan walking to and fro,
Can lay his hands on men, you know,
That fires for him will fan.

The sickness which on Job befell,
When he was in distress,
Were such, no human tongue can tell
How to make trouble less ;
Yet sympathizers did abound,
Who sat with him upon the ground,
And urged him to confess.

But Job had faith in God, and so
He held out to the last :
His integrity he'd not let go,
He proved it by the past ;
His life was in God's hands, and he
Was willing that it still should be,
So Job did pray and fast.

Job's friends now come to him and say :
"Their sins they much deplore."
And while Job for his friends did pray,
God did his health restore ;
God prospered Job in many ways,
Doubling the flocks of former days,
Of all he had before.

In many other poems you'll find,
As through this book you scan,
The greatest trials of mankind,
Comes from his fellow man ;
Yet sympathies of man are true,
And will disquieting thoughts subdue,
And keep us in the van.

The joys of heaven the thoughts control,
"Amen, so let it be !"
The consummation of the soul,
That lives eternally :
For those who do God serve, through love,
Shall dwell with Him in realms above,
Throughout Eternity.

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AFFLICTED JOB

BOOK ONE

The calamities which befell Job are unparalleled. They were so sudden and so severe. Job was not handed over to Satan on account of wickedness, but to test his goodness. The vile disease with which Job was afflicted, was a severe case of that disease, now known by the

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Gentle Joseph

GENTLE JOSEPH

PART I.

Joseph's Dreams. Joseph is sold by his Brethren, and carried into Egypt.

In Canaan's land there lived of old,
A family of twelve sons ;—
The story here is plainly told,
To please the little ones ;—
The father loved one son the best,
Yea, loved him more than all the rest.

A coat of colours Jacob made,
To show the love he bore ;
A coat of colours—every shade,
For he loved Joseph more ;
And Jacob was supremely blest,
When Joseph with that coat was drest.

When Joseph's brethren thus did see
The love that would not hide ;
The love their father gave so free,
For Joseph was his pride ;
Their love for him to hate do turn,
And in their hearts did envy burn.

Then Joseph dreamed a dream one night,
Which he to brethren told :
His sheaf arose and stood upright.
His brethren thought him bold,
To come to them, and to them say :
"Your sheaves to mine did homage pay."

Then Joseph dreamed another dream,
Which brought to him more blame ;
For though it was a different theme,
The tenor was the same :
The sun, and moon, and stars eleven,
Obeisance made to him from heaven.

His brethren hated him the more,
And plotted him to slay ;
His father's rebuke he felt sore,
Who thus to him doth say :
"Shall I, thy mother, and brethren be,
Compelled to bow ourselves to thee ?"

But Joseph knew not what to say,
Nor did he try to shield ;
He told his dreams without delay,
What God to him revealed :—
What God revealed in dreams at night,
He told them, thinking it was right.

Jacob sent Joseph for to see
His brethren their flocks feed :
"Go thou," said he, "bring word to me,
If there is ought they need."
His brethren saw him far away,
And then decided him to slay.

"Behold ! the dreamer cometh here,"
Said they, "what shall we do ?
We'll slay him here, and he'll see clear,
Which of his dreams come true."
But Reuben said : "Don't kill the lad,
For that would make our father sad.

“But in this pit let him be cast.”

He thought to come once more,
And bring him out when all was past ;
And then he would restore
Him to his father, and be free
From part in this conspiracy.

When Joseph came, they talked a bit,
Then stripped him of his coat,
And cast him into empty pit,
To quail, to die, to rot.
His brethren then sat down to eat,
But Joseph had not any meat.

And while they sat to eat their bread,
They looked up and did see
Some Ishmaelites from Gilead,
With camels walking free ;
Going to Egypt bearing spice,
And balm, and myrrh, and some things nice.

And Judah to his brethren said :

“If we shall Joseph slay,
His blood shall be upon our head ;
I think we’d better stay
Our hand, and sell him to these men ;—
What shall his dreams do for him then ?”

Then Joseph from the pit they drew,
(As they would draw some fleeces) ;
The Ishmaelites they sold him to,
For twenty silver pieces.
Thus Joseph—though so young and brave—
Was sold by brethren for a slave.

When Reuben came back to the pit,
And Joseph was not there ;
He rent his garment in a fit,
He raved and tore his hair ;
He called aloud : "What shall I do ?
Where is the lad ? Pray tell me true ?"

When Reuben heard Joseph was sold,
And off to Egypt gone ;
His wrath was great, none were so bold,
His face to look upon.
'Twas past recall ! What could he do,
But secret keep from father too ?

They took a kid, and did it slay,—
For father's wrath they feared ;—
The coat of many colours : they
With blood of kid besmeared.
When men do wrong, they think it wise,
To hide their evil deeds with lies.

The coat of colours thus defiled,
They to their father took :
"Is this the coat of thy loved child?
We found it near a brook."
"It is his coat !" their father cried,
"By evil beast, my son hath died !"

He rent his clothes ; he put sackcloth
Upon his loins, and said :
"My son is dead ! by wild beast wroth,
My darling son is dead !"
His sons and daughters, all did try
To comfort Jacob, lest he die.


But Jacob would not comfort take,
For he was dismayed sore ;
Not all their love could equal make,
Which he for Joseph bore.
Jacob mourned Joseph many days,
And mourn he would for him always.
Neither could Joseph understand,
Why he so true and brave,
Was banished from his native land,
And sold to be a slave :
He could not think what harm he'd done,
He loved his brethren every one.

PART II.

Joseph sold again. He is falsely accused and cast into prison. He interprets dreams.

When Ishmaelites in Egypt were,
And sold their merchandise ;
They Joseph showed to Potiphar,
Who looked good in his eyes.
And Joseph now was sold again,
To Potiphar by merchant men.
Soon Potiphar saw that Joseph was,
Faithful, and true, and just ;
He made him ruler of his house,
For he could Joseph trust ;
He did not know how ought was done,
He trusted Joseph like a son.

When Potiphar's wife got Joseph in
The house with her : Behold !
She tried to lure him into sin,
And in the work grew bold ;



She pleaded much, she pleaded long,
But Joseph would not do the wrong.

And when she found out to her shame,
That Joseph would not yield ;
On Joseph she laid all the blame ;
She lied herself to shield.
His master angry grew at last,
And Joseph into prison cast.

Joseph was not in prison long,
Till keeper thought it best,
That Joseph who was young and strong,
Should take charge of the rest ;
And Joseph all his work did well,
For God was with him in the cell.

About this time the king was wroth,
And doth to prison send
The butler chief, and baker chief,
Who both did him offend ;
And Pharaoh put them both in ward,
Where Joseph was the under guard.

Now both those men grew penitent,
And did offence deplore ;
And often they long for the time,
When king would them restore ;
But for a season, they both were
By Joseph fed with prison fare.

One morning Joseph came along,
They both were feeling bad.
And Joseph said : "Pray what is wrong ?
Why do you look so sad ?"

They said they both had dreams that night,
Which they could not interpret right.

But Joseph was so kind and good,
And he to them doth say :
“Interpretations come from God,
Tell me your dreams I pray.”
The butler first doth tell his dream,
’Twas not so bad as it did seem.

He said : “Before me stood a vine,
On it were branches three ;
It budded, blossomed, brought forth fruit,
The clusters close to me ;
And in my hand was Pharaoh’s cup,
I pressed the grapes for him to sup.”

Then Joseph said : “Thy dream is good,
Three branches are three days,
And Pharaoh then will thee restore
Unto thy former place ;
And he will take his cup from you,
As in the past was wont to do.

“Now one request I of thee make,
When it is well with thee ;
Show kindness and do good I pray,
To Pharaoh mention me ;
Tell him I’ve done no evil thing,
And from this house he will me bring.”

The baker saw the dream was good,
Then he to Joseph said :
“I, in my dream, three baskets had,
And they were on my head ;

The top one was full of baked meat,
And birds did come and it did eat."

Then Joseph said : "Thy dream is bad,
Three baskets are three days ;
Pharaoh shall take thee from this house,
But thou'lt be in a maze ;
For he will hang thee on a tree,
And birds shall eat thy flesh off thee."

It came to⁶ pass on the third day,
King Pharaoh made a feast ;
It was his majesty's birth-day :—
He killed the fatted beast.
The butler chief he doth restore,
Who held his wine-cup as of yore.

But the chief baker did not fare,
So well at the king's hand ;
He put a rope about his neck,
And drew him up from land.
He thus was hanged upon a tree,
As Joseph said that he should be.

The butler near to Pharaoh was,
Had chances he could make
To bring before him Joseph's cause,
If he'd the trouble take ;
But Joseph he remembered not,
The promise made he quite forgot.

So, Joseph now by man forgot,
Must eat the prison fare
For two years more, such was his lot,
But God was with him there ;

And God at length doth him set free,
And raise him up to useful be.

Then Joseph after those two years
Was out of prison led ;
Where often he with doubting fears
Had ate the prison bread ;
That God was with him he well knew,
Yet life was hard and friends were few.

Yes, it was hard to be so long
Confined in prison cell,
Yet Joseph always trusted God,
No matter what befell ;
He trusted God in time of need,
He found in God a friend indeed.

PART III.

Joseph interprets Pharaoh's dreams, and is made Ruler over the land of Egypt.

This is the way it came about,
King Pharaoh dreamed a dream,
Which none of his wise men found out ;
To them it was a theme
Past finding out by mortal man,
But that was part of the Lord's plan.

'Twas then that Joseph minded was,
And by the butler too ;
And he told Pharaoh of the man,
Who read their dreams so true :
"A young Hebrew was in the ward,
Servant to captain of the guard.

"And when to him our dreams we told,
He them explained, alas !
And to us both he did unfold,
The things that came to pass :
So I am here, the baker's dead,
And that was what the Hebrew said."

Then Joseph called by Pharaoh was,
Out of the dungeon drear ;
But Joseph did not know the cause,
Or if he was quite clear ;
Though, it was grand outside of prison,
To breathe the pure, free air of heaven.

Then Joseph dressed himself up nice
Before he did appear ;
He changed his garment in a trice,
He banished every fear ;
And when he doth king's chamber find,
Pharaoh received him very kind.

Then Pharaoh said : "I've dreamed a dream
Which no one can explain ;
I've heard of thee, and want to see,
If thou canst make it plain."
And Joseph said : " 'Tis not in me,
But God in peace shall answer thee."

Then Pharaoh told Joseph his dream,
And this is what he said :
"I stood on bank beside a stream
Where many cattle fed.
Out of the river came seven kine,
Fat-fleshed, well-favoured, looking fine.

"Then up came other seven more,
And they were lean and lank ;
Ill-favoured, ugly, looking sore,
And stood upon the bank.
And then the lean ones ate the good,
And looked as if they wanted food.

"I dreamt that seven ears of corn,
Grew up upon one stem ;
The best I've seen since I was born,
Each one was quite a gem.
Then up came seven empty ears,
They eat the good and disappears."

Then Joseph said : "Your dreams are one.
The seven kine are seven years,
And so it is with ears of corn,
The years are shown by ears ;
The fat kine represent the good,
The lean will be years without food.

"This thing God is about to do,
Thy dreams are dreams for good ;
For God hath made it known to you,
That people may have food ;—
That in the years of plenty, some
May be saved up for years to come.

"The years of plenty shall be great,
And filled with good I wot ;
But when the years of famine come,
The good shall be forgot :
Those years shall very grievous be !
Thou dreamt it twice to impress thee !

"Let Pharaoh now look out a man,
Discreet, and wise, and good ;
And set him over all the land,
To gather up the food
Of these good years, and store it past,
For bread to eat while famine last."

The plan was good in Pharaoh's eyes,
And of his servants too :
"But where," said he, "shall man so wise,
Be got this good to do ?
There is just one that I do know,
The man whom God doth these things show."

To Joseph, Pharaoh said : "I know
Thou art discreet and wise ;
As God to thee all this doth show,
Thou art good in mine eyes ;—
Thou art the man to oversee,—
I have o'er all the land set thee."

His diamond ring then Pharaoh took,
Put it on Joseph's hand ;
He put a gold chain round his neck,
As ruler of the land.
And Pharaoh said : "I am the king,
Thou art next me in every thing."

In second chariot Joseph rode,
Pharaoh gave him to wife,
The daughter of the priest of On,
To comfort him through life.
He got a new name from the throne,
By which in Egypt he was known.

And Joseph over the land went,
To see how the corn grew ;
And officers he doth appoint,
And of them not a few ;
For Joseph drove around so much,
And all things prospered he did touch.

He wrought so hard to gather grain,
Which did abundant grow ;
And in the years of plenty rain,
Much larger crops did sow.
And unto Joseph sons were born,
While he was busy storing corn.

The first-born he Manasseh call :
"For God made me forget
My father's house and suffering all,
And over land me set."
And he was happy gathering food,
Because he knew it would do good.

Now Joseph thought he had forgot,
Father, and brethren too ;
But soon he found that he had not,
In famine he proved true ;
The great love pent within his breast,
Barm up again like hidden yeast.

The second he called Ephraim :
"For God hath blessed," said he,
"And in land where affliction came,
Hath made me fruitful be."
So Joseph prospered more and more,
And in those years filled every store.

PART IV.

The famine. Joseph's brethren go to buy corn. He calls them Spies.

The years of plenty now are past,
The famine hath appeared ;
And people who would had to fast,
Were much by Joseph cheered ;
And those who first to Pharaoh went,
Were all by him to Joseph sent.

The famine was o'er the known earth,
And people felt it sore ;
But Joseph had a pleasant berth,
And opened up his store.
And folk in lands by famine torn,
Came into Egypt to buy corn.

In Canaan's land famine was great,
And Jacob was oppressed ;
He saw his children's children's fate,
And he was sore distressed ;
For without bread they could not live,
And, sad to say, he'd none to give.

Then Jacob said unto his sons :
"Why look at one another,
I've heard in Egypt there is corn,
Now get you gone down thither ;
For us from thence you corn must buy,
That we may live and may not die."

So Joseph's brethren ten went down
To Egypt corn to buy ;
But Benjamin went not with them,
For Jacob said : "My boy

Shall not go there with you at all,
Lest mischief may on him befall."

When Joseph's brethren to him came,
And bowed to him so kind ;
They knew him not, but he knew them ;—
His dreams came to his mind.
He said to them : "'Tis spies are ye,
The naked land ye came to see."

They said to him : "Nay, nay my lord !
Thy servants are not spies ;
We are true men, come to buy food."
But Joseph said : "Arise,
The naked land ye came to see,
That ye are spies is plain to me !"

"Nay, nay, my lord !" Again they said,
"From Canaan's land we come,
We're brethren twelve, but one is dead,
And one is left at home ;
Our father said that he must stay,
Lest mischief happen on the way."

Then Joseph said : "I've found you out,
That ye are not men true ;
Your father must have room for doubt,
When he could not trust you.
If ye be true men and God fear,
Send for your brother to come here."

Then Joseph put them all in ward,
Till they would prove to him ;
The story which he knew each word,
Was true and not a whim.
He on the third day brought them out,
Yet made them think he was in doubt.

His brethren said one to another :

“We very guilty are,
Concerning our long lost brother,
In that we from afar
Did hear his cry, but did not bow ;
Therefore is this distress come now.”

“I told you not to hurt him sore,
And now,” kind Reuben said,
“Our brother Joseph is no more ;
His blood is on your head.”
“O Reuben ! Do not talk so strong,
You know we sorrow for the wrong !”

They did not know he understood
The words that they did say,
For by an interpreter he stood,
And spoke through him alway.
When tears did come he could not keep,
He turned away from them to weep.

Joseph had thought when son was born,
That God made him forget
His father's family, and scorn
The woes that made him fret ;
But now he swelled to see their grief,
And tears do come to bring relief.

The old love that he thought was dead,
Doth now with vigour burn,
As great as ever fathers' did,
At prodigal's return.
At length when grief and sorrow flies,
He wipes the tear drops from his eyes.

He turned around to them again,
And unto them did say :
"I will keep one till ye return."
(And Simeon led away.)
"But when you bring your brother down,
My face you'll see without a frown."

Then he his steward order doth,
Their sacks with corn to fill ;
"Put money into each sack's mouth."
Said he, "that is my will.
Give them provision for the way,
And do not let them longer stay."

The Steward did as he was told,
And soon they all depart ;
At Inn on way, one doth unfold
His sack,—he got a start ;—
For there within the mouth of sack,
The money paid had been put back.

And he unto his brethren said :
"This is true I declare,
When I my sack had opened,
My money all was there."
They were afraid and said each one :
"O what is this that God hath done !"

How quickly man becomes depressed,
When fear-thoughts getteth strong !
How quickly fear-thoughts fill the breast,
When something seemeth wrong !
But men will not think God unjust,
Who firmly in God put their trust.

PART V.

Jacob's fears. Joseph's Brethren go again to buy corn,
and take Benjamin with them. Joseph's love.

When they at length arrive at home,
They to their father told
The incidents through which they'd come,
And how the man did scold.
"He took us all for spies," they said,
"He did not think we wanted bread.

"We told him we twelve true men were,
Sons of one man we said ;
Brethren who live in Canaan fair,
But one of us is dead.
The other one we left at home,
Our father would not let him come.

"The great lord said : 'You need not fear,
Leave one of you with me,
And bring your other brother here,
So that I him may see ;
Then shall I know ye are not spies,
But true men who do not tell lies.'"

And when they all their sacks did ope,
Each one his money got ;
For in the mouth of every sack,
Their money had been put.
And Jacob said : "I am afraid,
Some plot against my sons is laid.

"I am bereaved ! " I am bereaved !
There evil is in store.
My sons, my sons ! you are deceived !
He only wants one more.

His brother Joseph's dead and gone,
And he, to me is left alone !

"Should mischief happen on the way,
Or he be kept as slave ;
My hairs ye shall bring down, though gray
With sorrow to the grave.
No, no ! he shall not go with you,
For I already have lost two !"

Poor Jacob was distressed with fears,
Of Benjamin he was fond ;
He had lost Joseph many years,
And Simeon was in bond :
To let his other favourite go,
The thought, doth fill his heart with woe.

But when the corn was nearly done,
Which they had brought before ;
He said again unto his sons :
"Go buy a little more."
Then Judah said : "We need not go !
The man distinctly told us so !

"He said unto us all most true :
'My face ye shall not see !
Unless your brother be with you,
Ye need not come to me !
But if you bring your brother down,
You'll see my face without a frown.'"

Then Jacob said : "'Tis ill for me
To part with yet another.
Why did you tell the man, that ye
Had still another brother ?"
"He asked us about him and you,
What could we do but tell him true ?"

"We did not know that he would say :
'When ye come back again,
Bring down your brother, and that may
Prove ye are all true men.'
Now if you let him come with me,
I'll surely bring him back to thee !"

The thought of doing is oft worse,
Than when the duty 's done ;
Fear-thoughts are just a blighting curse,
Which never victory won :
But they will vanish out of sight,
When you resolve to do the right.

Reluctantly he gave consent,
Benjamin to let go ;
But when 'twas done he'd not relent,
His thoughts were free from woe.
He saw them laughing, full of glee ;
His sons were happy, so was he.

Yes, happiness now filled his breast,—
The happiness of right ;
His fear-thoughts have been put to rest,
And they are vanquished quite.
Now they would get some corn for bread,
Without that corn they'd soon be dead.

To sons he said : "Now do be nice,
And do a present make,
Of almonds, balm, myrrh, nuts and spice,
And to the man them take ;
And God Almighty go with you,
To show the man my sons are true."

So they with them the present took,
And down to Egypt go ;
And lest they should get a rebuke,
They double money show ;
And told the steward they'd brought back,
The money each found in his sack.

"Peace be to you !" the steward said,
"Fear not : your God is true !
The treasure you found is your lot,
Which He hath given you."
He Simeon brought to them outside,
And for their asses did provide.

When Joseph saw that Benjamin
Was with them, he did say
Unto the ruler of the house ;
"Bring these men home ;—and slay
Something for dinner, I'll be home soon,
And they shall dine with me at noon."

To Joseph's house they then were brought,
And water given some ;
They washed their feet, and were complete,
When Joseph to them come.
Then they to him their present brought,
They bowed to him and favour sought.

He asked them now of their welfare,
And of their father too ;
"Is this your brother over there,
Whom ye have brought with you ?"
To Benjamin he then spoke free :
"May God be gracious unto thee !"

But Joseph's bowels now do yearn,
Unto his mother's son ;
And he in haste doth from him turn,
And to his chamber run ;
And there in private he doth weep,
For tears he could no longer keep.
To hide tears trace, he washed his face,
Then all sat down to eat ;
As to their age he did them place,
They marvelled at the feat ;—
They thought it strange that he should know,
The age of all to place them so.
The sumptuous dinner now is past,
They had been well regaled ;
Joseph had made a regal host,
Not one thing with him failed.
His brethren had enorm delight,
This great man was their friend all right.

PART VI.

Joseph tests his Brethren's love. The lost cup found in Benjamin's sack. Judah's speech.

Then Joseph doth his steward call :
"Go fill their sacks," said he,
"And in their sacks put money all,
And give them the corn free.
In youngest's sack please put my cup—
The silver cup from which I sup."

As soon as it was morning light,
The men were sent away ;
But they were not far out of sight,
When Joseph thus did say :

"Up, follow after all those men,
And bring them back to me again."

The steward quickly followed,
And soon doth them o'ertake :
"Why have you evil done ?" he said,
"Why do ye trouble make ?
Why have ye taken my lord's cup ?
'Twere good for ye to give it up."

"Wherefore dost my lord say such thing ?"
Said they, "we honest be !
Did we not back the money bring,
And offer it to thee ?
Then God forbid that we should take,
Silver or gold, to trouble make !

"But thou canst search our sacks, and see
If thou dost find it there ;
That servant, whomsoe'er he be,
Shall die, we do declare !
Then take us all straight back again,
And we shall be my lord's bond-men."

The steward said : "Let it be so,
By your words are ye bound ;
I'll search your sacks, and ye shall know,
With whom the cup is found,
He shall return, my servant be,
And all the rest of you are free."

For him to search his sack, each man
Soon had it opened up ;
And with the eldest he began,
But there was not a cup
Until when he made the full round,
The cup was with the youngest found.

Then they all were in sore distress,
And garments they do rend;
So each again laded his ass,
And way to city wend;
And when they entered Joseph's door,
They fell before him on the floor.

Said Joseph : "Why have ye done this ?
Why did you take my cup ?
Did ye not know I soon should miss,
The cup from which I sup ?"
And Judah said : "What shall we do ?
What shall we say, my lord, to you ?

"Behold, my lord's servants are we,
And my lord shall obey ;
And we all shall thy servants be,
And work for thee alway.
What shall we speak that thou mayst hear ?
Or we ourselves, how shall we clear ?"

Then Joseph said : "May God forbid
That I do so to thee ;
The one by whom the cup was hid,
He shall my servant be.
As for the others they are free,
The one alone shall servant be."

Joseph did not want them to leave
Young Benjamin his brother ;
For he knew well how it would grieve
Jacob, his loving father.
He only said it as a test,
To try the goodness of the rest.

Their hearts were hard too well he knew,
When he by them was sold ;
The more he pled, more hard they grew,
Their love was frozen cold.
And now he wanted just to know,
If they would treat his brother so.

But it was love, it was not hate,
That swelled within their breast ;
For they drew near to supplicate,
And Judah led the rest.
The sad look on their faces show
Their hearts are full of grief and woe.

To Joseph then doth Judah say :
"O, thou my gracious lord !
Now let thy servant I thee pray,
Speak in thine ears a word.
O do not let thine anger burn !
O do not make our father mourn !

"My lord said to his servants true,
When we were here before :
'Unless your brother be with you,
My face you'll see no more.'
Our brother could not come, we said,
He's father's lad, for Joseph's dead.

"Then when it came to pass that we
Must come to buy more food ;
Our father said : 'Go down and see.'
We said 'twould do no good.
Unless our brother would come too,
We would not see the face of you.

"And then our father said : 'No doubt,
You know my wife bore me
Two sons. And one of them went out,
Who since I did not see.
Surely he is in pieces torn,
And for that lad I still do mourn.

"And should ye take this one also,
And mischief him befall ;
My gray hairs to the grave shall go,
With sorrow they shall fall.
With Benjamin I could not part,
The thought of it would break my heart !"

"And should it come to pass that I
Go home without the lad ;
Then surely would our father die,
Or else go raving mad.
Thy servant surety became,
And would for ever bear the blame.

"Therefore, I pray let me remain
A bond-man in his place ;
And let the lad go up again,
Our father's grief to chase.
For how could I go up alone ?
To evil see and not atone !

"But if thou wilt not him release,
You'll have to keep another ;
For I will not my father face
Without my darling brother !
I once saw father's grief and pain !
I will not go to see 't again !"

PART VII.

Joseph maketh himself known to his brethren. He sends for his father to come to Egypt.

Brave Judah's words touched Joseph sore,—
With tears his eyes do fill ;—
They showed the love his father bore,
And that he loved him still.
The love for him his father had,
Was lavished now upon the lad.

They also showed his brethren now
Had love for one another ;
Not like what they had been—I trow,
When they had sold their brother.
Their love was tangible, and he
Unselfish love could plainly see.

Now Joseph could not long maintain
The tears within his eye ;
He knew he could not long refrain,
Before those who stood by.
So he to steward said : "Now do
Leave me, and take all out with you."

Thus Joseph was himself alone,
No Egyptian was there ;
When he to brethren maketh known
He was their brother fair.
He tried to speak—then wept aloud ;
This great man wept they thought so proud.

When Egyptians who had gone out,
Heard sobs so loud and fast ;
In wonderment they stood about
Until his cry was past ;

But at the first words he did say,
They bowed their heads and went away.

His brethren were confounded quite,
Why should this great man weep ?
They stood dumfounded at the sight,
Just like so many sheep.
They did not know the reason why :—
To them it was a mystery.

When cry was past he wiped his tears,
And to his brethren said :
“I am Joseph ! Pray calm your fears,
I'm he you thought was dead.
I am your brother whom ye sold !
But why you did I was not told !

“I'm overwhelmed ! My bosom fill !
But do not be dismayed ;
I loved you then, I love you still,
You need not be afraid.
Although I was with grief oppressed,
The work you did was for the best.

“The wondrous workings of the Lord
Are all concealed from man ;
Until He of His own accord,
Makes known His wisdom plan.
That which for so long time concealed,
Is now at length to me revealed.

“'Twas God who brought me to this place,—
The God whom we do fear ;—
To succour and preserve our race,
And many souls to cheer.
The work for which I man have wrought,
Show why I was to Egypt brought.

"Two years of famine are past now,
But five are yet to come ;
And all that time, pray tell me how
You all could live at home ?
But while I've corn you shall be fed :
Your little ones shall not lack bread.

"I am the ruler, as you see,
The man next to the king ;
Pharaoh without consulting me,
Would not do any thing.
'Twas God made Pharaoh favours give :
'Tis all God's work that ye might live.

"Now haste ye and go up again,
And to my father say :
'The lord of Egypt is thy son,
Come down and with him stay.
He shall thee nourish, and provide
For all our families beside.'

"Tell him of all that ye have seen,
And of my glory here ;
Tell him that I am next the king,
That will his spirits cheer.
Behold, your eyes see what I do,
The eyes of brother Benjamin too."

He in his arms clasped Benjamin,
And they both weep together ;
He kissed his brethren every one,
And each one kissed his brother.
They talked with him,—repentant were :—
In grief for wrong they were sincere.

The story was to Pharaoh told,
And it doth please him well ;—
That Joseph's brethren young and old,
Would soon in Egypt dwell.
He said to Joseph : "Wagons give,
To bring them all down here to live.

"And let them know that they shall eat
The good things of the land ;—
That they shall never want for meat,
Such is the king's command."
For Pharaoh loveth Joseph much ;
He doth believe there is none such.

Changes of raiment Joseph gave,
Unto each brother one ;
To Benjamin he giveth five,
For he was mother's son.
He also gave him money too,
Of silver pieces not a few.

He gave provision for the way,
And much advice he gives,
Of what they were to father say,
To prove that he still lives.
He also gave them bread and meat,
For father by the way to eat.

"Go bring," said he, "my father here,
Tell him that Joseph said :
'Come down to Egypt, father, dear,
Thy Joseph is not dead !
Come down and fill my soul with bliss !
Come down till I my father kiss !'"

So they depart,—a joyful band,—
And soon are on the road
Which leadeth into Canaan's land,
And Jacob's blest abode.
They told their father all was said,
To prove that Joseph was not dead.

They told him all that they had done,—
A full confession made ;—
How they had sold his much loved son,
His dreams were cause, they said.
They told they threw him in a pit,
And why they drew him out of it.

But Jacob's heart was weak and faint,
It was hard to believe ;
Yet when he saw the good things sent,
His eyes could not deceive.
And there were wagons everywhere,
Which Joseph sent to take him there.

Then Jacob said : "It is enough ;—
Though hard to understand :—
My son alive ! My son Joseph !
And lord of all the land.
I'll go and see him ere I die !
I'll go and see him, yes will I !"

PART VIII.

God's promise to Jacob. Jacob goeth to Egypt. Meeting
of Jacob and Joseph. Jacob blesseth Joseph's sons.

At Beer-sheba Jacob thought right,
To sacrifice to God.
And in the visions of the night,
God called : "Jacob, Jacob !"

And Jacob answer to God gave :
"Lord, here am I, O do me save !"

And God said : "I am God, fear not !
Down into Egypt go ;
And thou shalt multiply a lot,
And shall with riches grow ;
And I will bring thee up again,
When thou art many, many men."

Then Judah and his brethren take,
Their father and their sons ;—
A goodly company they make,
With all their little ones.
They all were happy and content,
As down to Egypt now they went.

And all their goods with them they took,
Which they in Canaan had ;
Their cattle and their herds and flocks,
Their asses good and bad.
They did not leave the smallest thing,
But all to Egypt with them bring.

The souls who came from Canaan were
Three score and six souls then ;
And Joseph's family of four,
Made three score souls and ten ;
This was the house of Israel,
When they to Egypt came to dwell.

When they in Egypt all arrive,
They were to Goshen led,
And were by Joseph kept alive ;—
In famine they were fed.

And Joseph up to Goshen went,
Himself to father to present.

On father's neck, son Joseph fell,
And for a long time weep ;
And Jacob said to Joseph : "Well,
Now let me go to sleep !
Because thou art alive, and I
Have seen thy face : Now let me die !"

Joseph to brethren instruction gave,
What they to Pharaoh say :
"That they were shepherds and do save
Their flocks,—that none may stray.
That Pharaoh unto them would give
The land of Goshen for to live.

"For shepherds in Egyptians' sight,
Are an abomination ;
To live beside—'twould not be right,—
Men of that occupation.
Therefore, tell him you shepherds be,
And Goshen's land he'll give to thee."

Then Joseph came and Pharaoh told,
His folk from Canaan fair,
With flocks and herds and all their hold,
Arrived in Egypt were ;
That when they'd come, he at once went,
And into Goshen had them sent.

He then five of his brethren took,
And them to Pharaoh brought ;
Pharaoh was pleased with their look,
And occupation sought.

They unto Pharaoh said : "'Tis true,
We shepherds are, that's what we do.

"To sojourn here we've come, indeed,
For we no pasture had
In Canaan's land, our flocks to feed,
The famine is so bad ;
We love our occupation well,
In Goshen's land, pray let us dwell."

Then Pharaoh unto Joseph spake :
"Thy brethren do look well,
The best of all the land do take ;
In Goshen let them dwell.
If any of them active be,
Rulers of kine then make for me."

Then Joseph brought his father in,
To Pharaoh him present ;
And Pharaoh tried his heart to win,
And make him feel content:
And Jacob blessed Pharaoh now ;
And Pharaoh said : "How old art thou ?"

Then Jacob unto Pharaoh said :
"Few are the days I've seen,
One hundred and thirty years I've led,
And evil have they been."
And Jacob went out from the king,
Well pleased with him and every thing.

Yes, Jacob was with Pharaoh pleased,
For Pharaoh loved his son ;
Pharaoh the good, had Jacob seized,
And Jacob's heart had won ;

For since he'd met his darling boy,
His loving heart was full of joy.

When Jacob first saw Joseph's sons,
He asked him : "Who are these?"
Said Joseph : "They are my little ones,
Whom God to give doth please."
And Jacob said : "Bring them I pray,
And I will bless them both to-day."

Now Jacob's eyes with age were dim,
So he could not well see ;
And Joseph brought them close to him,
And placed them at his knee.
Manasseh was at his right hand,
Whilst at his left did Ephraim stand.

Jacob blessed Joseph first, then said :
"The God whom we adore,
The God whom all my life me fed,
Bless them for ever more ;
And let my name be named on them,
Also Isaac, and Abraham."

Then Jacob crossed his hands and laid
His right on Ephraim's head.
Joseph thought he'd a mistake made,
And quickly to him said :
"Not so, my father, do not scorn ;
This is Manasseh—the first-born."

But Jacob would not his hands change,
He said : "I know, I know !
In midst of nations they shall range,
And multitudes shall grow ;

The eldest shall be great I see,
But greater shall his brother be."

And both of them he blessed that day,
And much doth them caress ;
And unto Joseph he did say :
"In thee shall Israel bless ;—
I had not thought thy face to see,
And lo ! thy seed is shown to me."

And Jacob to God gave the praise,
For all the good he'd done ;
'Twas God made Pharaoh Joseph raise,
And Joseph was his son ;
And he was happy now to own,
The one so near to Pharaoh's throne.

PART IX.

Joseph taketh cattle and land in exchange for corn. Jacob blesseth his sons, and predicts their future.

And Joseph placed his brethren well,
To them possession gave ;
The best of land to them befell,
The land which they did crave.
And they were nourished by his hand,
As Pharaoh to him did command.

They would not now feel much distress,
Though famine still was sore ;
According to their families,
The corn came to their door ;
Fears of the famine were removed,
Because they were by Joseph loved.

And people came while money last,
To get corn to make bread ;
And Joseph drew the money fast,
For people must be fed.
And Joseph all the money tolled,
To Pharaoh for the corn he sold.

At length the people's money fail,
And corn they could not buy ;
Then they the ruler do assail.
They said : "Why should we die ?
We have no money now to give,
So give us bread that we may live."

And Joseph said : "Your cattle give,
And I'll give you supply ;
For while there's corn you all shall live,
Not one for want shall die."
So now they cattle trade for bread,
And thus another year are fed.

The people to him come again,
And say : "What shall we do ?
Our horses, cattle, all are gone,
And all our money too ;
There's not a thing at our command,
Except our bodies, and our land."

Then Joseph said : "I'll buy your land,
And give you corn for food,
And give you seed to sow the land,
That crops may grow up good ;
One fifth of crop shall Pharaoh's be,
And four parts shall belong to thee."

So all their lands the people give,
By Joseph they are bought ;
Except the land on which priests live, 2
Buy that land he did not ;
Pharaoh a portion to them assign,
So they did not their lands resign.

The lands belong to Pharaoh now,
Joseph a law did make ;
Of all the crops that on it grow,
A fifth would Pharaoh take ;
Four fifths would people have for seed,
And bread, and other things they'd need.

The famine's past, and crops are sown,
The fields again do yield ;
The Egyptians to Joseph own,
That he had been their shield ;
For he had them with bread supplied,
Without that bread they would have died.

Then Jacob all his sons did call,
They gather to get blest,
And hear what shall to them befall,
When father's gone to rest.
He said unto them : "Gather near,
That ye your father's voice may hear.

"Reuben, my first-born son thou art,
My early strength and might ;
But thou didst play a subtle part,
Thine actions were not right ;
Unstable, thou shalt not excel,
Because thou doest nothing well.

"Simeon and Levi cruel are,
Within their habitation ;
My soul, their secret hide afar,
From council of the nation.
From curse of wrath they cannot flee,
They scattered shall in Israel be.

"Judah, thy brethren shall thee praise,
As a lion, thou art brave ;
Thy father's children thee shall raise,
To their possessions save ;
The sceptre shall not from thee depart,
Till Shiloh come ;—so blest thou art.

"Issachar, for strength compared to ass,
With no desire for fame ;
He bowed his shoulders, and alas !
A servant he became.
Zebulun shall protected be,
And dwell in haven of the sea.

"Dan shall his people judge, shall be
A serpent by the way ;
An adder in the path, shall he,
That biteth those who stray ;—
That biteth horses by the heel,
So that their riders backward reel.

"Gad shall be overcome, but he
Shall o'ercome at the last ;
Out of Asher his bread fat shall be,
Who yieldeth dainties fast.
Naphtali is a hind let loose,
Who soft words speak without abuse.

"Joseph shall be a fruitful bough,
With branches spread out wide ;
The archers shot to bring him low,
But he did them outride ;
The strength of God is in his arm.
No earthly power shall do him harm.

"God of thy fathers shall bless thee,
With blessings from above ;
The blessings of the deep, deep sea,
Shall round thy dwellings rove ;
The blessings of the breast and womb,
Shall follow thee beyond the tomb.

"The blessings of thy father sound
Above the little rills,
Unto the very utmost bound
Of the everlasting hills ;
Blessings shall rest on thee, my son,
Thou hast a crown of victory won.

"Benjamin shall ravin as a wolf,
And hold them all at bay ;
In morning light, when it is bright,
He shall devour the prey ;
He shall not soil his hands with toil,
But shall at night divide the spoil."

These are the tribes of Israel,
That Jacob thus did bless :
But Joseph's was the best of all,
And as he him caress :
"The blessing of the Lord," he said,
"Shall be forever on thy head."

PART X.

Jacob's death and burial. Joseph's command concerning his bones. Death of Joseph.

Seventeen years have passed, since they
To Egypt came to dwell ;
And since the famine passed away,
They'd grown and prospered well.
Now Jacob felt the time was near,
When he must leave his children dear.

And Jacob said : "Behold, I die !
Then bury me not here !
But take me where my fathers lie,
And bury me up there !" .
Then Joseph said : "Be that thy will,
Thy last request I shall fulfil !"

Then Jacob died, and Joseph fell
Upon his father's face ;
And wept on him, and him kissed well,
Before he left the place.
Then Joseph doth a mourning make,
And Egypt mourned for Joseph's sake.

When days of mourning all past were,
Joseph to Pharaoh said :
"My father made me to him swear,
That after he was dead ;
I should him take to Canaan's land,
And bury him : 'twas his command."

"According as his command lead,"
Said Pharaoh, "Go and do !
Take all the horses that you need,
And all the chariots too ;

And that the company be not small,
My servants shall go one and all,"

Then Joseph with his brethren, and
The servants of the king ;
And all the elders of the land,
They up do Jacob bring ;—
To bury him in Canaan, where
The bones of his forefathers were.

And there at Atad's thrashing-floor,
Joseph a mourning made ;
They mourned with lamentation sore,
For seven days they stayed ;
And then his bones, they laid in cave,
Bought with the field, which Abraham gave.

And people who the mourning saw,
One to another said :
"There sorrow is in Egypt now,
Some great man there is dead."
The company was so great, I ween
The greatest they had ever seen.

They did not know the company was
To honour dead man's son ;—
One who had in a righteous cause,
The greatest victory won ;—
One who had saved their souls from death,
When famine would have stopped their breath.

When talking o'er their past vile path,
His brethren thus did say
One to another : "Joseph's wrath,
The evil will repay,
That we to him did in the past ;
Now father's dead—his love won't last."

They first a messenger do send,
Then go themselves, and say :
“Let our trespass be at an end,
Forgive us now we pray !”
And Joseph said to them : “Fear not !
This is the place of God, I wot.

“But as for you, ye thought me ill,
But God meant it for good ;
And many folks are living still,
Through giving to them food :—
So do not fear, nought will befall.”
And thus he comforted them all.

And Joseph lived till he did see,
One hundred years and ten ;
And of his generations three,
Grow up till they were men.
“I die !” said he, “But God is true !
And God will surely visit you !

“And He will ye a nation make,
And take you from this land ;
Then ye with you my bones shall take,
This is my last command.
So take an oath that ye’ll be true,
And carry up my bones with you !”

Then Joseph died, this good man died,
(As all of us must do.)
In early life he had been tried,
But faith in God was true.
Now peacefully he’s gone to rest,
Like sleeping babe on mother’s breast.

Then they for him a coffin made,
In which to place his bones ;
And in that coffin he was laid,
'Midst sobs, and tears, and moans.
This is the first time,—so 'tis said ;—
Folk made a coffin for the dead.

The Egyptians thought the coffin was
In honour of the dead ;
And so they were much pleased, because
They had by him been fed ;—
An honour to his great renown,—
To Egypt's king, without a crown.

But Israelites knew 'twas a plan
To keep his bones together ;
So that no part of this good man
Be left, when they him gather ;—
To take his bones, by his command,
Away with them to promised land.

Then Joseph's bones were laid to rest
Within the silent tomb.
His life on earth, by God was blest,
With more sunshine than gloom.
And now, dear friends, we bid adieu,
To Joseph and his brethren too.

There is a lesson here for all,
In Joseph gone to rest ;
Those who do right, whate'er befall,
Shall in the end be blest.
Then if you would God's favour find,
Serve Him with heart, soul, strength and mind.

The Children of Israel in Egypt



THE OPPRESSION

PART I.

The children of Israel increase. The new King's envy and edict. The birth of Moses. Moses adopted by Pharaoh's daughter. Moses kills an Egyptian, and goes to Midian. He supports the weak.

After four hundred years or so,
And many generations gone ;
A king who did not Joseph know,
Ascended the Egyptian throne ;
He did not know how Joseph fed
The people, when they had no bread.

He only knew how Israel grew,
And how the Hebrews multiplied ;
And he doth fear that Egypt's few,
Would be by Israelites decried ;
That they might join, in case of war,
Their enemies, and prove a scar.

Therefore, he set task-masters o'er
The Hebrews, to them burdens give ;
And Israelites afflicted sore,
Found it exceeding hard to live ;
But Jacob's God, was their God still,
Who would His promises fulfil.

With bondage hard, their lives were made
So bitter with their slavish toil ;
Their service was with rigour laid,
Their hands were ever in the moil ;
No matter how fast they would ply,
They could not Pharaoh satisfy.

The more affliction they receive,
The more they multiply and grow ;
To see them grow did Pharaoh grieve,
And sorrow more he'd make them know ;
So being thus with envy filled,
Decreed that Hebrew sons be killed.

And to the midwives he doth say :
"When ye help to the Hebrews give,
You shall all the male children slay,
But let their little daughters live,"
But midwives feared the Lord, and they
Did not the king's command obey.

Then king doth midwives call, and said
To them : "Why have ye done this thing ?
None of the Hebrew sons are dead,
You all of them in life do bring."
The midwives answered with appal :
"We are not guilty, sire, at all.

"The Hebrew women lively are,
Not like Egyptian women they ;
Their children come more quick by far,
We have not time their sons to slay ;
And often they are born before
We get inside the Hebrew's door."

When Pharaoh could not midwives make
Slay Hebrew sons, he said soever :
“Now every son that's born, ye'll take
And that child cast into the river !
Your daughters you may save, but ye
Must slay your sons ! That I decree !”

A child was born :—his mother saw
That he was goodly to behold ;
So she defied the wicked law,
Till her dear boy was three months old ;
Then she an ark with bulrushes make,
And to the river doth him take.

When Pharaoh's daughter to bathe came,
She soon the little ark did spy ;
And when her maid brought up the same,
The frightened babe began to cry ;
But Pharaoh's daughter loved the child,
Love brings forth love, and baby smiled.

His sister was not far behind,
And quickly she came up to see :
“Shall I,” she said, “a nurse go find,
To nurse this pretty child for thee ?”
“Yes, go !” doth the king's daughter say,
“Get a good nurse, I will her pay.”

So the child's mother was installed
To nurse her own dear, darling boy ;
But Pharaoh's daughter hers him called,
Which gave the infant's mother joy ;
For she up freely him did give ;—
She gave him up that he might live.

Now Moses was not circumcised
As other Hebrew children were ;
His mother had not the rite despised,
She wept, and went to God in prayer ;—
She wanted just to save her son,
And so the rite was left undone.

For circumcision would have told
He was a little Hebrew slave ;
The rite performed would just have sold
The life, that she designed to save ;
She knew that God would judge aright,
Her son would be a shining light.

Thus a deliverer was raised
In palace of the wicked king ;
His mother would by all be praised,
When he should freedom to them bring ;—
When he God's people led away,
In spite of Pharaoh, who said : "Nay !"

When Moses up to manhood grew,
Egyptian doth an Hebrew smite ;
Then Moses the Egyptian slew,
The wrong to kinsman to requite.
The temper which this act doth show,
Did afterwards to meekness grow.

Again he saw two Hebrews fight,
And he up to the quarlers ran ;
He said to him whom he saw smite ;
"Why smitest thou thy fellow man ?
Has kinsman not enough to bear,
Without thou adding to his share ?"

The Hebrew then to Moses say :
 "Who prince or ruler hath made thee ?
As thou didst the Egyptian slay,
 Dost thou intend to chastise me ?"
Then Moses saw his act was known,
And soon it would reach Pharaoh's throne.

And Pharaoh soon this thing did hear,
 Then he sought Moses to him slay,
But Moses through instinct or fear,
 From face of Pharaoh fled away ;
To Midian then he went to dwell,
And he sat down beside a well.

A priest there seven daughters had,
 Who came to well to water flock ;—
And Moses thought it was too bad,
 For shepherds to drive off their stock ;—
So Moses did this thing prevent,
To help the weak he was intent.

And when their flocks all watered were,
 They to their home return, but let
Their benefactor stay out there,
 No invitation did he get.
"How have you come so soon to-day ?"
Their father unto them did say.

"An Egyptian was at the well too,
 Who kept the shepherds all at bay ;
And he for us the water drew,
 That's how we've come so soon to-day."
"Why have ye left the man ?" he said,
"Call him, that he may eat some bread."

An Egyptian they did Moses call,
But there had been a gross mistake ;
Though Moses did in Egypt dwell,
That did not him Egyptian make ;
Hebrew or Jew, despite the place,
Are still known by the name of race.

And Moses was content to dwell
With Jethro, and his flock attend ;
And Jethro doth love Moses well,
And many ways did him befriend.
His daughter Zipporah, he did give
To Moses, as a wife to live.

Israel's bondage now was great,
By reason of it they do sigh ;
They now their thralldom contemplate,
And for relief to God they cry.
God heard their cry, their suffering see,
And soon they shall delivered be.

The wondrous working of the Lord,
Is here again brought into view ;
He harmony brings out of discord,
And blessings out of trouble too.
God works His wonders, makes His plan,
And then His work is done by man.

Joseph was into Egypt sent,
When he was by his brethren sold ;
And Moses into Midian went,
When zeal had made him rather bold :
God's hand is seen in every age,
It blazoned is on history's page.

PART II.

The Burning Bush. God's promise to Israel. His charge to Moses. Moses shows his meekness, and is encouraged by signs. Aaron meets Moses. The people believe, and worship God.

When Moses, Jethro's flock did keep,
Behind the desert he them led ;
He brought them to God's mountain steep—
To Horeb : where they'd be well fed.
He saw a bush burst into flame,
And still the bush remained the same.

And Moses thus doth meditate :
"I'll turn aside and see this sight ;
How can this bush flame up so great,
And still remain a bush all right ?
'Tis wonderful indeed to see
It burn, and not consumed be."

When God aside beheld him turn,
This great phenomenon to see ;
A voice spake out of bush that burn :
"Moses, draw not nigh unto Me !
Put off thy shoes, I do command,
'Tis holy ground whereon thou stand,

"Behold, I am thy father's God !
The God of Abraham am I !
The God of Isaac, and Jacob !
The God of all who to Me cry !"
And Moses hid his face, for he
Was much afraid, God's face to see.

And God then said : "I surely know
The sorrows which My people bear ;
I've seen how their afflictions grow ;
I have their cry heard in despair :
For task-masters time and again,
Afflict My people with much pain.

"I know Egyptians them oppress ;
I know they smite them with the hand ;
But I will free them from distress,
And take them out of Pharaoh's land ;
And I will unto them bestow,
A land where milk and honey flow.

"Behold, oppression great I see,
Wherewith Egyptians burthen them ;
Their plaintive cry hath come to Me ;
The land I give them is a gem :
Therefore, I send thee to the King,
That thou mayst forth My people bring."

And Moses said to God the Lord :
"Who am I, that I to Pharaoh go ?
Pharaoh would not believe a word,
His perverse heart is hardened so.
How could I forth the Hebrews bring,
Without permission from the king ?"

And God said : "I will be with thee,
And in the work I will thee guide ;
A token this to thee shall be,
Thou'lt bring them to this mountain side
When them thou hast from Egypt brought,
And ye shall serve Me as ye ought."

And Moses said to God : "Behold,
When I to Israel go ! Should they
Think I am brazen-faced and bold,
And in derision to me say :
'What is God's name ?' They'd me contemn,
Had I no answer to give them."

And God said : "I AM THAT I AM :
And unto Israel thou shalt say :
'I AM : the God of Abraham,
Hath sent me unto you this day ;
Your father's God : I AM the same,
And this is My memorial name.'

"Go, gather thou the elders all,
And unto them My name declare ;
Say : 'God hath seen the ills befall,
Which those in Egypt have to bear ;
He's seen the wickedness of king,
And from affliction will you bring.

" 'And God will unto you bestow
The land of all the Canaanites :
That land where milk and honey flow,
And will drive out the Amorites,
And all the other Ites that be.'
And they shall hearken unto thee.

"And thou shalt with the elders go
Unto the king, and ye shall say :
'God of the Hebrews met us, so
We wish to sacrifice and pray
That thou wilt let us go three days,
To worship God, and give Him praise.'

"He will not let you go I'm sure,
To offer sacrifice to Me ;
But he shall trials much endure,
I'll Egypt smite that he shall see :
Yet Pharaoh's heart is hardened so,
He shall not let My people go.

"But he will drive you out at last,
When I do smite him very great ;
Then Israel must borrow fast,
Her former wrongs to compensate :
Each woman shall her neighbour spoil,
To recompense for slavish toil."

But Moses thought the people would
Not him believe, when he them told ;
Nor would they hearken as they should,
While he the wondrous tale unfold.
For Moses did not want to go :
His fears were great, his courage low.

God to remove his fears doth try,
And signs to show, He to him gave ;
That all the people might know by
Those signs, the Lord hath come to save.
"What hast thou in thine hand ?" said God,
And Moses said : "It is a rod."

"Cast it upon the ground" God said,
And when he God's command obeyed,
A serpent it became ; he fled
Lest it should bite, he was afraid.
He lifted it by God's command,
It was a rod now in his hand.

"This sign will show their fathers' God
 Appeared to thee, and gave command ;
But should they not believe the rod,
 Into thy bosom put thine hand."
He put it in, he did not know
His hand would come out white as snow.

He put his hand in breast again,
 Although to do so much he feared ;
But when he brought it out 'twas clean,
 The leprosy had disappeared.
"Show them these signs," said God, "and they
Will all believe the words you say.

"Should these two signs not faith restore,
 Take water from the river some,
Upon dry land thou shalt it pour,
 And blood that water shall become."
But Moses was not yet content,
And more excuses did invent.

"I am not eloquent of speech,
 I'm slow," said he, "my tongue is slow :
I am no good man to beseech,
 And only such an one should go."
And God said : "Do not say Me nay,
I will thee teach what thou shalt say.

"Who made man's mouth, or seeing eye ?
 Who maketh deaf, or dumb, or blind ?
Who maketh these ? Was it not I ?
 Surely for thee I words can find."
And Moses said : "O send my Lord !
I pray Thee, one with better word."

The anger of the Lord was great
'Gainst Moses, and He thus did say :
"Is not thy brother the Levite
A speaker good ? Get him I pray !
Behold, he cometh to meet thee,
And glad he in his heart will be.

"I know that Aaron can speak true ;
I know that he can speak so free ;
Tell him what I have told to you,
And he shall spokesman be for thee.
Show him the signs done with thy rod,
And thou shalt be to him a god."

So Moses now to Jethro went :
"Pray let me into Egypt go ?"
Said he to Jethro, "I'm so bent,
If brethren be alive, to know."
And Jethro gave him liberty,
To go and all his brethren see.

And God said unto Aaron : "Go.
To Moses meet on Mount of God."
And Aaron, Moses met. And lo !
He kissed him, and was shown the rod.
Then Moses all things Aaron told,
And all the signs he did unfold.

Then gathered they the elders all,
And told them they were by God sent ;
They showed the signs to great and small,
Who all believed and were content :
And standing there on Egypt's sod,
They bowed their heads and worshipped God.

PART III.

The request. Pharaoh's scornful reply. The burthens increased. The people despise Moses and Aaron. Moses calls upon God. God reneweth His promise, and sends Moses again to Pharaoh.

Then Moses and Aaron to Pharaoh do rush,
The wonderful tale to unfold ;
How God of their fathers appeared in a bush ;
The God of their fathers of old :
How He had commanded a journey to take,
Away to the desert alone ;
Where they could Him worship and sacrifice make,
Their manifold sins to atone.
And they came to him to make the request ;—
That he would allow them to go, and get blessed.

But Pharaoh was not in the mood to grant,
The humble request they had made ;
Or to do one thing that Israel might want,
Of their God he was not afraid.
And he said with a voice that predicted woe :
"Who is the Lord that I should obey ?
Your God I don't know, and I won't let you go,
But shall much prefer that you stay ;
Get you now to your work !" Then adds with a
smile,
"You won't sacrifice to your God for a while."

Then Pharaoh unto the task-masters did say :
"Ye'll give no more straw to the elves !
They'll not have the time to worship, when they
Have got to get straw for themselves.
And the tale of the bricks, they made heretofore,
Ye shall none diminish thereof ;
They're idle and lazy, they ought to make more,
To sacrifice is a put off :

Give them more work to do, and let them feel pain,
And they won't come to me, with vain words again."

Then the cruel task-masters went forth once more,
According to Pharaoh's command ;
Increasing the burthens that God's people bore ;
'Twas hard for Israel to stand :
And so they to Moses and Aaron complain,
Of the hardships they had to endure ;
And how the task-masters inflicted pain,
More work out of them to procure.
And thus they both Moses and Aaron despise,
Who'd made them abhorrent in proud Pharaoh's eyes.

Then Moses in turn complain to the Lord,
Of what to the people befall ;
And he told the Lord, that He'd not kept His word,
Nor had them delivered at all.
And the Lord said to Moses : "Now shalt thou see
What I unto Pharaoh will do :
I will smite him so free, that glad shall he be,
To let all My people pass through ;
For I've heard their moaning and groaning in sleep,
Whom cruel Egyptians in bondage do keep.

"Wherefore to children of Israel say :
'I am the Lord, and you will I bring
From under the burthens ; and Egypt shall pay
For cruelties they on you fling :
From out of their bondage I will set you free,
With out-stretched arm will you redeem ;
And you My own people for ever shall be ;
Mine eye on you ever shall beam :
I am the Almighty who sits on God's throne ;
By My name JEHOVAH to you shall be known.

“And I will you bring into that promised land,
Which I to your fathers did swear ;
An heritage there will I give on the strand,
And you no more burthens shall bear.”

Then Moses once more to the people return ;
He told them the message God sent :
A messenger filled with a message to burn,
But the people were not yet content.
And children of Israel would not Moses hear,
For anguish of spirit and minds full of fear.

Then the Lord said to Moses : “Go in again,
And ask Pharaoh to My people free.”
But Moses replied : “It will only cause pain,
When Israel won't listen to me.”
And the Lord said to Moses : “Dost thou not see
That to Pharaoh I've made thee a god ;
And Aaron thy brother shall thy prophet be,
Who thy power will show with the rod ;
And thou shalt be great in proud Pharaoh's eyes,
And yet for thy greatness he will thee despise.

“Thou shalt go to Pharaoh ! that is My command :
With Aaron who will for thee speak ;
And Aaron thy rod shall cast down on the sand,
When Pharaoh a miracle seek ;
It a serpent shall be, when Pharaoh shall say :
'A miracle show unto me.'
But to let them away, he still will say : 'Nay,'
Until he more miracles see.
That I am the Lord, Egyptians shall know,
When I stretch forth Mine hand and bring Egypt
low.”

THE PLAGUES

PART I.

The Waters of Egypt turned into blood. The plague of Frogs. Dust turned into Lice. The plague of Flies.

Moses and Aaron now again,
Before king Pharaoh do appear ;
Imbued with power to make pain,
Or fill the bravest heart with fear.
When Pharaoh asked them for a sign,
Aaron at once threw down his rod ;
The rod began to twist and twine,
And looked at Pharaoh like a god.

Magicians then were sought and found,
To see if they could do the same ;
Their rods they all cast to the ground,
And into serpents they became.
Then Pharaoh showed a well-pleased 'phis.'
He wondered which rod was the best ;
But Aaron gave command to his,
And his rod swallowed up the rest.

Pharaoh was hardened in his heart,
He would not let God's people free ;
Magicians well had done their part,
But the next sign a plague would be ;
And plague would follow plague, until
Beauty would fall from land so fair ;
The tenth would all their first-born kill,
And leave the throne without an heir.

By river's brink meek Moses stood,
With Aaron standing by his side ;
As God commanded that they should,
When Pharaoh came to wash betide.

And Aaron by Moses' command,
The waters of the river smite
With serpent rod now in his hand,
And Pharaoh was dumfounded quite.

He saw the water to blood turn,
The fishes die and come to top ;
He felt the spirit in him burn,
The stench was great he could not stop :
So the magicians he did call,
To see if they could this thing do ;
And soon he found that one and all,
Could turn the water to blood too.

But though they water to blood turn,
They could not blood to water change ;
And people much for water yearn,
Who thought it was exceeding strange
That Israelites much water had,
While they had none that they could use :
It was enough to make them mad,
And Israelites they still abuse.

Proud Pharaoh into palace went,
And doth not once again appear ;
The plague for seven days was sent,
Then waters change and turn to clear :
Thus the first plague came to an end,
Not by the necromancer's word ;
Nor by the magic man could send,
But by the power of the Lord.

Moses again to Pharaoh show
The message of the Lord, who will ;
(If he'd not let the people go),
With frogs his borders all would fill.

And they into his house should come,
They'd flock his room and fill his bed.
In every place there would be some,
He'd not know where to lay his head.

Then Aaron stretched his rod, and frogs
Up from the river came, and crowd
Upon the land, from ponds and bogs,
And every thing they did enshroud ;
Egypt's magicians now were sought
To fight the frogs and the plague stay ;
But while magicians more frogs brought,
They could not put one frog away.

Then Pharaoh unto Moses said :
"Entreat the Lord that He may take
Away the frogs from off my bed,
And from my people, He will make
The frogs to leave ; and I will let
The people go to sacrifice
Unto the Lord. But do frogs set,
For they are hateful to mine eyes."

Then Moses unto Pharaoh said :
"When wilt thou I entreat for thee ?"
"To-morrow !" Pharaoh soon replied.
"To-morrow," said Moses, "let it be.
That thou mayst know there is a God ;
That none there is can play His part ;
To-morrow, when Aaron lifts the rod, ~~and~~
The frogs shall all from thee depart."

And on the next day it was fair,
The frogs were dead and vanquished quite ;
So Egypt's people much pleased were,
And Pharaoh saw there was respite ;

Then Pharaoh hardened his heart so,
He could not keep his spoken word :
He would not let God's people go
To sacrifice unto the Lord.

And Aaron smote of earth the dust,
According to the Lord's command ;
And lice on man and lice on beast,
The dust became all o'er the land,
This thing magicians could not do :
"This is the hand of God !" they said ;
But Pharaoh would not listen to
Them now :—his hearing ear was dead.

In early morn with steady nerve,
Moses doth say when Pharaoh came :
"Let people go their God to serve !"
But Pharaoh's answer was the same :
His heart was soft when plague was on,
And promise would to let them go ;
But when the plague was past and gone,
His heart was hard and he'd say "No !"

This time a plague of flies was sent,
They came in great gigantic swarms ;
They enter houses with intent,
And Egypt's people much alarms :—
They fill the larder and the food,
They pester folk about the eyes ;
The best of food doth not taste good,
When that food is filled up with flies.

But Goshen's land was free from flies,
A great distinction thus was made,
'Tween those who Israël's God despise,
And those who trust in Him for aid.

Then Pharaoh unto Moses say :
"Go ye and sacrifice to God !
You'll not require to go away,
There's lots of room on Egypt's sod."

But Moses said : "It is not meet
That we to God should sacrifice,
Where Egypt's abominations greet
The living God, and Him despise :
But we will three days-journey take,
Into the wilderness abroad ;
And there our sacrifice shall make,
Where we will blessings get from God."

And Pharaoh said : "I'll let you go,
That in the wilderness ye may
Do sacrifice to God ; and lo !
Entreat for me : Take flies away."
Then Moses said : "I will entreat
The Lord, that flies from thee depart ;
But do not practise more deceit,
Or any more get hard of heart."

From Pharaoh's presence Moses went,
And then entreated he the Lord ;
And God was pleased and doth consent
To do according to his word ;
The flies from Pharaoh then depart,
From servants and from people : So
Pharaoh again hardened his heart,
And would not let God's people go.

PART II.

The Murrain on beasts. The plague of Boils and Blains.
The plague of Hail. The plague of Locusts. The plague of
Darkness.

Then Moses unto Pharaoh say :

“Thus saith the Lord of the Hebrews :

‘Let all My people go, that they

May serve their God. If thou refuse

To let them go, and hold them still ;

I'll lay mine hand upon thy sheep,

Thy kine and horses, and I will

Upon them all a murrain keep.’”

So the murrain on cattle came,

And many died in Egypt's stalls ;

To show Egyptians who to blame,

Not one of Israel's cattle falls.

Pharaoh sent messengers to see,

When they returned and told him so ;

His heart grew hard again, and he

Refused to let God's people go.

Moses by God's command again,

Did ashes from the furnace take ;

He threw them up, they fell like rain,

And where they touched a boil did break ;

Until boils covered man and beast,

And all Egyptians blistered were ;

Magicians could not stand the least,

For boils and blains are hard to bear.

Next morning early Moses stood

Before king Pharaoh on the strand :

“Let Hebrews go ! 'tis for their good,

I make request by God's command ;

And if thou wilt not let them go,
God will a pestilence on you bring ;
He will send hail that shall lay low,
Each growing plant or living thing."

When it was told that heavy hail
Would fall upon the land next day ;
Those who believed it would not fail,
Inside of houses they did stay :
But those who unbelievers were,
Out to the fields to work, they went ;
When hail came down in torrents there,
Each one was to his long home sent.

In Goshen's land, no hail was there,
Where people of the Lord abode ;
But throughout land where thunders were,
The fields were beaten like a road.
The flax and barley had grown high,
And where they were could not be known ;
But fields of wheat, and fields of rye,
Were saved : For they had not up-grown.

And Pharaoh said : "I sue for peace,
The Lord is righteous, I am vile :
Entreat for me that hail may cease,
And I will let you go awhile."
And Moses said ; "I leave you now,
And when I spread my hands abroad,
There shall be no more hail ; that thou
Mayst know, the earth belongs to God."

When Pharaoh saw that hail had ceased,
And rain and thunders were no more ;
His heart grew hard again :—At least
It changed from what it was before.

Like Pharaoh, many in distress
Will promise make to God obey ;
But when the trouble doth get less,
They then forget what they did say.

Then Pharaoh's servants to him said :
"How long shall Moses be a snare ?
Knowst thou not yet he hath destroyed
Our land ? Where is its beauty, where ?
Let the men go, we do advise,
To serve the Lord as they desire ;
It may be pleasing in His eyes,
And save us from perpetual fire."

Pharaoh to please them gave command :
"That the men go and serve the Lord."
But Moses gave him to understand :
"That they must all observe God's word ;
That all, both young and old must go,
With flocks and herds, for that was right."
Then Pharaoh said : "Not so, not so !"
And they were driven from his sight.

So then the Lord an east wind brought
Upon the land all day and night ;
And in the morning locusts sought
Over all Egypt to alight ;
They ate up every herb and tree,
That had not been destroyed by hail ;
They were so thick, no eye could see
A green leaf, where the locusts fail.

Then Pharaoh terror-stricken call
Moses and Aaron, now in haste :
"I've sinned," said he, "'gainst God, and all
My place so beautiful, is waste.

Now do forgive me I thee pray ;
Entreat the Lord for my great sin ;
Get Him to take locusts away,
And to do right I will begin."

The Lord sent wind out of the west,
Which drove the locusts all away ;
But Pharaoh could not stand the test ;
He could not Israel's God obey.
The locusts from his land had gone,
Not one in Egypt doth remain ;
So Pharaoh's heart grew hard as stone,
And Israelites he still retain.

Then Moses doth stretch forth his hand,
To sun prevent from sending light ;
And darkness came upon the land :—
A darkness, darker far than night.
That darkness doth remain three days,
Not one man could his neighbour see ;
Again proud Pharaoh in a maze
Doth promise to set Israel free.

Egyptian king hath had it rough,
His land was devastated some ;
Yet those nine plagues are not enough :
The last, and worst, is yet to come.
To Moses, Pharaoh said : "Now do,
Go serve the Lord, I'll not retain ;
Take little ones also with you,
Only let flocks and herds remain."

But Moses said : "Thou must us give
Cattle to burnt offerings make ;
That we may sacrifice and live :
For God the Lord doth offerings take.

Our flocks and herds with us must go ;
Not one hoof shall we leave behind ;
For we must sacrifice : And so,
The blessings of the Lord shall find."

And Pharaoh said : "Get thee from me !
Take heed : seek ye my face no more !
For in the day that I see thee,
Thou'lt die ! And beasts shall lap thy gore."
Then Moses said : "Thou hast well spoke,
Thy face no more I wish to see ;
But when God hath thy spirit broke,
'Tis thou who shalt the seeker be."

May God forbid that ever we,—
Who now upon this earth do live,—
Should come beneath one hard as he,
Who persecution much would give :
It is not kings folk now need fear,
'Tis smart, officious underlings
Who trample on the peaceful here ;
Those truly great don't do such things.

THE DELIVERANCE PART I.

The Death of the First-Born of Egypt threatened. The Beginning of the Year changed. The First Passover. The Tenth Plague. The departure of Israel.

The Lord said to Moses : "I'll bring one plague more,
On Pharaoh and Egypt, that will strike them sore :
And the first-born of all in Egypt shall die,
And throughout the land shall there be a great cry ;
The cry shall be greater than any before,
And none shall be like it on earth any more :
The first-born shall die, from the king on the throne,
To the beast of the field, that sin hath not known.

"But Israel shall live, not a dog shall move tongue,
Against man or beast, or the old, or the young ;
That a difference I put, My people shall know,
'Twixt them and Egyptians who treateth them so.
And all the Egyptians shall say : 'Get thee out !'
And Pharaoh shall join in the cry, there's no doubt ;
But though he shall say : 'Go away !' in the night,
His heart shall be hard when the sun shineth bright.

"The beginning of months, shall Abib now be ;
It shall be the first of the year unto thee.
It was four hundred and thirty years ago,
That Jacob left Canaan for Egypt, you know ;
'Twas the very same month, and the self-same day.
When children of Israel came here to stay ;
The number of souls,—only seventy then,—
Are now about six hundred thousands of men.

"And this day shall be a memorial to you,
And all generations shall keep this feast true ;
For seven days ye shall unleavened bread eat,
And lambs without blemish shall furnish you meat ;
A memorable day : to you shall this be,
When God from your bondage doth set you free !
A memorable night : when God shall pass through,
To smite Egypt's first-born, and pass-over you !

"And so shall it be when your children shall say :
'Pray what is the meaning of this feast to-day ?'
Then ye shall reply : 'That the Lord by His hand,
Brought children of Israel forth from Pharaoh's land ;
From out of their bondage, and did them set free,
And punished Egyptians, for their cruelty :
That God slew their first-born, of man and of beast,
And passed over Israel : So we hold this feast.'"

Then children of Israel at Moses command,
Now eat the first passover, with staff in hand ;
With their loins girt about, and shoes on their feet ;
'Tis the Lord's passover, in haste do they eat.
With the blood of the lamb, the posts of the door
And lintel were struck, that the plague may pass
o'er ;
For that night in Egypt, the tenth plague would
come,
And all of their first-born, in death would be dumb.

No ghostly sounds were heard, that would fear instil,
No spectral flash was seen, o'er valley or hill ;
Not extremely dark, nor effulgently bright,
To mark a distinction from an other night ;
But at turn of the night, with soft little sighs,
All Egypt's first-born, instantaneously dies :
And the news of the plague that Israel received,
Was the sorrowful wail in the homes bereaved.

The children of Israel, the tenth plague pass by,
But throughout all Egypt there was a great cry,
When the people arose in the night to mourn,
The loss of their loved ones, who from them were
torn :

For God, in His anger, had just gone before,
Avenging Egyptians, afflicting them sore ;
And the first-born of all, had breathed his last
breath,
Not one house in Egypt, but there was a death.

"O get them away !" the Egyptians said,
"If Israel don't go, we all shall be dead !
O haste ye ! O haste ye ! and get them away !
We all shall be dead, if they longer stay !"

So Pharaoh called Aaron and Moses that night,
And he said : "Get you gone ! get out of my sight !
Go forth from my people, and leave us alone,
Take your flocks and your herds, bless me and
begone !"

Then Israel departed from proud Pharaoh's land,
And Moses was leader, with staff in his hand.
They spoiled the Egyptians as they had been told,
By borrowing raiment, and jewels of gold.

They had raised Joseph's bones, from Egypt to
take ;

For Joseph's command was : "My bones don't
forsake !"

The oath of their fathers was binding on them,
No true Israelite, that oath would condemn.

The Lord went before them to point out the way,
In a pillar of cloud He led them by day ;
In a pillar of fire He led them by night,
So that when they travelled they always had light.
The Lord said to Moses : "Encamp by the sea,
That Pharaoh may think you entangled shall be ;
I will harden his heart, be avenged on his horde,
That Egyptians may know,—that I am the Lord !"

PART II

The Israelites pursued by Pharaoh. The preparation of
the Red Sea. The Israelites pass through on dry ground.
The Egyptians drowned. Songs of Victory.

When Pharaoh was told that Israel had fled,
He called up his servants, and to them he said :
"Why have we done this ? Why let Israel go ?
We have lost many slaves by treating them so."

He ordered his chariots, when ready he took
His horsemen and army, to Israel rebuke ;
He hotly pursued, saying : "Slaves shall they be !"
And soon overtook them encamped by the sea.

Then Pharaoh encamped with Israel in view,
Determined on next day them still to pursue ;
A charge by his army would early be made,
With Red sea surrounding none could him evade ;
That victory was sure he had not a doubt,
For Israel must yield or be put to rout :
But the cloud came between and stood there all
night,
'Twas darkness to Egypt, to Israël 'twas light.

In the morning when Israel saw Pharaoh so near,
They called on the Lord, and they trembled with
fear ;

And to Moses they said : "Now do tell us why,
You brought us out here in this wild place to die ?"
"Fear ye not," said Moses, "But stand still and see
The salvation by which the Lord shall you free ;
For you shall He fight, and those whom you deplore,
Shall die by His hand, you will see them no more."

And God said to Moses : "Why still cry to Me ?
Let children of Israel advance to the sea ;
But over the sea, point the rod in thy hand,
And Israel shall pass through its midst on dry
land."

No need for prayer now, it is work they must do,
And show by their actions, that their faith is true ;
The time has arrived, when their faith they must
show,
And battle they'll win, without striking a blow.

So Moses advanced, as commanded by God,
And over the sea he kept pointing his rod ;
The waters were walled up along the south side,
Blown back by the wind, like a receding tide ; *
For over the sea, a strong wind blew all night,
To drive back the waters, and make safe their
flight.

The waters thus walled up, let Israel pass through
The Egyptians followed, as armies will do.

(For what is the duty of soldiers so brave,
But follow their leader to glory or grave ;
And orders obey, although they are blundered,
Like that gallant charge of Britain's six hundred.)
The ground got so soft in the midst of the sea,
That horses with riders sunk over the knee ;
A try to turn off the soft ground caused hubbub,
For wheels of his chariots, broke off at the hub.

When children of Israel were safe on dry land,
Their leader turned round with the rod in his hand ;
That God was against him, now Pharaoh could see,
When chariots were stranded in midst of the sea ;
That Israel's God for His people did fight,
And Egyptians now were in a sad plight :
No chance for proud Pharaoh, his horses were beat,
He could not go forward, he could not retreat.

*The description of the passage through the Red Sea, slightly varies from the Bible narrative ; but when we consider the vast army—600 000 that were men, besides children, and say 100,000 head of cattle,—it would have taken a long time to go through the sea in narrow file. If they are to evade Pharaoh's army, they must get through the sea in as broad file as when crossing the desert. Then Pharaoh might not have followed through a passage with water walled up on both sides, but as described here, he may not have known that he was in the sea, till the soft ground revealed the fact.

When Moses doth stretch out his rod as before,
The waters rushed back to their northernmost
shore ;

Thus Pharaoh's great host was engulfed in the sea,
The Lord is triumphant, His people are free !
The Lord is successful, His glory is great ;
For Pharaoh is dead with his harshness and hate !
A victory so vast, never pen shall record,
As that gush for freedom, poured forth by the Lord !

Then Moses sung out with his powerful voice,
And with him all Israel exultant rejoice :
"The Lord hath triumphed, triumphed gloriously ;
The horse and his rider he cast in the sea !
The Lord is our strength, He is mighty in war ;
The Lord is our God, and his people we are ;
The Lord by His hand is glorious in might ;
The Lord by His power hid Egyptians from sight.

"O wonderful worker ! Most glorious God !
In holiness great, sound JEHOVAH abroad !
The blast from His nostrils the waters did free,
And Pharaoh congealed in the heart of the sea.
The tyrant's vile chain from His people He broke,
And now they are free from their servile yoke ;
Then praise ye the Lord ! peal out the refrain :
'The Lord is our God, and for ever shall reign !'"

Then sprightly sprung Miriám, with timbrel in hand,
The women all followed and danced on the strand.
And Miriam said : "Sing ye all to the Lord,
For He, by His triumph, hath made firm His word ;
The horse and his rider, who attempted to flee,
Were caught by the waters and drowned in the
sea.

The Lord is victorious, proud Pharaoh's laid low !
The Lord triumphed glorious, Io ! Io !"

THE JOURNEY TO SINAI.

PART I

The bitter waters of Marah made sweet. The people murmur for bread. God sent bread from heaven. How Manna was supplied. They murmur for water, and water was brought out of the rock at Horeb. Joshua's first engagement.

Now Moses brought Israel up from the Red sea,
And into the desert they went ;
They ought to be happy, for now they are free,
But some of them show discontent.
When they came to Marah, they could not get drink,
So bitter the waters were there ;
And they murmur at Moses there on the brink,
For thirst is so hard for to bear.

Moses called on the Lord, who showed him a tree,
That would make water sweet to the taste ;
From bitter that tree the waters did free,
And to drink the people made haste.
An ordinance and statute he for them did make,
To try them if they would prove true ;
He said : "If you do right, you'll blessings partake,
For God will do good unto you."

So they came to Elim, where water was good,
And encamped by the waters there ;
For up to this time there was no lack of food,
They all had enough and to spare.
From Elim they took up their journey once more,
And came to the desert of Sin ;
Their bread now was done, and their hunger felt
sore,
And murmurings great now begin.

They murmur at Moses, and Aaron, and God,
They murmur for bread and for flesh ;
They'd forgot all the wonders wrought with the rod,
Their minds would need jogging afresh :
They would have gone back to their bondage and pain,
Their love was for God growing cool ;
They long for the flesh-pots of Egypt again,
Where they all had bread to the full.

Now God heard the murmur which they made for
bread,

And so well He knew what to do ;
Therefore He called Moses, and to him He said :
"I'll rain bread from heaven for you ;
The people shall gather it every day,
When the dew arise from the ground ;
An omer for every man I would say,
That this is enough will be found.

"Gather just what ye eat, none shall be put by,
It will waste no matter how small ;
But on the sixth day gather double supply,
For none on the seventh shall fall :
The seventh day is holy unto the Lord,
No labour on it shall ye do ;
If His people ye be, ye must keep His word,
The Sabbath is rest-day for you."

In the morning when dew from the ground had gone,
There lay a small thing, round and white ;
They knew not what it was, and were looking on
When Moses said to them : "'Tis right ;—
'Tis the bread sent from heaven, for you all to eat,
So gather enough, but no more."
Some gathered more, some less, but when it was mete,
They each had an omer, none o'er.

So each morning, manna lay thick on the ground,
To gather it none had a tramp ;
In the evening, the quails came flying around,
And lighted all over the camp :
Some went on the seventh day to gather food,
No manna was there to be found ;
So God thus them taught, to keep Sabbath day
good,
And not to be walking around.

And God said to Moses : "Will ye never try,
My laws and commandments to keep ?
On sixth day I gave you a double supply,
For none on the seventh you'd reap."
So then Moses rebuked all those who'd gone out,
For manna to gather that day ;
And after that none of them did walk about,
But all in their places did stay.

Those who tried to keep manna o'er night, do say :
"That worms therein were, and it stank."
But what fell on sixth day, kept till the next day ;
It was sweet, and not the least rank.
They came to Rephidim, no water was there,
And the people did murmur again :
"Wherefore hast thou brought us from Egypt, so fair,
To die here with thirst ?" they complain.

Then Moses to God said : "I am vexed sore,
What shall I to this people do ?"
And God said to Moses : "Go ye on before,
Take elders of Israel with you :
Behold, at the rock there in Horeb I'll stand,
The elders shall be stricken dumb ;
For thou'lt strike the rock, with the rod in thine
hand,
And out of it water shall come."

And Moses the rock smote before them that day,
And plenty of water they got ;
Then he asked the elders, which one would now
say :

“Is the Lord among us, or not ?”
That God did provide for them, there was no doubt,
With manna and quails they were fed ;
But full forty years they're kept wandering about,
Till those who had murmured were dead.

And now they have come to inhabited land,
And so they must fight their way through ;
Amalek was the first who took them in hand,
And he had good warriors too.
Then Moses, command unto Joshua gave,
He told him to pick out his men ;
And Joshua picked, only men who were brave,
And able to do battle then.

And Moses went up to the top of the hill,
To watch how the battle would go ;
When he held up the rod in his hand, they still
Discomfited their mighty foe :
But his hands got heavy, and when they were down,
Amalek o'er Israel prevail ;
So Aaron and Hur, stayed those hands of renown,
Then Joshua their foe doth assail.

They supported his hands till the setting of sun,
Pointing over the field with his rod ;
So Israel prevailed and the battle was won :
The victors—the chosen of God.
Moses built an altar, to commemorate fight,
JEHOVA-NISSI did it call ;
The Lord is our banner—Defender of right,
Amalek before Him shall fall.

PART II

Jethro visits Moses, and praiseth God for His goodness and greatness. Jethro giveth counsel to Moses. The children of Israel arrive at Sinai, and encamp before the Mountain. God's covenant. The great Phenomena on the Mountain.

When Jethro the priest, Moses' father-in-law,
 Heard the wonders that God had done ;
How God had delivered them without a flaw,
 And how their first battle was won.
As Israel was near to him now, he thought
 He would go and Moses he'd see ;
And with him, Zipporah, and her sons he brought,
 Moses pleased to see them would be.

And Moses told Jethro what they had come through,
 And the miracles God had wrought ;
And Jethro rejoiced that the Lord was so true,
 And them from their bondage had brought :
"Thy God," Jethro said, "hath subdued Pharaoh's
 wrath,
 And from bondage hath set you free ;
Then blessed be the Lord who delivered you hath,
 The greatest of all gods is He."

Then Jethro the priest, unto God he did call,
 And sacrifices there he did make ;
And Aaron, and elders of Israel, all,
 Bread with him, before God did take.
The people to Moses came on the next day,
 With all the complaints that they had ;
And Moses did listen to all they did say,
 Then showed them the good and the bad.

When Jethro saw Moses judge people alone,
He thus unto Moses did say :
“This thing that thou doest is not good, my son,
And soon it will wear thee away ;
Hearken now to my voice, I counsel will give,
And God shall be with thee to-day ;
Be thou for the people, that God-ward they live,
And all of them shall thee obey.

“Get others to help thee in work of this kind,
And then 'twill be easy for all ;
Men of truth, who fear God, you easily could find,
And let them judge all matters small ;
And let only great matters come unto thee,
Them thou shalt be able to do ;
The people shall also be pleased, thou wilt see,
And the work shall be easier for you.”

Well Moses was pleased with advice Jethro gave,
And men to make rulers he sought ;
And they judged the people, and Moses did save,
But hard causes to him they brought :
Thus Moses established the first courts of law,
That the children of Israel had ;
They were the first judges the people e'er saw,
And they were exceedingly glad.

And now from Rephidim they journey again,
To the desert of Sinai they came ;
They pitch their encampment before the mountain,
Which bears this salubrious name.
And Moses went up this great mountain to God,
And God unto Moses doth say :
“Thus shalt thou now say to the house of Jacob,
That they all My laws shall obey.

"Ye have seen what I to Egyptians done,
And how I delivered you there ;
Although I destroyed Pharaoh's host every one,
On eagles' wings you I did bear :
Now if ye My voice will obey when I call,
And My covenant with you will keep ;
A peculiar treasure ye'll be above all,
And slumber of just ye shall sleep.

"A kingdom of priests ye shall be unto Me,
The holiest nation abroad ;
A more righteous people no people shall be :
For all the earth is Mine," said God.
Then Moses called children of Israel, and laid
His message before them so true ;
And the people together all answered and said :
"All the Lord hath spoken we'll do."

And Moses told God what the people did say,
God said to him : "Go back again,
And get them all sanctified by the third day ;
To Mount Sinai, I'll come down then.
And thou shalt set bounds to the people around,
That none of them shall come too near ;
Though a cloud shall conceal Me from view, the
sound
Of My voice, and trumpet they'll hear."

So Moses came down from the mountain, and he
The people all sanctified then ;
They washed all their clothes, and from sin they
kept free,
Like dutiful women and men.
And on the third day, when the Lord was to come,
The people were cleanly dressed ;
At sound of the trumpet, they were stricken dumb,
Afraid of their heavenly guest.

When they saw the lightnings effulgently bright,
While thunders were pealing aloud ;—
Though God and His glory were hid from their sight,
For thick was the covering cloud ;—
When they saw the mount smoke, their courage forsake,
For God had descended in fire ;
When they felt the ground shake, just like an earthquake,
They trembled through fear of His ire.

And so they to Moses said : "Speak thou with us,
And thee we will hear and obey ;
But let not God speak with us, lest we die thus,
At the very first word He should say."
And Moses said unto the people : "Fear not !
For God is just come, you to prove ;
That His laws and His statutes are not forgot,
And that you'll remember His love."

So the people stood back from the mountain through fear,
They would not go nearer a rod ;
But Moses the meek, to the darkness drew near,
He went through the darkness to God :
He talked there with God, in that wonderful place,
Commandments to him were there given ;
And when he came down from the mountain : his face,
Reflected the glory of heaven.

THE COMMANDMENTS.

The decalogue I here explain,
To make its ten commandments plain.

I.

God said : I am the Lord thy God,
Who have from bondage set you free ;
And thou shalt have no other god,
Nor shalt thou put gods before Me.

II.

Thou shalt not any image, or likeness make,
Of anything that is in heaven above,
Or birds on air that fly, or beasts that rove
Upon the earth, or fishes in the sea,
No homage shall to them, be done by thee,
Nor shalt thou to them any offering take :
For I thy God am a zealous God, and so,
I wish all men to understand, and know
That I will punish the iniquity,
On children, of fathers who disobey ;
But unto thousands many, I will them mercy show,
Who My commandments keep, and love to Me be-
stow.

III.

Thou shalt not take the name of God in vain,
For God will not thee guiltless hold again ;
The frivolous swearer, God will not endure,
And all irreverence, He will punish sure.

IV.

Remember thou the Sabbath day,
To keep it holy to the Lord ;
Do not forget to Him obey ;
Remember thou His holy word.

Six days shalt thou labour, and all thy work do ;
But the seventh is Sabbath, and must be kept true ;
No work shall be done by thy children nor thee,
And the stranger that's with thee should rested be ;
Thy servants and thy cattle, they all must rest
Upon the holy Sabbath day, which God hath blessed :

For in six days the Lord God made
The heaven and earth, the sea and sky ;
And rested on the seventh day,
Which blessed and hallowed is thereby.

V.

Honour thy father and thy mother,
Thy parents well deserve to be ;
For thou canst never pay another,
For what thy parents done for thee ;
And long thou on the land shalt dwell,
If thou dost treat thy parents well.
But parents must some love bestow,
If they wish honour to receive ;
Where love is given love will flow,
And children will not them deceive ;
But how could children honour give,
To parents who besotted live :
Whose children have to look for bread,
Must beg or steal to get supply ;
And who might wish that they were dead,
When cruel oaths them terrify :
Those parents who want honour given,
Must selves respect the laws of heaven.

VI.

Thou shalt not kill, no matter what befall,
The life of man should sacred be to all ;
Keep passions in control, thou shalt not slay ;
The life thou canst not give, thou shouldst not take
away.

VII.

Thou shalt not adultery commit,
Nor in assembly with adulterers sit ;
Those who commit this vile atrocious crime,
Should be outlawed in every state and clime.

Thou shalt not coition with thy wife,
When she is pregnant with offspring ;
Lest thou from fetus take the life ;
Keep thoughts above the carnal thing :
Yea, after birth thou shalt abstain,
Till catamenia comes again ;
Lest milk be poisoned in the breast,
And kill the babe that on it rest.

VIII.

Thou shalt not steal : leave what is not thine own ;
To steal will soon thy manliness dethrone ;
Thou shalt not steal a man's good name,
Nor rob him of his reputation ;
Such theft adds nothing to thy fame,
Nor doth it gain God's approbation ;
Thine actions here on earth, must honest be,
If thou dost hope in heaven, God's face to see.

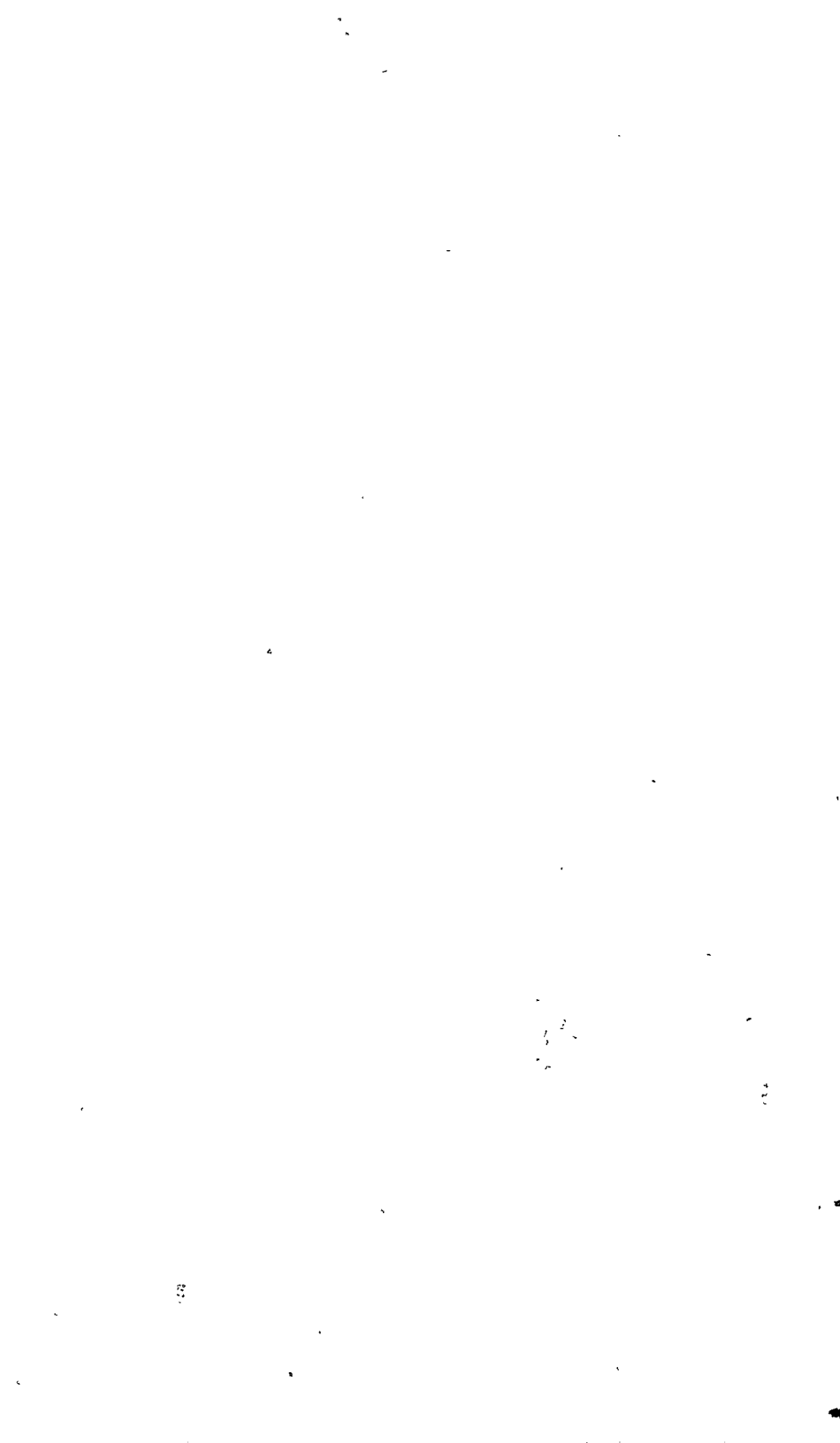
IX.

False witness once thou shalt not bear
Against thy neighbour, to his blame ;
Truth should be spoken everywhere,
Redound it will not to thy shame.
False witness borne before a judge,
Is not so bad as to backbite ;
Thou shalt not lie with envious grudge,
For many wrongs don't make one right ;
No wanton wrong implied should be,
By crafty, vile insinuation ;
Sleek words, will not thy soul set free.

From manly, moral obligation.
Thou shalt no tale exaggerate,
Nor truth suppress to wrong thy neighbour;
Thou shalt be true in every state,
Lest falsehood turn and thee belabour ;
Falsehood and calumny will defame,
The purest soul that on earth live ;
They will rob man of his good name,
And of him false impressions give :
How many men could walk abroad,
If falsehood was believed by God ?

X.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife,
For that would be a heinous sin ;
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house,
Nor any thing that is therein ;
Thy neighbour's servant, thou shalt not covet,
Let servant be a man or maid,
Thy thoughts should be, far, far above it,
If thou wouldst look to heaven for aid ;
Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's ass,
His horse, ox, heifer, calf or cow ;
Nor any thing thy neighbour has,
Keep covetousness away from thou :
Let not thine heart desire, what eyes may see,
Thy neighbour's goods to thou, shouldest sacred be.



Afflicted Job



AFFLICTED JOB.

BOOK I.

The calamities which befell Job are unparalleled. They were so sudden and so severe. Job was not handed over to Satan on account of wickedness, but to test his goodness. The vile disease with which Job was afflicted, was a severe case of that disease, now known by the name "Small-pox." This is shown by the symptoms described by Job at different stages of the disease. His wife's advice to curse God and die, brought forth the plaint with which this book closes, and which furnishes his friends with a subject for remonstrance. Job does not curse God ; he does not lose faith in God ; but he curses the day of his birth, and longs for death.

In land of Uz, there was a man,
Honest and upright, just and true ;
Who lived according to God's plan,
Not one vile thing would this man do ;
In all that fertile country round,
None good as Job, could there be found.

His household was supremely great,
With seven sons and daughters three,
And often they would sit up late
To eat, and drink wine festively ;
Job was more blest with man and beast,
Than any great man of the east.

And so it was, when feasting days
Were past and gone, that Job would rise
Up in the morning, and God praise
With offerings and sacrifice ;
Lest in their feasting they might sin,
For Job himself was pure within.

When sons of God assembled were
Before the Lord, there Satan was.
God said : "Hast thou considered there
My servant Job, who breaks no laws ?"
But Satan soon devised a plan
To test the goodness of this man.

"Do Thou his riches take away !
Make him the poorest in this place !
Thou'lt then see where his goodness lay,
For he will curse Thee to Thy face !"
Then God gave Satan power to test,
This man He had with riches blest.

Then Satan, by Sabeans slew
Those faithful servants Job did keep,
His oxen and his asses too
They took ; while fire burnt up his sheep.
By Chaldeans another raid
Upon his camels, soon were made.

The servants who by chance escape,
From those disasters that befell
The other servants, soon did make
Their way to Job, the news to tell ;
While the third spoke the fourth one said :
"Your sons and daughters all are dead.

“They in their eldest brother’s house
 Were eating bread and drinking wine,
 When a great wind doth them arouse,
 The house fell down though built so fine ;
 I only am escaped alone,
 The tale to tell and make thee moan.”

Job was o’erwhelmed with the news,
 And he fell prostrate to the ground ;
 Yet he did not his God abuse,
 He knew where succour could be found.
 He rent his mantle, shaved his head,
 He worshiped God, though sons were dead.

So Job most firmly stood the test,
 And God from blame he doth set free ;
 “He gave, and now He takes the best,
 His name must ever blessed be.
 Naked came I from mother’s womb,
 Naked shall I return to tomb.”

Again upon another time,
 The sons of God assembled stood
 Before the Lord, all in their prime,
 And Satan was among the good :—
 He could the others all deceive,
 But God his presence doth perceive.

The Lord then unto Satan said :
 “From whence hast thou come here, to-day?”
 And Satan the Lord answered :
 “From going to and fro, I pray,
 Upon the earth,—to rest a bit,—
 From walking up and down in it.”

"Hast thou considered My servant Job ?
His integrity he holdeth fast ;
Although thou didst his riches rob,
He's pure and upright to the last ;
He perfect is, and full of vim,
There's none in all the earth like him."

Then Satan answered God, and said :
"For to be poor is no disgrace,
But lay him sick upon his bed,
And he will curse Thee to Thy face."
He thus told God what He should do,
To find if Job was good and true.

The Lord then unto Satan said :
"Behold ! again he's in thine hand,
But lay him not among the dead,
To save his life is My command."
Then Satan, cunning as a fox,
Afflicted Job with the small-pox.

When Job's three friends who came to mourn
And comfort him in his distress,
Looked on him, and saw him so lorn,
They wept aloud in bitterness ;
They rent their mantles, sprinkled dust
Upon their heads, for grieve they must.

So they sat down upon the ground,
And mourned with him for seven days ;
But not one spoke, no speech was found
To soothe his fears, or spirits raise ;
Their hearts were all so full of grief,
No words would come to give relief.

But though his friends thus silent were,
And showed their sympathy in tears ;
His bosom friend though full of care,
Was willing to express her fears ;
And as Job moaned whereon he lay,
She turned to him and thus doth say :

“If you're so sick you cannot lie,
Why still integrity hold fast ?
Why dost thou not curse God and die ?
And not keep hoping to the last.”
But Job just made this calm reply :
“I never will curse God and die.

“I curse the day that gave me birth,
The night wherein that I was born ;
(For Oh ! 'tis hard to live on earth,
With foolish folk who do God scorn ;
But though I bear affliction's rod,
I'll never, never curse my God !)

“Let that day perish : let no light
Shine down upon it from above ;
O let it be a gloomy night !
Regard it not, O God of love !
Let darkness and death's shadow stain
That day of misery and pain.

“Let there not be a single spark
Of light, to show there is a sky ;
Let that day be extremely dark,
A blackness that will terrify ;
Yea, let it be the darkest night,
In which not one may look for light.

"Let it not be part of the year,
Nor to the number of months come ;
Let it completely disappear,
And every joyful voice be dumb :
For it shut not the doors of pride,
Nor from mine eyes did sorrow hide.

"Why died I not when from the womb ?
Why did I not give up the ghost ?
I'd have been still within the tomb,
With small and great a mighty host ;
The prisoners there together rest,
There's no oppressors nor oppressed.

"With kings of earth I'd be at peace,
With princes there would I be blest ;
The wicked there from troubling cease,
And there the weary are at rest ;
The servant there from master free,
No servitude ! No slavery !

"I long for death, it cometh not ;
I dig for it more than for treasure ;
I sigh for things I have not got,
My roarings are poured out full measure ;
That which I feared hath come to me,
The trouble came I did not see.

"Wherefore is light unto him gave,
And life unto the bitter soul ?
Who would rejoice to find a grave,
Whose misery overflows the bowl ;
Who cannot rise to walk abroad,
Whose path is hid, hedged in by God !"

BOOK II.

Eliphaz the Temanite, is the first of Job's friends to offer advice. He condemns Job for his loss of trust in God, and tries to show him that this affliction has been sent because of his wickedness. He attempts to frighten Job into submission by relating a vision. He shows that misery is the end of the wicked, and that happiness is the end of the man whom God correcteth. Job in reply shows that his plaint is not without cause. He thinks that, instead of imputing guilt, his friends should show pity. He further describes his disease, to excuse his desire for death. He requests his friends to leave him alone, and not try to frighten him with dreams and visions. He concludes with a prayer to God.

Then said Eliphaz the Temanite :

“If we essay to talk with thee,

We only wish to put thee right,

Then grieved we know thou wilt not be ;

Behold, to many thou didst speak,

And strengthened those whose hands were weak.

“Thy words the falling didst uphold,

The feeble knees thou hast made strong ;

But now thou art not quite so bold,

It toucheth thee, all goeth wrong ;

Thy fear, hope, confidence and trust,

Are all down with thee in the dust.

“Yet thou shouldst ever mindful be,

The righteous never were cut off ;

But those who plow iniquity,

Sow wickedness, or at God scoff ;

They perish like a beast of prey,

By God's own breath they're blown away.

"This was in secret to me brought,
In thoughts from visions of the night,
Mine ear a little of it caught,
And then I got an awful fright ;
Fear came on me, and made me quake
And tremble, all my bones to shake.

"A spirit passed before my face,
My hair stood up, and it stood still,
I could not see its form nor grace,
But it was there, I felt a thrill ;
The silent awe increased my fear,
At length a voice spoke in mine ear :

" 'Is mortal man more just than God ?
His Maker : shall he be more pure ?
Is not God's greatness seen abroad ?
He angels charged with folly sure :
How much less pure, than angels, they—
Who dwell in houses made of clay ?

"They are destroyed from morn till night,
And they for ever perish shall ;
They pass away out of the sight,
And none shall them regard at all ;
Doth not their excellence go away ?
And wisdom will not with them stay."

"Call now, if there be any will
An answer unto thee return ;
The foolish man, his wrath doth kill,
And envy makes the silly burn ;
I've seen the foolish start to grow,
But suddenly he came to woe.

"His children far from safety are,
And they are crushed within the gate ;
They are destroyed in time of war,
For to deliver them none wait.
Whose harvest will the hungry take,
And robbers swallow what they make.

"Affliction cometh not from dust,
Nor trouble spring out of the ground ;
Yet man is born to trouble, just
As sure as sparks do fly around :
But I would unto God draw near,
And plead my cause in accents clear.

"He rain upon the earth doth send,
The waters flow upon the field ;
His greatness who can comprehend,
The crafty man is forced to yield ;
He saves the poor, the poor hath hope,
While craftiness in darkness grope.

"He maketh sore, He bindeth up,
He woundeth, and His hands do mend ;
O happy is the man who sup
The chastisement that God doth send !
In famine, pestilence and war,
He'll bring him through without a scar.

"He'll make him laugh at all distress,
With him the beasts shall be at peace ;
He'll crown his life with blessedness,
And He shall all his goods increase ;
In time of famine he'll have food,
Hear this, and know it for thy good."

Job answering his friend doth say :
"O that my grief were throughly weighed,
And all my misdeeds by the way,
With calamity in balance laid !
It would more heavy be than sand,
That's to be found in sea or land.

"Doth the ass bray when he hath grass ?
Doth the ox low when he hath food ?
I am no better than the ass, °
If flogging is to do me good !
The arrows of the Lord are sore,
The terrors of God pain me more.

"O that I might have my request !
That God would grant me this one thing !
My spirit then would be at rest,
Beneath the shadow of His wing ;
Then that would solid comfort be,
My mind at ease, my spirit free.

"What is my strength, that I should hope ?
Mine end that I my life prolong ?
Is my flesh brass, that I should cope
With health and strength, who think I'm
wrong ?
The afflicted should have pity shown,
But my friends' hearts are turned to stone.

"They are deceitful as a brook,
As streams of brooks they pass away ;
There were two paths, the wrong they took,
And one of them hath had his say ;
But what doth arguing reprove,
When words are spoken without love.

“Now did I say bring unto me ?
 Or, me deliver from my foe ?
 I am cast down and that you see,
 But doth that prove I'm full of woe ?
 Teach me and I my tongue will hold,
 Cause me to understand your scold.

“How forcible the right words are,
 When spoken with an earnest voice !
 They lift the thoughts to hills afar,
 And make the downcast one rejoice !
 But for your friend ye dig a pit,
 And speak as one who hath no wit.

“Now be content, look unto me :
 For if I lie, 'tis clear to you.
 Iniquity, let it not be ;
 My righteousness is in it too.
 Is there iniquity in my tongue
 Can not my taste discern the wrong ?

“Is there not an appointed time,
 For man to live upon this earth ?
 As one who worketh for a dime,
 He looks for what his work is worth ;
 So I'm appointed to possess,
 Those months of weary bitterness.

“My flesh is clothed with worms and dust,
 There's nothing can this body save ;
 My skin is loathsome, and I must
 Long for that rest within the grave ;
 When I at night lie down, I say :
 'When shall I see the dawn of day.'


"My days are swift, spent without hope;
My life is wind : I see no good
In trying to lengthen the scope
Of life, when I abhor my food.
Just as the cloud doth pass away,
He that goes to the grave shall stay.

"Therefore my mouth I'll not refrain,
In anguish will I speak : not strife,
My soul in bitterness complain,
And chooseth death rather than life.
Am I a whale, or yet 'a sea,
That thou dost set a watch o'er me ?

"I lothe my life : I would not live
Forever in this vale of tears.
Leave me alone : My all I'd give
To be relieved from foolish sneers.
And then you try to me affright,
With dreams and visions of the night.

"Why shouldst thou man so much extol ?
Why dost thou set on him thine heart ?
Why shouldst thou early on him call,
To try him with thy subtle art ?
Depart from me ! Leave me alone !
For sin I will to God atone !

"O Thou Preserver of mankind !
Why hast Thou set me as a mark ?
Why canst I not Thy pardon find ?
Why dost Thou leave me in the dark ?
Although I now sleep in the dust,
That Thou shalt seek me, is my trust !"



BOOK III.

Bildad the Shuhite, expostulates with Job. He shows the justice of God, and that the hope of the hypocrite shall be cut off. He declares that God will neither help evil doers, nor cast away a perfect man. Job acknowledges the justice of God, and shows that man cannot contend with God. He declares that man's guilt or innocence cannot be judged by his affliction, and complains the want of a daysman, so that he might approach God without fear.

Then answered Bildad the Shuhite :

“How long wilt thou so perfect be ?
If thou wert pure, and so upright,
Would God have thus afflicted thee ?
How can you think God so unjust,
And still profess to in Him trust ?

“Now if thy children against God sin,
And He for sin cast them away ;
If thou wouldst now His favour win,
Cast off thy pride, and to Him pray :
Doth God the Lord justice pervert,
When He gives man his just desert ?

“If thou wert pure and on God call,
He would awake, and give thee peace ;
Though thy beginning was but small,
Thy latter end should much increase.
Look back upon the former age,
And see thy cause on every page.

“Through search of fathers, self prepare
(For we are but of yesterday,
We nothing know, and fleeting are,
And like a shadow pass away :)

Shall they not teach thee, what thou art,
And utter words out of their heart ?

"Can the flag without water grow ?
Doth it not wither very fast ?
The hypocrite shall perish so;
His hope is rot, it cannot last.
He leans upon his house, and though
He holds it fast : the house doth go.

"His branch is green before the sun,
And in his garden shooteth forth ;
His roots are wrapped about as one,
And stones do take the place of earth.
God will destroy him from his place,
Which shall deny him to his face.

"This is the end of that man's joy,
Out of the earth shall others grow ;
But God will not a man destroy
Whose life is perfect, thou shouldst know.
The perfect man with lips rejoice,
The hypocrite hath lost his voice."

"I know," said Job, "you speak the truth,
But how should man with God be just ?
If he contends with God in youth;
His answer will fall to the dust.
God's heart is wise, God's might is strong,
'Gainst God no man shall prosper long.

"God moveth hills, they know it not ;
God shakes the earth out of its place,
Her pillars tremble, and have got
To do His bidding in the race.

God seals the stars, commands the sun,
No man can do what God hath done.

“God made Arcturus, and Pleiades,
Orion, and chambers of the south ;
God treadeth on the stormy seas,
He spread the sky by word of mouth ;
God doeth things past finding out,
He worketh wonders none can doubt.

“He goeth by, I see Him not,
He passeth, but I don't perceive ;
He takes away what I have got,
The loss of which cause me to grieve ;
There's none can hinder Him, I trow,
Or say to Him : ‘What doest Thou ?’

“If God will not withdraw His ire,
The Helpers proud 'neath Him do bow.
Though I had words of living fire
To answer Him, I could not now.
Though I were righteous, I'd not budge,
But I would supplicate my judge.

“If I had called Him with my voice,
And He had answered ; I would know
That He had heard, then I'd rejoice ;
But He hath never stooped so low.
He with a tempest breaketh me,
But will not set my spirit free.

“I speak of strength : lo, He is strong !
I speak of judgment : who shall plead ?
How can a weak man plod along,
Who hath not got the strength nor meed ?

Should I myself now justify ;
Mine own mouth would not let me try.

“Though I were perfect, yet I would
Not know my soul : I would despise
My life. This is one thing I should,
Therefore I say it on this wise :
The wicked man He will destroy,
Also the pure without alloy.

“And if the sudden scourge shall slay,
He at the trial will just laugh ;
The innocent, by night or day,
Are nothing more to Him than chaff.
The earth is in the wicked's hand,
There is no justice in the land !

“Though I my ills should all forget,
And should my heaviness leave off,
And try to comfort find : Thou yet
At all my troubles still wouldst scoff.
My days are swift, they pass away,
As eagle hasteth to the prey.

“Why should I then labour in vain,
If I be wicked ? If I wash
Myself in water e'er so clean ;
Yet in a ditch thou wouldst me dash.
God's not a man, that I should meet
On equal terms, at judgment seat.

“Nor is there any daysman here,
That he might on us lay his hand,
Then would I speak and not Him fear ;
But as it is I cannot stand

Before the Lord : I'm so afraid,
With this vile sickness on me laid.

"My soul is weary of my life,
This trouble drives me to despair ;
If I have sinned 'twas without strife,
O that I knew just when or where !
In bitterness of soul I speak
Do not condemn me : I am weak.

"O God ! Why shouldest Thou despise,
The work that Thine own hands hast made ?
Why am I nothing in Thine eyes ?
Is't good disease were on me laid ?
Thou knowest I am pure within,
And yet Thou searchest for my sin.

"Are Thy days as the days of man ?
Why wilt Thou not give me a rest ?
Deliver me there is none can,
And I am burdened and oppressed.
Remember then, O God ! this day,
That Thou hast made me as the clay.

"Thou hast me clothed with skin and flesh.
Yet Thou hast curdled me like cheese ;
Thou hast me granted life afresh,
And yet Thou dost my spirit freeze.
If I be wicked : woe is me !
If I be righteous, Thou dost see.

"Thou huntest me as lion fierce,
And my afflictions much increase ;
Thou markest me and my flesh pierce,
But wilt not grant me any peace ;

I am confused, I'm almost dead,
I will not, cannot lift mine head.

"Thy witnesses Thou dost renew,
Thine indignation increase most ;
Changes and war against me too
O, that I had gave up the ghost !
Why hast Thou brought me out the womb ?
I'd have been better in the tomb.

"My days are few, my spirit sad !
Now friends, leave me alone, to take
A little comfort, and be glad,
Before I my departure make
To that dark land, that dark, dark land,
Where darkness reigns on every hand."

BOOK IV.

Zophar the Naamathite, reproves Job for saying he is pure and clean in God's sight. He sheweth the greatness of the wisdom of God, and exhorts Job to repent of his wickedness, and extols the blessings which would follow. Job reproves his friends for their pretensions to superior knowledge. He shows that the wicked prosper as well as the just. He speaks of the wisdom, and the omnipotence of God ; of his trust in God ; of the frailty of man, and the brevity of life. He asks God to hide him till His wrath be past, and then remember him.

Then said Zophar the Naamathite :
"Should not the multitude of words,
That thou dost speak to make thee right,
Be answered ? Or should thy birds
Of falsehood make men hold their peace ?
Thy mocking shall thy woes increase.

“For thou hast said thy doctrine's pure,
 And thou art clean in God's own eyes ;
 If God would speak He would be sure
 To show to thee wherein thou lies ;
 He would the words of wisdom teach,
 And show the falseness of thy speech.

“Know therefore God exalteth less
 Than thine iniquity deserve ;
 If thou wert wise thou wouldst confess,
 None to perfection, God can serve ;
 God's wisdom is high as heaven can be,
 And broader than the earth and sea.

“And God doth know how vain men are,
 He seeketh wickedness also ;
 None in His sight are without scar,
 Their vanity He will them show ;
 Man's selfish goodness God will scorn,
 For like an ass vain man was born.

“But if thou thine own heart prepare,
 And stretch toward Him thine own hands,
 And let not wickedness dwell there,
 And no iniquity on thy lands ;
 Then thou shalt lift thy spotless face,
 And steadfast be without disgrace.

“Thy misery thou shalt forget,
 It will like waters pass away ;
 Then thou shalt be secure, and yet
 Thy hope shall ever with thee stay ;
 No age shall clearer be than thine,
 Thou shalt like sun at noonday shine.

"Thou shalt in safety take thy rest,
None shalt on earth make thee afraid;
Thou shalt for evermore be blest,
And many come to thee for aid;
But wicked fail, their hope and boast,
Shall be like giving up the ghost."

"Your arguments are brought from far,
To answer them," said Job, "I'll try;
No doubt but ye the people are,
Wisdom with you shall surely die!
But I have understanding too,
And know such things as well as you."

"I am as one who neighbours mock,
The upright man is laughed to scorn;
But he whose feet are on a rock,
Shall not be of his goodness shorn;
But he is ready for to slip,
Whose words are only from the lip."

"The tabernacles of robbers rise,
Those who provoke God are secure,
And they who God's own laws despise
Do prosper better than God's poor.
Ask now the beasts, they shall thee teach,
The fowls shall make a better speech."

"Speak to the earth, if thou wouldst know,
Ask thou the fishes of the sea;
For all things are created so
That they may teach such men as thee.
Who knoweth not that in all these,
The Lord can do whate'er He please?"

“The soul of every living thing
Is in His hand, at His command ;
The breath of all mankind doth bring
To view, His greatness in the land.
He hath great strength and wisdom too,
And understanding to give you.

“He breaketh down, no man can build ;
He shutteth up, no man can ope ;
The earth is dry where waters filled,
He also giveth waters scope.
The counsellors of the earth are tools,
He maketh judges into fools.

“The bond of kings He doth untie,
And all their loins He girdeth up ;
He spoileth princes and they fly :
With spoon of grief, they sorrow sup.
He takes away the speech of bold,
And understanding of the old.

“He findeth things in darkness hid,
And bringeth them out to the light ;
He seeth things, although a lid
Was put to hide them from His sight.
He maketh nations rise and fall,
The hand of God is in them all.

“He takes the heart of chief away,
He maketh people wander far
Through wilderness, where there's no way,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor guiding star :
They grope in darkness without light,
They stagger like a drunken wight.

"I've seen all this with mine own eyes,
Mine ears have heard and understood.
Don't think that ye are all the wise,
This knowledge may do you some good.
Surely I would approach my sire,
To speak with God is my desire.

"But ye do manufacture lies,
Ye are physicians of no use.
O that you'd hold your peace ! Be wise ;
Silence is better than abuse.
Will ye for God speak wickedly ?
And talk for Him deceitfully ?

"How long will ye for God contend ?
Is't good that He should find you out ?
For he who mocks afflicted friend,
Will mock the Lord, there is no doubt ;
And He will surely you reprove,
He will not soon His scourge remove.

"Your remembrances will not atone,
Your bodies are bodies of clay ;
Now hold your peace, leave me alone,
That I may speak, let come what may.
Though God me slay, my trust remain,
But mine own ways I will maintain.

"God also my salvation is,
No hypocrite to Him appears ;
Now pay attention unto this,
Don't deaf remain, ope wide your ears.
My cause I've ordered, who will plead ?
For I shall speak and shall succeed.

"O God, withdraw Thine hand from me !
Let not Thy dread make me afraid !
How many sins dost Thou now see ?
Make me to know, and give me aid !
Wherefore hidest Thou Thy face from me,
And holdst me for Thine enemy ?

"Why wilt Thou break the driven leaf ?
Wilt Thou dry stubble still pursue ?
Or dost Thou punish as a thief,
The folly that in youth man do ?
Thou lookest closely on my path,
And makest me to feel Thy wrath.

"Man that is of a woman born,
Is of few days, and full of woe :
He cometh like a flower at morn,
And like a shadow he doth go.
Dost Thou now ope Thine eyes upon,
And bring to judgment such an one ?

"Who can bring clean out of unclean ?
Not one in this or other land.
Man's days are fixed, that can be seen,
His time on earth is in Thine hand :
Turn now from him that he may rest,
Till he accomplish what is best.

"Cut down a tree, 'twill sprout again,
The tender branches will not cease ;
The root will die in spite of rain,
Yet from that root the sprouts increase :
But when man dies, his race is run,
He lives no more beneath the sun,

"As waters from the sea do fail,
The floods dry up and so decay ;
So life of man is no avail,
His body mingles with the clay ;
Nor shall awake when life is o'er,
Until the heavens be no more.

"O that Thou wouldst my body hide,
Until Thy wrath, O God, be past !
Set Thou a time, be Thou my guide,
And then remember me at last !
If a man die, shall he again live ?
I'll wait the time that Thou dost give.

"When Thou shalt call I answer will ;
Thou wilt desire Thy work to win ;
Thou numberest my steps ; and still,
Dost Thou not watch over my sin ?
My transgression in a bag is sealed
And Thou my sin hast not revealed.

"The falling mountain comes to nought,
The rock out of his place remove ;
Thou wash away the things Thou brought,
And waters make the rough stone smooth :
So man hath hope, that hope brings joy,
And that bright hope Thou dost destroy.

"'Gainst man Thou ever dost prevail,
His pleasant features Thou hast torn ;
His painful flesh now make him wail,
And makes his soul within him mourn
His sons may fall or they may rise,
He knoweth not, though he be wise."

BOOK V.

Eliphaz the Temanite, makes a second speech in which he accuses Job of iniquity, and also reproves him for the efforts he is making to justify himself. He declares that Job's own lips testify against him. He talks of the unstableness of the wicked, and the desolation of the hypocrite. Job, in reply, calls his friends miserable comforters, who use vain words. He declares that God hath delivered him to the ungodly. He asserts his innocence, and bemoans his calamities.

“Should a wise man speak knowledge vain?”

Eliphaz said, and shook his head :

“Should he his friends thus fill with pain,

By often wishing he was dead ?

Should he on evil always brood,

And speeches make that do no good ?

“Thou castst off fear, and prayer restrain,

Thy mouth show thine iniquity ;

Thy crafty tongue doth speak in vain,

For thine own lips condemneth thee.

Art thou the first man that was born ?

Why then treat other men with scorn ?

“Hast thou the secret of God got ?

And dost thou wisdom all restrain ?

What knowest thou, that we know not ?

Will wisdom still with thee remain ?

With us are very aged men,

Who should some little knowledge ken.

“Are consolations of God small ?

Is there a secret thing with thee ?

Why doth thine heart make thee to fall ?

And why is it thine eyes won't see ?

Thou turnst thy spirit against God,

And murmur at His chastening rod.

"Now what hath man to make him clean ?

Or why should he so righteous be ?

His mind is filthy, full of spleen,

He drinketh up iniquity ;

But God is clean, He puts no trust

In any thing that's made of dust.

"So hear thou me, I will thee show,

That which I've seen I will declare ;

Wise men have told our fathers so,

And have not hid their wisdom there :

To whom alone was the earth gave,

No stranger passed they did not save.

"The wicked man in pain will tread,

The oppressor's years from him are hid ;

Until he's numbered with the dead,

He knows not what his actions did ;

A dreadful sound is in his ears,

For Satan filled his mind with fears.

"He wandereth abroad for bread,

He knows that darkness is at hand

Trouble and pain make him afraid,

(He hath no friend in all the land ;)

They shall against him much prevail,

As king in battle doth assail.

"He stretcheth out 'gainst God his hand,

Against the Almighty puts his strength ;

He runneth on him on the land,

At 'boss on shield he'll dash at length ;

He works against God in his pranks ;

He maketh collops on his flanks.

"He dwells in cities desolate,
In houses where no man do live ;
He neither shall be rich nor great,
And no perfection shall he give.
In darkness he'll dry and decay,
When breath of life shall pass away.

"Then let not him that is deceived,
In vanity put any trust ;
For vanity,—false thing believed,—
Shall be his recompense. And just
Before his time, the end hath been ;
And yet his branch shall not be green.

"He shall shake off his unripe fruit,
And cast his flowers to the ground ;
For hypocrites God will uproot,
And desolation shall abound ;
Mischief and vain things they conceive,
Their belly prepares to deceive."

"I've heard such things before," said Job,
"When shall your vain words have an end ?
They're wretched comforters who rob,
And steal the peace of their own friend.
If your soul were in my soul's stead,
I could speak words and shake mine head.

"But I would try to strengthen you,
And with my lips assuage your grief ;
Although I speak, my grief is true,
For nought you say do bring relief ;
You make me weary, worn and sad,
None of my company are glad.

- "With wrinkles thou hast filled my skin,
Which makes me feel shame and disgrace ;
My flesh hath also got so thin,
Which beareth witness to my face.
Mine enemy tear in wrath and hate,
And gnash his teeth at my poor fate.
- "With mouths they gape, with eyes they stare,
Upon the cheek they do me chide,
And they against me gathered are,
And in contempt do me deride.
Surely God me delivered hath,
To the ungodly, in His wrath.
- "He hath asunder broken me,
When I was pure and quite at ease ;
He took me by the neck, and He
Hath set me as a mark to please ;
His archers compass me around,
My gall He poureth on the ground.
- "He breaketh me breach upon breach,
He runneth on me like a bear ;
I cannot get out of His reach,
He cleaveth me and doth not spare ;
I have sewed sackcloth on my skin,
And still my soul is sad within.
- "I've wept until my face is foul,
My eyelids heavy are and sore,
The shades of death are on my soul,
I've wept till I can weep no more.
There's no injustice in my hands,
My prayer is pure as He demands.

“O earth, do not my blood thou hide !
To have a place, let^s not my cry !
My witness is in heaven wide ;
Behold ! my record is on high !
My friends me scorn, not one will plead.
For me with God, who might succeed.

“My days are few, my breath corrupt,
The grave is ready to receive ;
The mockers with me are abrupt,
Mine eyes continue to conceive.
If I were now secure with Thee,
Who then will strike their hands with me ?

“From knowledge Thou hast hid their hearts,
Therefore shalt Thou exalt them not :
For he who use his wicked darts,
His understanding soon shall rot ;
His children’s eyes shall fail to see,
For he a by-word made of me.

“My sorrow hath made dim mine eye,
A shadow all my members are ;
The pure and good shall wonder why,
And ’gainst the hypocrite shall stir ;
Yet hypocrite will have his day,
But righteous shall hold on his way.

“Strong, strong is he whose hands are clean,
And stronger he each day shall get ;
But as for you, I have not seen
One truly wise among you yet.
With purpose dead my days are past,
Thoughts of my heart are failing fast.

"The night and day to change are made,
The darkness make so short the light.
Within the grave I'll soon be laid,
And every day be dark as night.
And where is now my hope ? Ah me !
My hope, my hope, who shall it see ?

"Unto corruption I have said :
'Thou art my father !' which is true ;
To the worm that crawls upon the dead :
'Thou art my mother, and sister too !'
They shall go down to bars that rust,
When we together rest in dust."

BOOK VI.

Bildad the Shuhite, makes another speech in which he accuses Job of speaking in anger, and reproves him for presumption and impatience. He recites many calamities which befall the wicked, both in life and in death. Job, in reply, complains of the reproach which his friends have heaped upon him ; of the estrangement of his acquaintances, and says that neither his wife nor servant will answer when he calls. He manifests a strong belief in the resurrection of the body.

Then answered Bildad the Shuhite :

"How long will it be ere you make
An end of words ? How long so fight,
And still refuse to counsel take ?
Why are we counted beasts the while,
And in your sight reputed vile ?

"Why should you thus in anger tear ?
Shall men the earth for thee forsake ?
Why should the rocks be moved there ?
Light for the wicked who shall make ?
The spark of his fire shall not shine,
His light shall be as dark as thine.

“His candle with him shall go out,
Steps of his strength strait shall be made ;
His counsel shall cast him about,
A snare for him will soon be laid ;
The gin shall take him by the heel ;
The robber all his goods shall steal.

“Terror and dread make him afraid,
They compass him on every side ;
His strength to weakness shall be made,
And to destruction him shall guide ;
Strength of his skin it shall devour,
And leave him in the evil hour.

“His confidence shall rooted be,
Out of his tabernacle too ;
The king of terrors he shall see,
And he shall find what fear can do ;
It shall within his home abound,
And brimstone shall be scattered 'round.

“His roots shall be dried up beneath,
His branch above, shall be cut off.
Remembrance he shall not bequeath,
And at his name the world shall scoff :
He shall be driven from the light,
Into a place more dark than night.

“He shall have neither kith nor kin,
Nor any friend within his house ;
He shall be made to feel his sin ;
He shall be frightened as a mouse :
Dark, dark indeed beneath earth's sod,
The place of him who knows not God.”

"How long," said Job, "will ye me vex,
And me with words in pieces break?
Yea, ten times—with a large annex—
Have ye reproached me ;—why so speak?
Ye ought indeed ashamed much be,
That ye make strange yourselves to me.

"If it be true that erred have I,
My fault with me alone remain ;
If ye yourselves will magnify
Against me, and increase my pain :
Know now that God hath me o'erthrown,
And yet I do not Him disown.

"Behold, I out of wrong do cry,
But am not heard ; I cry aloud,
But there no judgment is. O, why
Am I not answered? Is God proud?
He hath my way fenced up, He hath
Set darkness great across my path.

"He doth ~~me~~ of my glory strip,
The crown He taketh from mine head.
He hath destroyed me like a ship,
And I am gone ; mine hope is dead.
He hath against me kindled wrath,
And me an enemy counted hath.

"His troops together come and raise
Their way against me, and encamp
Around my hut. He break my fraise,
And I am buried in a swamp.
He hath my brethren all deranged,
And mine acquaintances estranged.

- “My kinsfolk have together failed,
Familiar friends have me forgot ;
And those who come have on me railed,
And made much harder my sad lot.
I am a stranger in my home,
An alien but unfit to roam.
- “My servant will no answer make,
Though with my mouth I him entreat.
I cannot any comfort take
From mine own wife ; I must repeat :
Although I for our children's sake
Entreated her,—she never spake.
- “I'm much despised, I'm much rejected,
Both young and old against me are ;
I am by God and man neglected,
Those whom I loved are now at war.
My bone unto my skin doth cleave,
My flesh : there's none you could perceive.
- “I am escaping by the ends,—
Escaping with skin of my teeth ;
Have pity on me, O my friends !
Have pity on me in my lethe !
Why do ye persecute me so ?
I've suffered much, that ye should know.
- “O that my words were written now !
That they were printed in a book !
That they were graven on the brow
Of rock, with iron pen or hook !
I know that my Redeemer liveth,
That life unto my soul He giveth !

"That He shall stand at latter day
Upon this earth ! yea, on earth's sod !
And though this body shall decay,
Yet in my flesh shall I see God !
For, He will then Himself unfold,
And mine own eyes shall Him behold !

"Should ye not say : 'This man is staid ;
Why persecute one that is true ?'
But of the sword be ye afraid,
Lest in His wrath He punish you :
For judgment cometh with His rod,
That ye may know there is a God !"

BOOK VII.

Zophar the Naamathite, declares that the triumph of the wicked is short ; that he shall fly away as a dream ; that he shall suck the poison of asps ; that the heavens shall reveal his iniquity, and that the increase of his house shall depart. Job pleads for a patient hearing. He shows that the wicked do prosper ; that they increase both in power and in wealth, but their prosperity is temporary. He reproaches his friends, for trying to comfort him with falsehood.

Then Zophar said : "The thoughts that rise
Within, cause me to answer make ;
I shall speak plainly on this wise,
And show that thou art just a fake.
Since man was placed upon the earth,
Short, short has been the wicked's mirth.

"The hypocrite may trumpet sound,
To make believe that he is good ;
He may with good deeds far abound
The righteous, in his present mood :
Yet joy of hypocrite shall last
But for a moment ;—then 'tis past.

"He perish shall just like a dream,
And like a vision fly away ;
His goods shall vanish like a beam
Of sunshine, on a cloudy day ;
The eye of man see him no more,
His place on earth none will restore.

"His children seek the poor to please,
And his hands shall their goods restore ;
His bones are full with sin of ease,
Which lie down with him on the floor :
For wickedness to him is sweet,
He tramples good beneath his feet.

"He swallowed riches down in gasps,
But he shall vomit them again ;
He shall the poison suck of asps,
The viper's tongue shall give him pain ;
He shall not see the river nooks :
He shall not see the honey brooks.

"He shall be forced to restore
The goods in avarice he took ;
Because he hath oppressed the poor,
And friends in poverty forsook ;
None of his goods shall there be left,
By all of them he'll be bereft.

"God shall upon him cast His wrath,
The bow of steel shall pierce him through ;
And dark as darkness be his path,
And unseen fire consume him too ;
The wicked may his guilt conceal,
But God shall every sin reveal.

"The earth against him up shall rise,
The increase of his house depart ;
His goods shall flow away likewise,
And wrath shall fill his wicked heart :
This is the portion God doth give,
To man who do without God live."

Job said : "Give ear unto my speech ;
Your consolation let this be :
If I do not you something teach,
When I have spoken,—mock thou me.
Should not my spirit be afraid,
If my complaint to man were made ?

"Mark me, and much attention give,
When trembling on my flesh take hold ;
Wherefore do wicked people live ?
Why do the wicked become old ?
Why are they great in power and might,
And children prosper in their sight ?

"In houses they are safe from fear,
Their cattle thrive, their flocks increase ;
God's rod doth not afflict them here,
They live awhile in perfect peace.
At organ's sound they much rejoice,
And with the harp they raise their voice.

"They spend their days in wealth and ease,
They say to God : 'From us depart !
For we know nothing of Thy ways,
And do not wish to learn the start.
Lo ! Who is God, that we Him serve ?
To pray to Him we have no nerve !"

"Their good is not in their own hand,
 Their counsel is far, far from me ;
 They are as stubble on the land,
 Or chaff that wind shall blow away.
 How oft's their flame of candle out ?
 God doth not put them much about.

"Though God doth lay iniquity
 His children for : he doth not think
 His eyes shall his destruction see,
 And he the wrath of God shall drink.
 What pleasure hath he who God scoff,
 With number of his months cut off ?

"One man shall die in his full strength,
 Wholly at his ease and quiet ;
 Another dwine and dies at length,
 Who never could enjoy his diet :
 They lie together in the ground,
 And worms upon them both are found.

"Behold, I know your thoughts ye wise,
 Which ye imagine against me,
 The cunning things which ye devise,
 So wrongfully, so wrongfully.
 Have ye not asked them by the way
 Is this where prince and wicked stay ?

"And do ye not their tokens know,
 Destruction's day is sure to come,
 The wicked then shall be brought low,
 And every sinner shall be dumb.
 Shall any one God knowledge teach ?
 Doth God not judge those who do preach ?

"Who shall declare to Him His way ?
The sinner vile is but a slave.
What He hath done, who can repay ?
Yet men shall be brought to the grave.
How then in vain ye comfort me,
With answers false as false can be ?"

BOOK VIII.

Eliphaz the Temanite, asks Job if his righteousness is a pleasure to God. He accuses Job of wickedness, and of not doing his duty to the poor. He exhorts Job to repent, and to put away his iniquities, and then he should be able to look up to God. Job would prefer to order his cause before God. He has confidence in God's mercy. He enumerates many sins that often go unpunished in this life, but the wicked are at length brought low.

Eliphaz said : "How can a man
Be profitable unto God ?
He who is wise may make a plan
To profit self, that is not odd.
What profit is it to the Lord,
That thou art righteous, by thy word ?
"Or is it any gain to Him,
That perfect thou thy ways dost make ?
Will He reprove thee for a whim,
Or come to judgment for thy sake ?
Thy wickedness is great indeed,
And thine iniquities exceed.
"Didst thou not of thy brother take
A pledge for nought ? take time and think.
Didst thou not people naked make ?
Didst thou give thirsty ought to drink ?
Those who so hungry were and cold,
Thou didst from them thy bread withhold.

“Thou hast made widows empty go,
 The fatherless thou didst forsake ;
 Therefore are snares around thee so,
 And sudden fear thy courage take.
 The righteous man shall dwell on earth,
 But darkness take away thy mirth.

“Is God not high in heaven’s height ?
 Behold the stars, how high they are !
 Yet, God is greater in His might,
 And high above the highest star !
 And sayest thou : ‘How dost God know ?
 Can He judge through a dark cloud so ?

“ ‘Thick clouds a covering to Him are,
 He seeeth not though He be God !
 He walketh up in heaven far,
 He cannot know where vile men trod !
 Yet whose foundation, thou hast known,
 Which with a flood was overflown.

“Who said to God : ‘Depart from us !
 For what can the Almighty do ?’
 Yet with good things He filled their house.
 You say : ‘Their counsel’s far from you.’
 The righteous see it and are glad,
 The innocent shall scorn the bad.

“Acquaint thyself with God’s name JAH !
 Then good shall come and ill depart.
 Receive from Him His holy law,
 And lay His words up in thine heart.
 Return to God, thy sins unfold,
 Then thou shalt lay up stores of gold.

"Yea, He shall be thy sure defence,
Thou shalt have plenty and rejoice ;
He shall with good things fill thy spence,
If thou to Him wilt lift thy voice ;
For He shall hear thy prayer : He shall
Do good to thee whate'er befall.

"Thou also shalt a thing decree ;—
For thy delight shall be in God :—
It shall be 'stablished unto thee,
And light shall shine upon thy road.
When men are down, then thou shalt say :
'Look up to God, and Him obey.'"

Job said : "O bitter is my life !
I overburdened am with care :
To be harrassed by friends and wife,
Is more than human flesh can bear.
O that I could my God now see !
He surely would show love to me !

"Before Him I would plead my cause ;
With arguments my mouth I'd fill.
Would He against me put His laws,
Or drive me back by power of will ?
No ! but He would, in me put strength ;
And then I might dispute at length.

"But where is God now to be found?
I can not find Him any where;
On either hand, upon the ground :
He is not there ! He is not there !
But when I do my God behold,
I shall come forth as refined gold!

“My foot hath followed in His steps,
Nor from His way did I depart ;
From the commandment of His lips
I have not gone : He knows my heart.
Words of His mouth have done me good,
Yea, more than all my needful food.

“God hath an unchangeable mind,
What He decrees, that will He do ;
For power and might, you could not find
His equal : He is good and true.
I am afraid and troubled oft,
For God doth make my heart so soft.

“Why, times are not hid from God’s eyes,
How then can wicked see his day ?
Some move the landmarks of the wise,
And violently take flocks away ;
Tyrants they are, there is no doubt,
For they will turn the needy out.

“The poor of earth themselves will hide,
Who have no covering from the cold ;
The wicked rise up in their pride,
And take the infant from the fold :
Widows and fatherless they flay,
And ox and ass become their prey.

“As asses in the desert wild,
Do wander forth to search for food ;
The wicked with his hands defiled,
Will feed his children from the good ;
They reap the corn they did not sow,
And vintage gather as they go.

"They who are wet with showers of rain,
Beneath a rock for shelter lie ;
The wicked take their sheaf of grain,
Although with hunger they may cry ;
They will a pledge take of the poor,
And drive him naked from their door.

"Out of the city men will groan,
The wounded weary souls cry out ;
The tyrants care not how they moan,
So long as they can turn about ;
Against the light those men rebel,
The darkness suit their work so well.

"The murderer rising with the light,
The poor and needy he will kill ;
In dark he digs throughout the night,
In houses where he hath his will.
The morning is to him as death,
For terror makes him hold his breath.

"He's swift as waters that run by,
His portion in the earth is cursed ;
Vineyards do not attract his eye,
He seeth not how they are nursed :
The drought and heat consume the snow,
So to the grave the sinner go.

"The womb that bore him shall forget,
He shall no more remembered be ;
Though he may live in safety : yet,
He shall be broken like a tree.
He flayed the widow in his greed,
Now worms on him shall sweetly feed.

"The wicked prosper in this clime,
 They gather riches as they go ;
 They are exalted for a time,
 But God at length will bring them low :
 And those who once God's way did scorn,
 Are now cut off as ears of corn."

BOOK IX.

Bildad the Shuhite, extols the power of God. He declares that neither the moon, nor the stars, are pure in God's sight ; then asks : "How much less man ?" Job reproves Bildad. He sheweth the infinite power of God. He declares there is no hope for the hypocrite ; that man may acquire a knowledge of natural things ; but wisdom, which is more valuable than gold or the most precious stones, is of God.

Then Bildad said : "The Lord is great,
 Fear and dominion are with Him ;
 His power none can contemplate,
 His cup is full up to the brim ;
 On whom doth not His light arise,
 How can you then be all the wise ?

"Behold the stars ! behold the moon !
 They are not pure within His sight ;
 How much less man ! who rise at noon,
 And never doeth what is right.
 How can a man with God be just ?
 Born of a woman : a worm of dust !"

Job said : "Thy counsel hast been great,
 To help the man no wisdom hath ;
 Nor strength of mind to contemplate ;
 Nor light to shine on his dark path.
 Thou useless words hast spoke to me,
 For no bright spirit came from thee.


"Behold, the omnipotence of God !
His omniscipience conceive !
On earth or hell there's not a rod,
That His own eye doth not perceive.
He hangeth up the earth in place,
To fill up what was empty space.

"He in His clouds the waters bind,
They float on air but are not rent ;
Power like His you cannot find,
His wisdom make all things content.
God's wondrous works His power reveal,
Face of His throne, His cloud conceal.

"The pillars of the heavens shake
And tremble much at His reproof.
He makes the stout and strong to quake,
And at His word they stand aloof.
His understanding smite the proud,
But man without love speak out loud.

"God's Spirit make the heavens bright,
His hand hath formed the serpent vile ;
(His love, His care, His power unite
To wonders work, and make earth smile.)
He worketh with a mighty hand,
But who His power can understand ?

"Though God my judgment from me take,
Who vexed my soul and made me weak ;
Yet while I live, there's none can make
My tongue deceitfully to speak.
But you I shall not justify ;
In God I'll trust until I die.



“My righteousness will I hold fast,
Integrity I'll not let go ;
My heart shall not a reproach cast
Upon my life, when I'm brought low.
Let mine enemy as the wicked be,
And unrighteous who rise up 'gainst me.

“Of hypocrite, where is the hope ?
What hath he gained when soul is lost ?
Will God extend to him a rope,
His soul to save when Jordan's crossed ?
Will he in God the Lord delight,
When his lost soul hath taken flight ?

“Now hark to me, I will you teach
What the Almighty doth reveal ;
Do thou take heed, I thee beseech,
For I will not the truth conceal.
The things I speak ye all have seen,
Then why so vain should ye have been ?

“The portion of the wicked man,
And the oppressors' heritage,
They shall receive from God, who can
Bestow it on the coming age.
His children may be multiplied,
But not with bread be satisfied.

“Of him there shall not one remain ;
His widows for him shall not weep.
His riches are ungodly gain,
Though silver up like dust he heap.
The rich man shall lie down, but he
Shall not be gathered, ye shall see.

"Terrors on him do now take hold,
The east wind carry him away ;
He coward is who once was bold,
And like a dog, he had his day.
At him men clap their hands and shout,
And from his place shall hiss him out.

"For silver sure there is a vein,
Another place for gold alone.
Out of the earth is iron ta'en,
And brass is molten out of stone.
He searcheth all perfection out ;
The stones of darkness round about.

"The floods break out the waters' girth,
Are soon dried up like good men's ire.
Bread cometh up out of the earth,
And under it balls like of fire ;
The stones thereof are purest mould,
The dust it hath is dust of gold.

"There is a path which no fowl know,
And which no vulture's eye hath seen ;
The lion's whelp on it don't go,
Nor lion fierce on it hath been.
He puts His hand upon the rock,
And mountains fall down with the shock.

"He cutteth rivers 'mong the rocks,
And every thing is in His sight,
He bindeth up the floods like flocks,
And bringeth hidden things to light.
But where shall wisdom now be found ?
On earth, or underneath the ground ?

“Man knoweth not where it is sold,
Nor is it found in all the land ;
It is not bought with grains of gold,
Nor weighed like silver in the hand.
The Ocean saith : ‘ ’Tis not in me !’
The same reply comes from the sea.

“No precious stones with it compare,
The ruby :—It is far above !
Its value is not any where,
(The only price for it, is love !)
It is not bought : It is not sold ;
With either radium or gold.

“Whence then is wisdom to be found ?
Seeing ’tis hid from human eyes ;
Is there no place on earth around,
Where man can go, and become wise ?
Yea, God doth know where wisdom is ;
He understandeth, and ’tis His !

“God’s works declare what He can do :
He makes the sunshine and the rain,
He made the wind and waters too,
He maketh lightning flash again ;
He looketh to ends of the earth,
And searched out wisdom at its birth.

“Then He did see it and declare,
And unto man He said : ‘Behold !
Fear of the Lord, is wisdom there ;
Depart from evil is pure gold.’”
On sea or sky, on earth abroad,
True wisdom is :—The Love of God !

BOOK X.

Job reflects on his past life, when he was prosperous ; when God was with him, and his children about him. He recalls the good he did and how he was honoured, but now he is held in derision ; his honour is turned into contempt, and his prosperity into calamity. He makes a solemn declaration of his integrity, and wants to be weighed in the balance.

"O, that I were as in those days,
When God preserved me with His care !
His candle shined upon my ways,
And light abounded every where ;
As I was in the days of youth,
And God with me in very truth.

"When the Almighty was my guide,
My children then were all with me,
Their youthful spirits were my pride,
More loving eyes I could not see.
When I in street, prepared my seat,
My happiness was then complete !

"The aged arose and would me greet,
Princes refrained from speaking loud,
The nobles held their peace, so fleet
The honours were, they made me proud.
When the ear heard me, I was blessed ;
When the eye saw me,—it caressed.

"Because I did the poor relieve,
And help did I the orphan boy ;
Their blessings then did I receive,
The widow's heart would sing for joy ;
My righteousness was gold to them ;
My judgment was a diadem.

"Sight to the blind did I secure,
Feet to the lame I was no doubt ;
I was a father to the poor,
The cause I knew not, I searched out.
Jaws of the wicked I did break ;
The spoil they took, did I retake.

"I said : 'I shall die in my nest,
And multiply my days as sand.
As growing tree I did my best,
And glory fresh was in my hand.
To me men gave attentive ear,
And silence kept to counsel hear.,

"For me they waited as for rain,
And all their mouths they opened wide ;
I never tried to give them pain,
I was their light, I was their guide ;
I chose their way, I gave relief,
As one to comfort,—I was chief.

"Now they who younger are than I,
Much in derision do me hold ;
Whose fathers did not look so high,
Neither would they have been so bold ;
Whereto might profit to me come,
From hands whom old age perished some ?

"For want and famine they did then
Fly off to wilderness and waste ;
They driven were from haunts of men,
To punishment escape ;—made haste
To dwell in valleys, or in rocks,
Or caves of earth, instead of stocks.

"They were the base children of fools,
They were the most vile of the earth ;
And now am I their song in schools,
They me abhor and call it mirth :
Because God hath afflicted me,
They love to my affliction see.

"Upon my right hand rise the youth,
And they do push my feet away ;
They mar my path, they tell no truth,
They set forth my calamity.
As waters breaking in they came ;
They say I have myself to blame.

"The terrors are upon me turned,
They as the wind pursue my soul ;
The good I've done, they all have spurned ;
Affliction doth upon me roll.
My bones are pierced in me at night,
My rest is broken by their sight.

"By the great force of my disease
My garment doth upon me bind ;
It makes me feel so ill at ease,
That rest or peace I cannot find ;
God hath me cast into the mire,
I am like ashes in His ire.

"I cry to God, He doth not hear,
He cruel hath become to me ;
With His strong hand He makes me fear,
But will not set my spirit free :
He lifteth me up to the wind,
I know that peace in grave I'll find.

“Did I not weep for those in pain?
 Was not my soul grieved for the poor?
 I looked for good, but looked in vain,
 For evil came up to my door;
 My bowels boiled, I rested not;
 Affliction sad was all I got.

“I mourning went without sun light,
 I in the congregation prayed;
 Companion to the owls at night,
 The dragons me a brother made:
 My skin is black, my bones are burned,
 My music is to mourning turned.

“I made a covenant with mine eyes,
 Why then should I think on a maid?
 What part of God comes from the skies?
 Why is inheritance delayed?
 The wicked to destruction goes,
 A punishment for all his woes.

“Doth God not see my ways, and count
 The number of the steps I take?
 If I with vanity should mount,
 Or to deceit, one step should make;
 Let me be in the balance weighed,
 That God may know my trust is stayed.

“If I have turned out of my way,
 Or mine heart walked after mine eyes;
 If any blot doth on me stay,
 Let me go down and others rise:
 If I have tried my wife to cheat,
 The grain I sow let others eat.

"If I my servants' cause despise,
Or with my servants did contend ;
What shall I say when God arise ?
Will He then count me as a friend ?
Was I not by His own hand made,
And by Him fashioned in the blade ?

"Have I withheld ought from the poor,
Or caused the widow's eyes to fail ?
Or did I eat and not make sure,
The orphans' bread was on the rail ?
Or did I not the naked keep,
And warm him up with fleece of sheep ?

"If I have lifted up my hand
Against the fatherless, or weak ;
Then let mine arm fall to the sand,
And let me hide where none may seek ;
Destruction then for me is sure,
God's highness I could not endure.

"If I have e'er made gold my hope,
Or said to fine gold : 'Thou'rt my trust !'
If I have made of wealth a cope,
Or joyed when hand was full of dust :
The love of riches is a rod,
Which points to man who knows not God.

"If I beheld the shining sun,
Or yet the moon when it was bright ;
And secretly some evil done,
And kissed my hand to make it right ;
In this I would denied have God,
And stripes deserved by judge's rod.

"Have I rejoiced at fall of him,
 Who was an enemy to me ?
 Or have I lifted up a limb
 To stay his flight, when he should flee ?
 Nor have I wished on him a curse
 Who hated me, or something worse.

"If men of tabernacle said :
 'O, that we had some of his flesh !
 We surely would be satisfied,
 When we a start did get afresh.'
 The stranger did not in street lie,
 Nor traveller my door pass by.

"Did I e'er hide iniquity,
 Or, in my bosom cover sin ?
 Did fear of crowd me terrify,
 That I in silence kept within ?
 O, that my God my cry would hear !
 And the Almighty answer clear.

"Oh ! that mine adversary should
 Now write a book, and show my sin ;
 I take it on my shoulder would,
 And bind it as a crown to win ;
 I would to him my steps declare,
 As prince would I to him repair.

"Did e'er my land against me cry,
 Or furrows thereof e'er complain ?
 Did I fruits eat I did not buy,
 Or have I caused the owners pain ?
 Let thistles grow instead of wheat.
 The words of Job are now complete."

BOOK XI.

Elihu the son of Barachel the Buzite, is angry with Job, and also with Job's three friends. He reproves Job's friends for not being able to satisfy Job. He accuses Job with self-justification, and going in the company of the wicked. He shows how God calls men to repentance ; that God cannot act unjustly, or do any wickedness. He exhorts Job to repentance, and charges him with adding rebellion to his sin.

So these men ceased to answer Job,
For he was righteous in his eyes ;
Elihu thought that Job doth rob
The Lord, by seeming good and wise :
His wrath was kindled 'gainst them all,
Those who were great, to him look small.

Then Elihu son of Barachel
The Buzite, said : "So young am I,
And ye are old ; I thought it well
To let the aged speak, and try
The wisdom length of years should bring,
To soothe the old man's suffering.

"But there a spirit is in man,
The spirit gave by inspiration ;
Produced by the Almighty's plan,
To teach to man true consolation ;
But great men are not always wise :
Nor old, when they to speak arise.

"Behold, I waited for your speech,
Whilst ye did search out what to say ;
But none of you did poor Job teach,
Or show the evil of his way ;
Lest ye should say : 'We wisdom found ;
And God, not man, thrust him to ground.'

“Job hath not spoken against me,
Neither speak I to him as you ;
His words went deep and cut so free,
You could not answer false or true ;
You were amazed, his words cut sore,
You all stood still and said no more.

“But I will mine opinion show,
I speak that I refreshed may be ;
My belly is so full you know,
My spirit it constraineth me ;
I will not make a flattering speech,
For flattery doth not wisdom teach.

“Wherefore, O Job, I do pray thee !
Hear thou my speeches, and take heed.
My mouth I ope, my tongue goes free,
To tell thee what thou so much need.
Words from my heart come without fear,
My lips shall utter knowledge clear.

“The spirit of the Lord me made,
The breath of God hath given life ;
If thou canst speak, be not afraid,
Set words in order without strife.
According to thy wish I say :
I also am formed out of clay.

“I in God's stead now speak to thee,
My terror, fear shalt not thou give ;
Neither shall my hand heavy be
On thee ; I speak that thou mayest live.
Hast thou not spoken in mine ear ?
And I thy words have heard quite clear :

" 'I am without transgression, clean ;
In me there's no iniquity ;
Behold, God hath against me been,
He counteth me His enemy ;
He put my feet into the stocks,
He made my path upon the rocks.'

"Behold, in this thou art not just !
I answer thee, that great is God !
Why dost thou strive, and say thou trust,
And murmur at His chastening rod ?
God speaketh once ! God speaketh twice !
Man don't perceive though He speak thrice !

"In dreams and visions of the night,
When man is slumbering on his bed ;
God speaks to him of doing right,
Of leaving wrong, then tears are shed ;
That He man's purpose may withdraw,
And keep his soul without a flaw.

"He also chasten man with pain,
And lay him sick upon his bed ;
He racks his bones, his mind, his brain,
So that his soul abhoreth bread ;
Yea, his soul draweth near the grave,
His life to the destroyers gave.

"If there a messenger should be :—
A good interpreter, to show
God's uprightness ; then man would see
That God is kind, and saith also :
'Deliver him from pit in ground,
I have for him a ransom found.'

“His flesh shall fresher than child’s be,
 To days of youth shall he return ;
 To God he shall then pray, and He
 Will take away what made him mourn ;
 And he with joy shall see God’s face,
 His righteousness God will replace.

“If man repent and thus proceed :
 ‘I perverted that which was right.’
 God will his soul from darkness lead,
 And all his life he’ll see the light.
 Lo ! these are ways which God sees fit,
 To bring man’s soul back from the pit.

“Mark well, O Job ! hear me this day ;
 Hold thou thy peace, for speak will I,
 Speak out, if thou hast ought to say,
 For I thee tend to justify ;
 If not, just hearken to my speech,
 And I shall thee true wisdom teach.

“O ye wise men now list to me,
 Ye who have knowledge give an ear ;
 Mouth tasteth food, and eyes do see,
 Ears trieth words for those who hear ;
 Then let us judgment to us choose,
 The good to know and not refuse.

“For Job hath said : ‘I righteous am,
 And God my judgment take away.
 (I am as innocent as a lamb,
 I care not what some men may say.)
 Should I now lie against my right,
 My wound’s incurable—a blight.’

"What man is there like Job, I pray,
Who drinketh scorn like water up ?
With workers of iniquity
He goeth, and with them do sup.
'No profit hath a man,' said he,
'That he with God delighted be.'

"Now therefore hearken unto me,
And understand ye men of might.
Far, far be it from God, that He
Should in such wickedness delight ;
And from th'Almighty Lord, that He
Should thus commit iniquity.

"For work of man, shall God to him
Render according to his ways ;
Yet many men have got a whim
Of giving blame, instead of praise.
Yea, judgment, God pervert will not,
Nor evil do, to make a blot.

"Who gave to God a charge or part ?
Or who like Him a world could make ?
If He on man hath set his heart,
His spirit and his breath to take ;
All flesh shall perish : yea, all must !
And man shall turn again to dust.

"How shall he rule who hateth right ?
Wilt thou condemn Him that is just ?
Could man say to a king of might ?
'Thou wicked art, return to dust !'
How much less then is man to Him,
Who esteems not a prince so prim ?

“The rich and poor to God are kin,
 For by His hands they both were made,
 And both will die, for all do sin,
 And all are troubled and dismayed.
 God's eyes are on the ways of man,
 He seeth all his goings on.

“There is no darkness in God's path,
 Where evil men themselves may hide ;
 There is no shadow, no, nor wrath,
 That good may fear there to abide.
 He shall in many pieces break
 The mighty, who His ways forsake.

“He knoweth all their wicked works,
 He overturns them in the night ;
 They are destroyed who in sin lurks,
 He drives the wicked from His sight ;
 So they who cause the poor to cry,
 To Him shall answer by and by.

“Th' afflicted's cry He will not scorn,
 He hears them and their children too ;
 He giveth rest to those who mourn,
 He knoweth all they say or do.
 The hypocrite shall not reign there,
 Lest he to people be a snare.

“Surely 'tis meet to say to God :
 ‘That which I see not, teach Thou me ;
 I now have borne Thy chastening rod
 If I have done iniquity.
 Remove Thy chastisement so sore,
 What I have done, I'll do no more.’

"Should it be pleasing unto thee,
Speak now according to thy mind ;
God surely doth thy trouble see,
And He will answer, you shall find.
It is for thee, do what thou choose ;
Whether thou speak or thou refuse.

"Let men of understanding tell,
Let a wise man hearken to me ;
Job without knowledge hath spoke well,
His words were all from wisdom free ;
By multiplying words to win,
He adds rebellion to his sin."

BOOK XII.

Elihu continues his speech, and charges Job with making himself more righteous than God. He declares that many cry to God in their afflictions, but are not heard because of their pride, and that it is Job's pride that keeps God from answering when he calls. He extolth the majesty and power of God, and counsels Job to consider God's wondrous works.

"Now dost thou think this to be right,
For we all know that said thou hast :
'I'm righteous more than God a sight,
Yea, pure and good from first to last ;
What profit shall it be to me,
If I from sin should cleansed be ?'

"I answer will, and more than thee,
I'll answer thy companions too ;
Look thou unto the heavens and see,
Behold the clouds far above you ;
But what are all these in God's sight,
If man himself can do the right.

“If thou hast sinned against the Lord ?
If thy transgressions do increase ?
If thou be just, what should accord
To Him ? Why should He give thee peace ?
Thy wickedness may give man pain ;
Thy righteousness may give man gain.

“Oppressions make the poor to cry,
The mighty arm doth them affright ;
But none will say : ‘Is God on high,
Who giveth songs throughout the night ?
Who more than beasts of earth do teach,
And makes more wise than fowls may reach.’

“They cry, but none doth answer give,
Because of evil men—the pride ;
Surely the God of heaven live !
And vanity He will deride.
‘That Him thou shalt not see.’ thou say,
Yet, judgment is before Him aye :

“Therefore in Him put thou thy trust,
For He in anger visit thee ;
It is because thou Him disgust,
He puts thee to extremity :
Thus Job doth ope his mouth in vain,
And multiply words without gain.

“I will thee show as I proceed,
On God’s behalf I have to speak ;
My words shall not be false, take heed,
But true as rock on mountain peak.
I fetch my knowledge from abroad,
And will ascribe all good to God.

"Behold ! God mighty is, and pure,
Great strength and wisdom He hath got.
He giveth right unto the poor,
But wicked He preserveth not ;
His eyes are not on good alone,
But are with kings upon the throne.

"They are exalted by the Lord,
And if they be in fetters bound ;
Or holden in affliction's cord,
He showeth them their work, and sound
Instruction great into their ear,
That their transgressions they may hear.

"If they Him serve and Him obey,
In pleasure they shall spend their days ;
They shall increase prosperity,
And live in happiness always ;
If not, the sword they'll perish by,
And without knowledge they shall die.

"But hypocrites in heart heap wrath,
He bindeth them, they do not cry ;
They live unclean,—and as their path
Of life is short,—in youth they die.
But God the poor delivereth ;
In straits their ears He openeth.

"So would He have removed thee
Out of this strait, into a place
Both broad and clean, and food should be
Abundant, to thy table grace.
But thou hast been so bad and bold,
Judgment and justice on thee hold.

“So now beware ! lest in His wrath
 He with a stroke take thee away ;
 The greatest ransom that man hath,
 Shall not deliver thee this day.
 Thy riches He will not esteem,
 Nor gold, nor strength shall thee redeem.

“Let not the night be thy desire,
 When people are cut off their place.
 Regard not sin : Take heed ! Thy lyre
 May sound forth praise to thy disgrace.
 God raiseth by His strength, behold !
 And who like Him doth truth unfold ?

“Who hath enjoined on Him His way ?
 Or who can say : ‘God hath wrought ill ?’
 His work thou magnify, and say :
 ‘All men may it behold, who will.’
 Lo, God is great ! We know Him not ;
 Nor can His years be searched out.

“He maketh small the drops of rain,
 When water from the clouds do drop ;
 Which bringeth man abundant gain,
 A gain nought but His will could stop.
 The spreading of the clouds : whose hand
 Could this work do, or understand ?

“Behold ! He spreadeth out the light,
 And covers bottom of the sea ;
 He judgeth people by His might,
 He giveth food abundantly.
 With clouds He covereth the light,
 It shineth not by day or night.

"My heart doth tremble much at this,
Out of its place it doth remove.
The great noise of His voice don't miss,
The sound that goeth forth approve ;
He guideth it throughout the whole,
The lightning is in His control.

"And after it a voice doth roar
With thunders He the earth do fill ;
He'll not them stay : His voice doth soar,
Just by the power of His will.
He doeth great things,—not a few,—
Which comprehend we cannot do.

"He saith to snow, down to earth go,
Likewise to small and greater rain ;
He sealeth men His work to know,
Then beasts to dens go and remain.
The whirlwind cometh from the south
And cold winds come out of the north.

"By breath of God the frost doth come,
The breadth of water is made strait,
The clouds by watering scatter some,
And for His counsel all do wait ;
That all may do what He command,
Upon the face of all the land.

"Hearken to this, O Job ! stand still,
Consider thou God's wondrous works.
Dost thou know how God by His will,
Doth scatter clouds where water lurks ?
Dost thou know how the light doth shine,
Or working of His hand divine ?

“How art thy garments warm? and why,
When earth is calmed as south wind pass?
Hast thou with Him spread out the sky,
So strong, and like a molten glass?
Teach us what we to Him shall say,
Who could not answer yea, or nay.

“Shall it be told Him that I speak?
I swallowed up surely shall be.
Now light is hidden with a peak,
But wind doth pass and then we see.
Fair weather come out of the north;
With God is great majestic worth.

“Concerning God: who can Him find?
In power He is excellent;
In judgment He will justice bind;
He'll not afflict, nor spite will vent.
Men therefore fear Him: Don't neglect,
The wise of heart He'll not respect.”

BOOK XIII.

The Lord speaketh out of a whirlwind. He enumerates His mighty works, to convince Job of ignorance. He questions Job as to his creative power, strength and wisdom. Job humbles himself to God.

A whirlwind then, them all affright,
And out of it Job heard a voice:
“Who darkeneth My counsel bright,
And without knowledge doth rejoice?
Gird up thy loins now like a man,
And answer Me: so be thou can.

"Where wert thou then when I did lay
Foundations of the earth? declare!
Hadst thou in planning ought to say?
Who stretched the line upon it there?
Where are foundations fastened on?
Or who laid down the corner stone?

"When morning stars together sang,
And sons of God shouted for joy?
Who shut the sea with doors than clang,
When it broke forth to earth destroy?
When I made clouds o'er earth to stand,
And darkness thick a swaddling-band.

"When I for sea a place decreed,
And set the bars and doors in place;
The proud sea waves at once agreed,
To leave it now would be disgrace:
For there My word they have obeyed,
And there the proud sea waves have stayed.

"Hast thou commanded morning rays,
And day-spring caused his place to know;
That they might hold of earth the lays,
That out the wicked they might throw?
It is as clay turned to the seal,
And from the wicked light conceal.

"Hast thou entered the springs of sea?
Or in the search of depth hast been?
Have gates of death been oped to thee?
Or shadow of death's doors hast seen?
Hast thou perceived the breadth of earth?
Declare it if thou knowst its worth.

“Where is the way where dwelleth light,
And as for darkness, where’s its place ?
That thou shouldst take it to the sight,
And know the path, and it could trace.
Wast thou then born, and dost thou know
The treasures of the hail and snow ?

“By what way doth the light depart,
Or how doth wind o’er the earth blow ?
How doth a water-course now start,
To make the waters overflow ?
Why doth it rain where no man is,
On desolate waste, or wilderness ?

“Now, hath the rain a father bold ?
Or who begot the drops of dew ?
Out of whose womb came the ice cold,
And gendered frost of heaven too ?
The waters are as with stone hid,
On face of deep—a frozen lid.

“Canst thou the sweet influence bind
Of Pleiades, or loose the bands
Of Orion, and great stars find ?
Or canst thou with thy little hands
Arcturus guide, or dost thou know
The heavens above, or earth below ?

“Canst thou thy voice to clouds upraise,
That rain may come and cover thee ?
Canst thou the lightnings send always ?
That they may say : ‘Lo, here are we !’
Who wisdom put in inward part,
And understanding gave the heart ?

"Wilt thou for lions hunt their prey,
Or appetite of young ones fill,
When they couch in their dens by day,
And lie in wait through want of will?
Who to the raven gives his food?
When unto God, cry his young brood.

"Knowst thou the time wild goats bring forth,
Or canst thou mark when hinds do calve?
Canst tell the number of the month,
Or know the trouble they will have?
They bow themselves, their sorrows cast;
They leave their young, to feed or fast.

"Who hath sent out the wild ass free,
Or who the bands of him unlace?
Who hath made wilderness his see,
And barren lands his dwelling place?
He scorneth city's multitude,
And searcheth mountains for his food.

"Canst thou bind up the unicorn,
And make him willing to serve thee;
To reap thy crops and fill thy barn,
And harrow valleys when he's free?
Wilt thou thy labour to him leave?
Wilt thou trust him, or him believe?

"Gavest thou the peacock goodly wings,
Or to the ostrich wings and feathers?
Who leaveth eggs, such brittle things,
She careth not how her young weathers.
She's neither wise nor after-wise,
All is forgot when off she flies.

“Against her young she hardened is,
 As though they were not her’s at all ;
 Her labour is in vain ; and this
 Show wisdom she has got is small.
 When she from earth doth soar on high,
 She scorns the horse, ’cause he can’t fly.

“Hast thou gave to the horse his strength ?
 Canst thou of war make him afraid ?
 He mocketh fear, and is at length
 The hope and joy of victory made ;
 For in the valley he doth paw,
 At trumpet sound he shouts : ‘Ha, ha !’

“Doth the hawk by thy wisdom fly,
 And stretch her wings to rise from land ?
 Doth the eagle make her nest on high,
 Or mount and fly at thy command ?
 Her dwelling-place is on the rock,
 So strong that nothing her can shock.

“From thence she seeketh out her prey,
 Her eye can see it from afar ;
 Her young ones suck up blood, and they,
 Like her, shall be where the slain are.
 Shall he who with the Lord contend ?
 Or reprove God : let answer send.”

“Behold !” said Job, “I am so vile ;
 What can I answer unto Thee ?
 I’ll lay my hand on mouth awhile,
 And let some other speak for me :
 Twice have I spoken to Thy cheek,
 But further now I will not speak.”

BOOK XIV.

God showeth His strength and power in the behemoth and the leviathan. Job acknowledges God's greatness and repents. He prayed for his three friends, and got the greater blessing Job's prosperity. The death of Job.

The wind did whirl again a span,
And out of it the Lord did say :
"Gird up thy loins now like a man,
With glory bright thyself array.
Wilt thou annul and condemn Me ?
Declare thou, I demand of thee !

"O Job ! Hast thou an arm like God ?
So mighty, powerful and strong :
Canst thou create a thunder cloud,
Or with thy voice the sound prolong ?
With majesty thyself now deck,
And beauty glow without a speck.

"Cast thou thy rage and wrath abroad,
Behold the proud and him abase ;
Look on and bring him to the sod,
And tread the wicked in their place.
Hide them together in the dust,
Who faces bind in secret lust.

"Then unto thee will I confess,
That thou art just, and pure, and true ;
That thine own hand, without much stress,
Can save thee, by the good thou do.
No man or beast, of earth or sea,
For strength can be compared to Me !

“Behold ! behemoth, which I made,
 And as an ox he eateth grass ;
 His strength within his loins is laid ;
 His bones are strong as made of brass.
 His tail like cedar he doth move ;
 He is the chief of beasts that rove.

“He lieth under shady trees,
 In covert of the fens and reed ;
 He drinketh water as he please,
 He drinketh up all that he need.
 His eyes make other beasts afraid ;
 His nose pierce snares man for him made.

“Canst thou out leviathan draw ?
 Canst thou an hook put in his nose ?
 Canst with a thorn bore through his jaw ?
 Will he speak soft, dost thou suppose ?
 Will he a covenant make with thee,
 Or supplicate to servant be ?

“Wilt thou with him as with bird play ?
 Wilt thou him for thy maidens bind ?
 Shall thy companions now him slay,
 To make a banquet with his hind ?
 Shall they among the merchants part
 With him, and make another start ?

“Canst thou with barbed irons, his skin fill ?
 Or with fish spears, his hard head pierce ?
 Couldst lay thine hand on him, and still
 Enjoy the thought of battle fierce ?
 Behold, the hope of man is vain !
 His look will cast one down again.

"If none so fierce to stir him dare,
Who then shall stand up before Me ?
Who shall prevent Me, or declare ?
For all is Mine that man can see.
I will none of his parts conceal,
But will his comeliness reveal.

"Who can the doors of his face ope ?
His teeth are terrible to behold ;
His eyelids like the morning cope ;
His eyes like balls of shining gold ;
His breath would kindle coals to burn ;
His mien would grief into joy turn.

"The scales upon him are his pride,
They are shut up as with a seal ;
They're joined so firm that on his hide,
A blast of air he doth not feel.
Flakes of his flesh are so joined too,
No spear, or dart, could pierce him through.

"His heart is hard as stone, and firm,
The mighty quail and become good ;
His strength would make the bravest squirm,
He breaketh brass as rotten wood.
The arrow cannot make him flee,
Sling-stones roll off into the sea.

"He makes the deep like a pot boil,
And after him a path doth shine :
There's none so great upon earth's soil,
He hath no fear within his spine ;
A king o'er all children of pride,
High things from him you cannot hide."

Then Job answered the Lord, and sayed :

“I know that Thou canst all things do ;
Thou knowest how man's thoughts are made,
Not one thing can be hid from you ;
I spöke of things I could not see,
Which were too wonderful for me..

“I'll speak and Thee beseech to hear,
And so declare Thou unto me ;
I've heard of Thee by hearing ear,
But now my mind's eye seeth Thee ;
I loathe myself, 'twas justice sent,
In dust and ashes I repent.”

And so it was, that when the Lord
Had counselled Job, and set him free ;
He to Eliphaz doth send' word :

“My wrath is kindled against thee,
And thy two friends, for none of ye,
Have spoke right words concerning Me.

“Now therefore a burnt offering make,
Of rams and bullocks seven each ;
Unto My servant Job them take,
And for thy sins will he beseech ;
Regarding Me not one of you,
Hath spoke like Job, My servant true.”

Then Eliphaz and his friends did take
To Job, the rams and bullocks too,
And they unto the Lord do make
An offering, which they thought would do.
And God doth hear what Job did say,
When he for his three friends did pray.

Then God turned Job's captivity,
When he prayed on behalf of friends ;
He blesseth Job as well as they,
And made to Job ample amends ;
For He did much increase Job's store,
And doubled what he had before.

Then all Job's brethren to him came,
His Sisters also came to see,
His old acquaintance were the same
As they of old were wont to be ;
They comfort him as people do,
Of all the troubles he came through.

And every one a present gave,
Of money, and earring of gold :
And Job was frugal, and did save,
And riches great did he behold :
So God blessed Job in latter days,
And Job to God did give the praise.

He'd seven sons and daughters three,
Inheritance they all did share ;
In all that land of beauty free,
No women there were found so fair ;
And Job lived years full seven score,
And saw four generations more.

So Job died, being full of years,
His troubles in this world are o'er ;
God's presence now dispel his fears,
His patience will be tried no more :
For in the regions of the blest,
His soul hath found eternal rest.

ADDENDUM.

The following supplementary lines, contain inferences, deduced from statements in the narrative, which occurred to the Author when writing the poem. They are intended to bring some truths more prominently into view, and induce a few practical thoughts from theorem.

God doth for man his comforts make,
 Satan by agents bring him low ;
 When Satan's agents from him take,
 They take what God did first bestow :
 They made Job poor, they made Job sad,
 They tried and failed to make Job bad.

The tempter is a fiend indeed,
 When he comes in the guise of friend ;
 For then he will establish greed,
 Hatred or lust, to gain his end :
 He'll talk so good, so sweet, so nice,
 To get you take his bad advice.

He'll lure you with a glass of wine,
 Your thoughts he'll twist, your mind he'll scan,
 He'll turn you from your best design,
 And make you hate your fellow-man ;
 For well 'tis known where angels trod,
 He who hates men, doth not love God.

How many people understand,
 The troubles that afflicted Job ?
 Who lost his all, 'cept house and land,
 For Satan's agents him did rob.
 How many in the world to-day,
 Are robbed by men who to God pray ?

Job's mind must have been much perplexed,
When each one told his woeful tale ;
There is no doubt, he was much vexed,
With woes and sorrows to bewail.
Some folk, when much o'ercome with news,
Unconsciously, themselves abuse.

His thoughts thus the foundation laid :
"The thing I feared hath come to me."
King Solomon, had not then said :
"As a man thinketh, so is he."
Job did not know his thoughts would bring,
Or keep away, this very thing.

The small-pox is a vile disease,
And that old Satan quite well knew.
It makes a patient ill at ease,
Some long for death, and some die too.
It was a most atrocious plan,
To test the goodness of a man.

Those only who have small-pox known,
Can realize what made Job cry
To be released from piteous moan,
By asking God to let him die ;
Relief by death alone, was sure ;
He did not think his flesh would cure.

Can doctors tell why none of all
Who sat with Job, did small-pox take ;
And how disease with the pox small,
Now many epidemics make ?
Perhaps the germs were crawling things,
And science now hath gave them wings.

The wings that science gives is fear,
Which mystifying words do bring ;
The more mysterious things appear,
The more disease is on the wing.
If they would talk some health, they'd find
Disease would more-soon leave mankind.

Fear is the fountain of disease,
The brook where epidemics flow ;
Fear drives away our rest and ease,
And those who fear are soon laid low ;
If each kept fear out of his heart,
Raids of disease would soon depart.

None of Job's company were afraid,
They sat with him from morn till eve ;
They did not know what science said
About infection they'd receive.
Laws quarantine were not then made,
That's why those people were so staid.

Job's petulance is plainly seen,
He's pessimistic to the core ;
Had he more optimistic been,
Sickness might not have been so sore :
Pessimism will make sickness stay
Which optimism would chase away.

But though Job pessimistic is,
His speeches breathe integrity ;
Truth, purity and love are his,
In him there's no duplicity ;
He's better than the other four,
Who had no troubles to deplore.

Tyrants compel the frail to work,
Without sufficient food or drink ;
And in a corner they will lurk,
To catch the weary, who don't think :
Their whippers drive the poor along,
And men get weak, who once were strong.

Prosperity is not the time
To try if friends are good and true ;
Adversity is more sublime,
Friends who are true will succour you.
Those who forsook Job in distress,
Return at weal him to caress.

The sympathizers are a class
Who often lead astray, and then
Their sophistry will sometimes pass
As orthodox, by many men.
For things man do, they will blame God,
And say it is His chastening rod.

A man's opinions, do not take
From those who different views do hold ;
They will him more ridiculous make,
Than if the truth was plainly told :
Job's friends did twist his words around,
To show that sin did much abound.

Where doth the profit to God come,
Should man be wicked as man could ?
Doth it detract from the Lord some,
If man should righteous be and good ?
Doth God in sin delight, that He
May chastisement bestow on thee ?

Is't best to sin against God's law,
 And then confess that thou didst fall ?
 Than strive to live without a flaw,
 And never to transgress at all ;
 Or should a man without transgression,
 Like Topsy, make a big confession ?

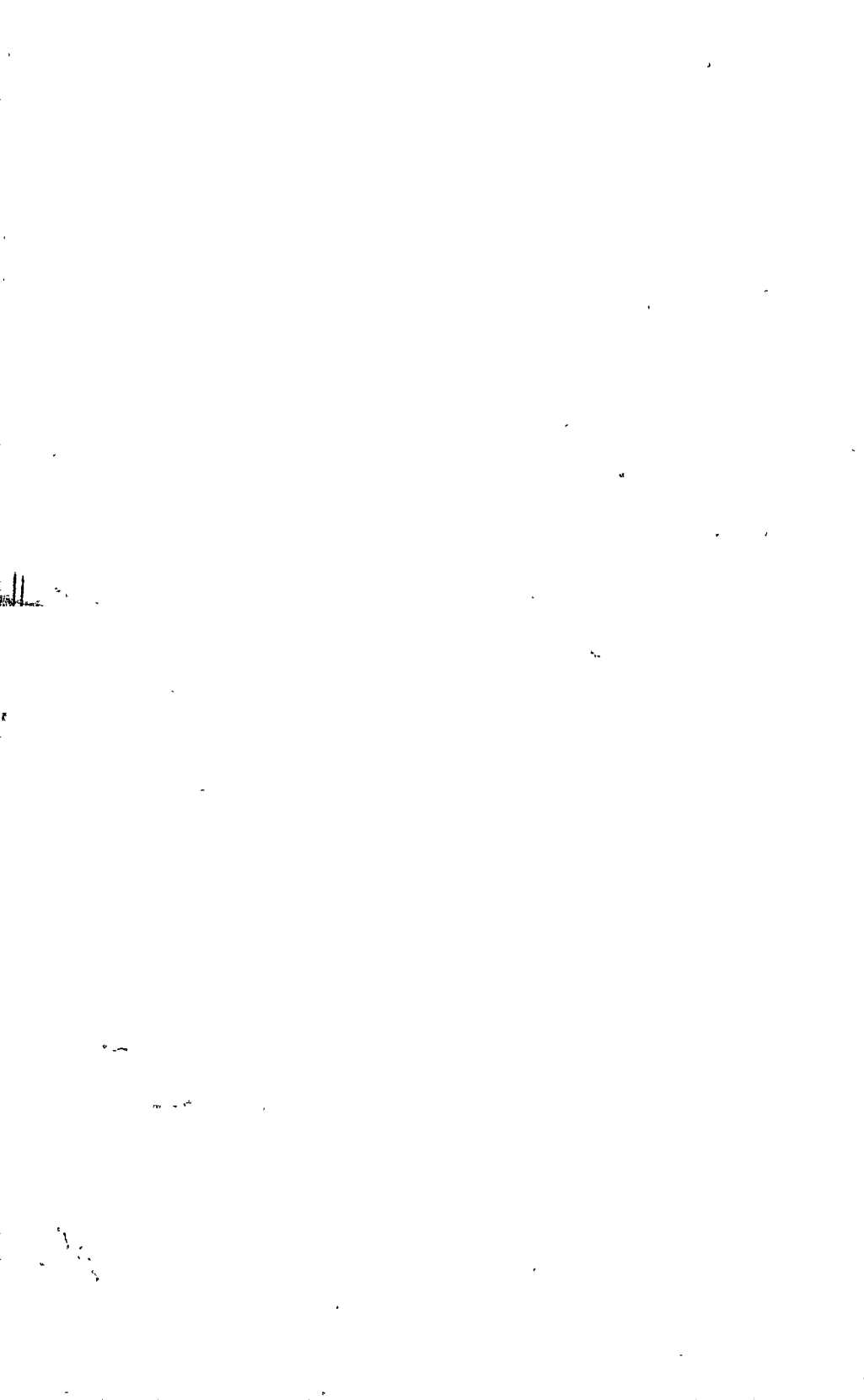
The Book of Job, was wrote to show
 Total depravity is a lie ;
 That God doth want all men to know,
 They may live right, if they will try ;
 Job suffered much, to prove that man
 Could live according to God's plan.

The voice of God, like thunders roll,
 And putteth selfish thoughts to flight ;
 The "still small voice," within the soul,
 Precocious monitor to right.
 Elude God's gaze not one thing can,
 For every spot His eye doth scan.

Life of the righteous let me live,
 That my last end like his may be ;
 The purest life that man can give,
 I wish to give, O God, to Thee !
 Then, when at length the body dies,
 My spirit to Thy home shall rise.

Lo ! What is Death ? 'Tis only change,
 From life on earth to life in heaven ;
 The cosmic life we live, shall range
 Throughout the life hereafter given ;
 The life begun on earth, shall be
 Continued through eternity.

Miscellaneous
• Poems. •



GREAT BRITAIN AND UNITED STATES

A PLEA FOR UNITY AND PEACE.

When Jacob Joseph's sons did bless,
Ephraim the best blessing got.
Said Joseph : "This the first-born is."
"I know," said Jacob, "this is not,
Manasseh shall be great I see,
But Ephraim shall the greater be.

"Israel shall be blessed in thee,
For nations great become shall they ;
No other lands shall be so free,
Nor any one shall them gainsay :
My Angel good shall bless them, so
A multitude on earth they'll grow."

What nations of the earth to-day,
To Israelites do succour give ?
Great Britain, and U. S. of A.,
Are lands where they can peaceful live.
When other nations Jews oppress,
They fly to these lands in distress.

The good deeds of these countries show
This prophecy to them apply ;
The English speaking people grow,
And greatly they do multiply :—
The blessings of the Lord descend
On sons of Joseph to the end.

Columbia hath crossed the seas,
And seized some little bits of land ;
She'll not need war to maintain these,
If she will take Britannia's hand ;
A union treaty none to fleece,
Would keep this fighting world in peace.

What plucky nation could succeed
Where two such banners were unfurled ?
What thirsty nation filled with greed,
Would try to break the peace of world ?
Love for the right, with greater might,
The bellicose would cease to fight.

Let other nations go to war,
And fight each other if they will ;
The English speaking people are
Peaceful and brave : and they shall still
Their high exalted place maintain,
While love for freedom doth remain.

Great Britain still is in the lead,
God's blessing doth on her befall ;
Should U. S. run with greater speed,
We will not envy her at all ;
For in the prophecy, we see
That greater shall the younger be.

As brothers—let them do the right ;
As sisters—let them work for peace ;
As Joseph's sons—let them unite,
And prestige of both shall increase :
And God will to them favour show,
And greater blessings will bestow.

A LAW OF LIMITATION.

A law of limitation is
A law the country need ;
It might some consternation cause,
Among those full of greed ;
For they do want to rise above
The level of the rest ;
Ambition is the god they love ;
They serve him with much zest.

The richer that the rich become,
The poor shall poorer be ;
The wealth should be divided some,
Though not equality ;
For that is what we cannot have,
Since not alike two are ;
But why should one man millions save,
And make a famine war ?

There should a limit be on all
The profits people make ;
None should have power to make a call,
And all the profit take.
Some manufacturers charge too high
For manufactured goods ;
And thus they rob those who them buy,
To make their children duds.

The man who runs a big concern,
Now pull his workmen down ;
And those who work for him will earn
The smallest wage in town :
But he might not so guilty be,
His workmen to belate ;
If surplus profits made so free,
Were taken by the State.

Now, if land values, increase through
The tillage of the soil ;
The man who doth the labour do,
Should reap the price of toil :
But, should land values, increase by
The building of a town ;
Part of that increase, should apply
To keep the taxes down.

A limit law, would better be
Than duty tolled at death ;
A man would then do good, while he
Was drawing vital breath ;
But now, 'tis only when they're dead,
They good are to the State ;
And many thousands starve for bread,
While they accumulate.

The money that is now locked up,
More riches to accrue ;
Would help to fill the poor man's cup,
And give him work to do ;
The surplus wealth, if turned to right
Expenses to defray ;
Would make the taxes be so light,
The poor'd have none to pay.

Then, let us all, both great and small,
Stand up for righteous cause ;
And limit legislators all
To making of good laws,
That wealth shall not exceed its right ;
Then poverty will cease,
And rich and poor would end their fight ;
And loving,—live in peace.

MEDICAL FREEDOM.

A PLEA FOR THE CHILDREN.

'Tis hard indeed resigned to be,
When children dear by death depart ;
'Tis hard "God's loving hand," to see,
When bitter anguish rend the heart ;
'Tis dolorous to give the grave,
The little ones we thought to save.

A ruthless, callous-hearted band,
Called "Boards of Health,"—how false the name
Just spread disease throughout the land,
Doctors to help to wealth and fame.
O Freedom ! Wilt thou come again,
And children save from "Health-board" men ?

They force their Virus on the poor,
The rich can them escape, and do ;
Compulsion is a weapon sure,
That cuts the health and freedom too :
For how can people be called free,
When ruled with cruel tyranny.

The Vaccine to Smallpox prevent,
Some more disease is sure to make ;
It many people circumvent,
When told they will not Smallpox take :
But doctors know Cancer increase,
And Tuberculosis will not cease.

Vaccine and Anti-toxin are
The worst diseases you can find ;
Not only do they make a scar,—
They leave a bad disease behind :
Vile Toxin is a blighting curse,
Compulsion makes "Pure Vaccine" worse.

The doctors, nonsense talk of bugs,
They know fear spreads disease abroad ;
And that some have more faith in drugs,
Than in an agent born of God :
They thus advance their paying pest—
That cruel—"Tuberculin Test."

It makes one sad to see the place,
Where loving children wont to play ;
Yet doctors think it no disgrace,
To put those little ones away.
Why don't our *Rulers* take in hand,
And drive such doctors from the land ?

If Rulers will not drive them out,
Why don't they give all schools a chance ?
Some cure disease, there is no doubt,
Without the aid of drug or lance.*
But no ! They drive all those away,
That poison doctors may have sway.

It would not do to cure disease
By Nature's methods,—they are sure :
For poison doctors (if you please),
Would soon become so very poor.
Class legislation works the game,
And legislators are to blame.

Perhaps 'tis right that children die,
And people live in feeble health ;
That doctors may with poison try
To coffers fill, with people's wealth.
O Freedom ! Wilt thou come once more,
And health and happiness restore ?

*Poison or Lancet

Yes, Freedom will come back again,
And health and happiness replace ;
When Country's ruled by better men,—
Men who can look in Freedom's face :
Men who believe that people's health,
More precious are, than doctor's wealth.

DESIRE !

O God ! Reveal Thyself to me
And draw my wayward heart to Thee :
Let Thy name be my strength and stay,
And my abiding hope alway ;
For Thou art ever, still the same,
And Holy, Holy, is Thy name !

'Tis what we think, and say, and do,
That prove our faith in Thee is true ;
Our times are ever in Thy hand,
We live or die at Thy command :—
Then keep us always near to Thee,
That we may ever ready be.

May thoughts, words, actions and desires,
Be such as will the young inspire.
May perverse hearts be filled with love,
Kindness and mercy from above ;
And may our humble service done,
Be perfect made through Christ Thy Son.

May faith, and hope, and love increase,
And lead our souls to heavenly peace ;
That when we leave this world of strife,
We enter may to that sweet life
Of everlasting joy above,
And bask in sunshine of Thy love.

SUCCESS.

How many men succeed in life
By trampling on the poor ?
How many rob the poor man's wife,
And drive her from their door ?
How many lie and cheat, to wile
The little others had ?
How many will hoard up a pile,
By calling others bad ?

A fussy man will undertake
To point the way to wealth ;
While all the time he tries to make
A safe road for himself.

How many do the poor enslave,
And grind them to the dust ;
To gold accumulate and save,
For in their gold they trust !

Could we the plans enumerate,
Through which men wealth accrue ;
The expose would not compensate;
For all the good 'twould do :—
For they would formulate more schemes,
The simple to ensnare ;
Who will believe the wildest dreams,
Though others say : "Beware !"

When man amass a goodly sum,
The world will him caress ;
No matter how the riches come,
Some will it call success :—
For all the cry is get rich now,
Get riches in galore ;
Get riches now—no matter how—
And men will you adore.

Such riches will not make success,
To be approved by God ;
Such rising makes the soul grow less,
It dries up like a clod :
It shrivels up the potentate,
Who thus have riches gained ;
It paralyses Church and State,
When funds are thus obtained.

Yet, there is still a grand success,
Through honesty and push ;
And he who doth that button press,
Will have no cause to blush :
For riches we do not decry,
Which honestly are had ;
The bad are not made good thereby,
Nor yet the good made bad.

That man who makes his rule of life
According to God's will ;
Within whose heart no bitter strife
Doth work his neighbour ill ;
He may not be by men caressed,
Through gifts of golden lore ;
But "Still small voice" within his breast
Shall praise him all the more.

How many made a brilliant name,
Who riches never found ?
How many rose to starry fame,
Whose noble deeds abound ?
They may not have successful been
From worldly point of view ;
But God their true success have seen,
And them rewarded too.

Then, let each one, with vigour run,
The fallen to upraise ;
And gain success, that God will bless,
And honest men will praise ;
And when your earthly course is run,
A voice will say : "My friend,
For this good work which thou hast done,
Your joys shall never end !"

TO DIAMOND JUBILEE YEAR—1897.

WRITTEN JANUARY, 1898.

O'time flies fast ! Another year hath gone,
The Diamond Year of Jubilee is done.
O mystic year ! Where would-be prophets trace,
A war-like frown, behind a smiling face.
O Brilliant Year ! When decorative art,
Hath shown the Queen still holds her people's heart.
O Sacred Year ! Where 'neath the pageant show,
The Lord of Hosts, held prestige here below.
O Blessed Year ! When Queen and subjects raise
Their hearts and voices, in Jehovah's praise.
O Diamond Year ! Thy triumphs all are o'er.
Thy best and brightest days are now no more.
Adieu Old Year ! A halo still shall spread
With sparkling sheen, around thy hoary head !

Silence is golden, and richer than cream,
While here upon this chequered world below ;
For people are not always what they seem ;
A boasting friend may be a subtle foe.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

Jesus took Peter, James and John,
Apart, unto a mountain high ;
His glory bright to look upon :—
For He had told them He would die :—
That this would strengthen them He knew,
When days so bright to darkness grew.

It would upon their minds take hold,
And bring them comfort in distress ;
It would within them truth unfold,
Their faith in God would not grow less ;
When He upon the cross was raised,
That light would never be erased.

Then Moses, and Elijah, seer,
Came down from heaven, Him to meet ;
Their presence would His spirits cheer,
And strengthen Him for coming feat :
They knew 'twas hard on Him just now,
Though 'twould put laurels on His brow.

Then Peter thus to Christ did say :
" 'Tis good that we are here, though few,
We'll tabernacles make, and they
Shall protect all the three of you."
This was the idea of a man,
But God had a much better plan.

The disciples eager were to hear
What Moses and Elijah said ;
But soon their hearts were filled with fear—
The thought of listening to the dead.
Then they a voice from heaven heard :
" This is My Son : hear ye His word."

God did not wish them kept apart,
As tabernacles would have done ;
He thought it best that they should start
A loving race,—the three as one,
To show they incorporated were,
One cloud did cover them all three.

The Law and Prophets thus become
A part of Gospel pure and true ;
Faith without works may do for some,
But living faith much work will do.
Faith is the seed : when plant hath grown,
A useful tree by fruit is known.

The law which God, on Mount Sinai,
To Moses gave :—let none try sever ;
For prophets and Apostles say :
“The word of God shall stand forever.”
Shall stand ! yea, stand for ever sure !
And through eternities endure !

FORTITUDE.

Whenever enemies appear,
Or men against you rise ;
Whenever cruel fate or fear,
Stand up before your eyes :
Be firm my soul ! Thou spark divine ;
Be strong and do not bend !
For joy :—the joy of heaven is thine,
When life on earth shall end.

LO ! WHAT IS PRAYER ?

"Lo ! What is prayer ?" A child doth ask,
Of one whose hair is gray.

"Is it when the preacher speaks to God ?
Don't all the people pray ?"

"Not all my child — Only those mild,
Whose actions do God please ;
A feeble form, will stand no storm,
Nor to the soul bring ease.

"The life of man is but a span,
Concentred in the heart ;
And every prayer reflected there,
Of life,—must form a part :—
Then if you would get all the good,
That people should through prayer ;
Your heart must be from malice free,
For God to enter there !

"'Tis not the attitude in prayer,
Nor yet the words you say ;
'Tis peaceful rest within the breast,
That console when you pray :—
Then do not be like pharisee,
Who acts of men compare ;
Humility, a part must be,
Of earnest, fervent prayer.

"A thought may dart out of the heart,—
A wireless telephone ;—
It doth arise, up through the skies,
To God's eternal throne !
That thought a prayer, rebounds up there,
And will fly back to kiss
The selfsame heart, where it did start,
And fill the soul with bliss.

"You know a prayer, a little prayer,
That God will not refuse ;
That simple prayer which Christ hath made,
To show the kind to use ;
But long, long prayers of many words,
And repetition much ;
One call for mercy from the heart,
Is worth a thousand such.

"The publican, a sinful man,
Who smote upon his breast ;
But could not raise to heaven his eyes,
When he made his request ;
And yet you see, more blest was he,
Than pharisee, who stood
Up in the light of all men's sight,
And praised himself for good.

"Prayer instil ease, and minds appease,
Let prayers be spoke or read ;
But should the soul not upward roll,
'Twere words,—not prayers,—were said.
Do good is prayer ! Do right is prayer !
Do love is prayer God given !
Love's smile and kiss inculcate bliss,
And spirits raise to heaven.

"Love is the grandest form of prayer
That man hath ever prayed ;
The prayer of love—a snow-white dove—
Will bring back one who strayed :
Then 'Love thy neighbour as thyself.'
Sow gentle love abroad :—
A tiny act through love, is prayer
Acceptable to God !

"But prayer for wisdom without work,
Will never make you wise ;
For God won't praise, nor yet upraise,
Those who don't try to rise :—
Then work and pray while yet you may,
Let prayer with work imbue ;
And God your prayer will answer there,
And bless and comfort you !"

THE BLESSED TEAR.

Philosopher :—Pray tell us why
It makes us sad, to see one cry ?
For a good cry will bring relief,
When we o'erburdened are with grief ;
Yeá, tears do often come to bless,
And fill the soul with happiness.

Tears come of grief, when we are sad ;
Tears come of joy, when we are glad ;
A soothing word, a passing thought,
Are modes by which the tear is brought ;
Yet tears will come in various ways,
And we for tears, should give God praise.

Keep close to God without alloy,
And tears will bring you heavenly joy ;
For tears will drive away the fear,
And make you feel that God is near :
The truest, purest, sweetest rest,
Succeed the tear, that God hath blest.

HIS NAME IS JOHN !

"They were both righteous before God."

A blameless life they led ;

And though they long on earth have trod,

No child hath graced their bed :

Now when an angel doth appear,

The good man's heart was filled with fear.

"Fear not !" the angel said to him,

"For God thy prayer hath heard ;

And though thine eyes are getting dim,

Thou shalt have thy reward ;

Elizabeth, shall bear a son

To thee, and thou shalt call him John.

"Thou shalt have joy, though it be late,

And many shall rejoice ;

For in God's sight he shall be great,

And men shall hear his voice ;

He'll drink no wine, nor drink distilled,

With Holy Ghost he shall be filled.

"And many to the Lord shall turn

When he on them will call ;

Elijah's spirit shall in him burn,

And love shall conquer all ;

The disobedient shall him trust,

And turn to wisdom of the just."

Zacharias to the angel said :

"Whereby shall I this know ?

For I am old, soon will be laid

In grave, where all men go ;

My wife is old, well up in years,

Give me a sign ; dispel my fears !"

"I'm Gabriel," the angel say,
"Who in God's presence stand ;
With tidings glad for thee to-day,
I came at God's command ;
And now, behold, thou shalt be dumb,
Until this thing to pass do come."

The people thought it strange that he
So long in Temple wait ;
But when he came out, they then see
Why he had stayed so late ;
He'd seen a vision they perceive,
And now he beckoned them to leave.

He could not tell them why he'd been
So long, no words would come
To say he had an angel seen ;
For he was stricken dumb,
Because he disbelieved the word,
Which Gabriel brought him from the Lord.

When Elizabeth's full time arrive,
And she brought forth a son ;
Her neighbours all were much alive,
To praise what God hath done ;
They did rejoice because that she
Who barren was, should mother be.

On the eighth day it came to pass,
To circumcise they came ;
They thought they'd call him Zacharias,
Which was his father's name.
His mother answered from the bed :
"Not so, his name is John !" she said.

"None of thy kindred bear that name."

They unto her did say ;
And so they to his father came,
His word they would obey ;
He could not speak to them you wot,
"His name is John," is what he wrote.

They brought the babe to father proud,
And laid it on his knee ;
His tongue is loosened, then aloud :
"His name is John !" said he.
The people marvelled much upon
The fact that both had called him John.

Fame of this child was noised throughout
The borders of the land ;
And many were afraid, about
Things hard to understand.
When asked : What kind of child ? They'd say
"A prophet ! whom men shall obey."

Zacharias now with loosened tongue,
Doth bless the Lord for all ;
The praise of God aloud he sung,
Who answer when men call.
The oath he to their fathers sware,
He would perform in mercy there.

A blessing great God would unfold
Through those good people's son ;
For they were righteous we are told,
And thus had victory won ;
A blameless life from them doth shine,
In presence of the eye Divine.

The question you must answer then,
In secret or abroad ;
Is not, how you appear to men,
But, How are you with God ?
For only those who do the right,
Shall be deemed righteous in God's sight.

THANKSGIVING.

We thank Thee, Lord ! For that great love
Which Thou to us dost show ;
We praise Thee, with the hosts above,
And with the saints below :
We thank Thee for protecting care,
That we each day receive ;
We joy, that Thou dost answer prayer,
And burdened souls relieve.

We thank Thee, Lord ! For summer heat,
For sunshine, and for rain ;
We bless Thee, for the mercies sweet,
That harvest brings again ;
We thank Thee, for the winter frost,
Which soil of earth renew :
For with Thee, not one thing is lost,
Thy blessings are not few.

We thank Thee, Lord ! For kindred dear,
For friendships we enjoy ;
For peace and progress of the year,
And hope without alloy :
We thank Thee, for refreshing rest,
Thy bounteous grace display ;
For solace, comfort, when distressed,
We thank Thee, Lord ! alway.

CHOOSE YOU THIS DAY.

"Choose you this day what ye will do,
And from your choice don't swerve.
If it seem evil unto you
The living God to serve,
Choose you the gods your fathers served
On other side of flood ;
Or gods the Amorites observed,
Who were not any good.

"The time hath come, when ye must choose
The god whom you'll obey ;
If you the living God refuse,
His love won't last for aye.
Choose you one living, or one dead,
Make choice known by your word :
But as for me," Joshua said,
"My house will serve the Lord !"

The people then as with one voice,
To Joshua did say :
"The Lord our God ! He is our choice ;
Him we'll serve and obey.
The God who out our fathers brought,
From Egypt's bondage free ;
The God who all our battles fought,
Him also serve will we !"

But Joshua said : "Ye cannot serve
An holy God like He ;
If you do not His laws observe,
Ye shall consumed be.
He is a zealous God you know,
Most zealous for the right ;
And should you after strange gods go,
He'll injure you with might."

The people then again said : "Nay,
But we will serve the Lord!"
And for some generations, they
Were faithful to their word.
But then, ah, then ! They once again,
To other gods do turn ;
And so their mighty men are slain,
When God with anger burn.

Their land so pleasant and so bright ;
So beautiful and fair ;
Is now a pitiable sight,
And Israelites despair ;
They scattered are both far and wide,
Throughout the earth abroad ;
And Bedouin o'er that land ride,
Which once was blessed by God.

The woes the prophets did proclaim,
Most surely come to pass ;
And every evil they did name,
Have been fulfilled : Alas !
The Palace built on Zion hill ;
The Temple of the Lord ;
The holy places all are still—
All gone and past record.

That land a desolation is—
A waste, sad to behold ;
That land which once was full of bliss,
Is misery untold.
How long shall we this trouble see,
And hear the plaintive song ?
How long will God thus angry be ;?
How long, O Lord ! How long ?

MAN GOETH TO HIS LONG HOME.

A SOLILOQUY.

"Where hast thou been, my dear young friend ?
Why look so sad to-day ?"
"I've just returned from seeing one
Laid in his home of clay !"

And then we thus soliloquize,
As on our way we trod :
Man's body goeth down to dust,
His spirit up to God.

And so alas ! This world doth move,
And man along is borne
Away from earth, to his long home,
And leave his friends to mourn.

The king, who sits upon the throne,
With courtiers all around ;
Will soon aside his sceptre lay,
Another will be crowned.

The statesman, who will shake the world
With his war thunder tone ;
Will soon deliver his last speech,
And leave this earth alone.

The soldier, who to battle sent,
May be with laurels dressed
For some brave act ; and the next day
Be sent to his long rest.

The traveller, who doth delight
Over the earth to roam,
Will soon give up his wandering life
And take a journey home.

The pastor, who the gospel preach,
His flock to succour give ;
Must leave them to some other's care,
And go with God to live.

And so through all the paths of life,
Man walks with willing feet,
Until he to his long home go,
And mourners walk the street.

The seasons change, the ages roll,
Another year hath gone,
How many in this glad new year
Will go to his long home ?

How shall it be with those we see
When they from earth depart ?
Hath the long home to which they go,
A thought within their heart ?

Not all who great profession make,
Shall enter into rest ;
But those who do the will of God,
Shall be for ever blest.

HELP FROM ON HIGH.

O God ! Help Thou the dying,
On earthly aid relying ;
Teach them to look to Calvary's Cross
And there Physician see ;
Look down upon them from above,
Show them Thou art a God of love,
Cleanse them from all this earthly dross.
And take them home to Thee.

COGITATION.

You ask what thoughts should we think here,
To make our lives without compeer ;
And when our earthly course is run,
To raise our souls above the sun.
The answer, best to give, would be,
To banish selfish thoughts from thee,
And let your words, and actions prove,
That all your thoughts are thoughts of love.

To think of God who reigns on high,
Whose throne is far above the sky.
Think of His great omnipotence,
His power for good, man's sure defence.
Think how His spirit fills all space,
And how His eyes see every place.
Think how He hath His people led,
And how with manna they were fed.

To think of Jesus Christ, God's Son,
And of the work that He hath done.
Think of Him as a little child :
How loving, gentle, meek and mild !
Think of the lowly life He led ;—
"He had not where to lay His head."
Think how the Pharisee He spurned,
And how the hypocrite He scorned.

Think of the sermons He did preach,
And of the precepts He did teach.
Think of the miracles He wrought ;—
How from the dead He Lazarus brought ;
Think how He made the lame to walk,
The deaf to hear, the dumb to talk.
Think how He brought the blind to see
His wonder working therapy.

To think of martyrs who have died,
Freedom of thought to them denied ;
Who gave their lives upon the pyre,
The living flesh consumed by fire.
To think of saints who earth have trod,
And of the dead as gone to God.
To think of life that hath no end,
And good alone of every friend.

To think of spirit sent to bless,
And comfort people in distress.
To think of angels bright and fair,
Hovering o'er us in the air ;
Kind messengers from heaven above,
To whisper peace, and joy, and love.
To think thoughts that are pure and true,
Then words, and acts, will please God too.

SAD, BUT TRUE.

A woman lay upon her bed,
Moaning with agonizing pain ;
A doctor shook his "wisdom" head,
He felt her pulse time and again ;
He did not know what he should do,
To ease the pain, and pull her through.

But he had reputation great,
And that he must try to maintain :
"I'll give," thought he, "at any rate
A drug, I hope will ease the pain."
She took the drug, drew quivering breath,
The pain was eased,—yes, eased in death.

MORAL—When you have occasion to call the doctor, forbid
poison, and if he has no safe remedy he can use, let
him go, and trust in God.

AS WE SOW, WE REAP.

"Just as we sow, so shall we reap."

No words more true have e'er been said |:
For God a faithful record keep,
Yea, keeps it in the sower's head.
And as the seed when sown in earth
Is hid from view : 'Tis lost to sight,
But it shall have a second birth,
And then 'twill be remembered quite.

A man doth catch a timid mouse,
He holds it up above a fire ;
He holds it up that all the house
May see it wriggle—and expire.
The children laugh, and so doth he,
They laugh until the rodent die ;
'Twas then a shocking sight to see,
He dropped it, and the children cry.

In course of time he fever took,
And as upon his bed he lay ;
God doth his cruel act rebuke,
So that he in his raving say :
"O take that mouse out of my sight !
I cannot bear the pain to see
That it endures ! It is not right !
Do take that mouse away from me !"

And thus he raves until his breath
Departs, and leaves the body dead ;
For cruel act : remorseful death !
Where is the hope for spirit fled ?
Then let us all a lesson take
From this man's death ; and let us try
To live such lives that no pain make,
To give our bodies pain to die.

Immutable are all God's laws,
Not one thing can them disarrange;
They are immutable, because
The greatest man them cannot change.
Do not expect that good will come,
If evil deeds is what you sow ;
If you with pain inflict the dumb,
The tree of pain is what will grow.

A fiend may do a wicked act
When hid by bush from eye of man;
Is he unconscious of the fact,—
That eye of God the whole world scan ?
Man's punishment escape he doth,
And thinks he safe is and secure ;
But he shall not escape God's wrath,
Nor die the death of one that's pure !

Vengeance belongeth to the Lord,
Not one can from His justice flee ;
The mighty men of Pharaoh's horde,
All met their Master in the sea.
A parson talking loud one night,
Call miners, "the blind moles of earth,"
Soon after that he lost his sight,
And then had to resign his berth.

The morn of life is when we sow,
The reaping comes in after years ;
If wild oats sow, wild oats will grow,
Which often fill the eyes with tears :
Yet many well advanced in life
Sow evil deeds, that cause much pain;
Their feeble minds, so full of strife,
Act more from impulse, than for gain.

"Do unto all men as you would
That others unto you should do."
For if you evil sow, or good,
In reaping time, it comes to you.
When shall the reaping come to you ?
"In the next life," the parson say;
But that's part only, what is true,—
Much reaping's done while yet 'tis day.

No persecutor of mankind,
A peaceful death hath ever died ;
No tyrant could his fears upbind,
When life was ebbing like the tide ;
And many who were bold and brave
While they in health drew spiteful breath,
Were cowards great, as cringeling knave,
And quailed at the approach of death.

A peaceful death, O strive to find !
It doth so truly indicate—
To mourning friends you leave behind—
Your happiness in future state.
Keep thoughts and words as pure as light,
None of His little ones offend ;
Then trust in God, and do the right !
And thou shalt have a peaceful end.

The above was written after seeing a cow's teat, which a human fiend had lacerated, so that the cow suffered much pain: not only from the wound, and the action of flies on it, but also from the pressure of milk, as that teat could not be milked.

Beware the man ! Who comes as friend,
And offers you a treat ;
Who'll coax or taunt, to gain his end,
His friendship is deceit :
From such keep clear, no friend will sneer,
Or laugh and scoff, or flout and flee.

GOD'S WORK.

To do evil for evil, is to work like a beast ;
To do evil for good, that is fiendish at least ;
To do good for good, that is man's work abroad ;
But good done for evil, is work done for God :
God sees us and loves us, His work is the best,
Then do good for evil, and you shall be blest.

THERE IS NO ROOM !

(Suggested by one committing perjury, who made a great profession of religion, and who would read the Bible to visitors, to show them how good he was. He never raised his eyes from the floor when he was giving evidence, but he left the court house perjured.)

There is no room with God in heaven,
For any kind of sin ;
The liar and the falsifier,
Shall never enter in !
The sinner may confess his sins,
And seek to be forgiven ;
But the self-righteous pharisee,
Shall never enter heaven !

The hypocrite, with visage sad
The floor serenely scan ;
Will tell a lie, then softly sigh,
To cheat his fellow-man ;
But God who reads the inmost part ;
Whose eye can pierce him through ;
He to the hypocrite will say :
"There is no room for you !"

An earthly judge may be deceived,
And earthly laws may fail,
And falsehood and hypocrisy
May for a time prevail ;
But heaven's laws are just and right,
And all in heaven are true :
So false, professing Christian,
There is no room for you !

But those who truly love the Lord,
And on God's grace depend ;
Who spurn the wrong, and doeth right,
Shall conquer in the end :
Then sinner place your faith in God,
Be strong, be firm, be true ;
Trust in His everlasting love,
And there is room for you !

O GOD, OUR FATHER !

O God, our Father ! We draw near
To Thee, to worship at Thy shrine ;
With hope and reverential fear,
We come for blessings, Lord divine !
Thou art our refuge, and our trust,
We bow before Thee in the dust.

Bless loving friends, though far apart
Their dwellings on this earth may be ;
May the fruition of each heart,
Be centered living Lord on Thee ;
Though friends be scattered much abroad,
Distance don't separate from God.

May faith, and hope, and love dispel,
The sorrows which affliction bring ;
May joy, and peace, and friendship dwell
In hearts of those God's praises sing :
Keep each and all, O King of kings !
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings.

THE BEATITUDES.

Blessed are they in spirit poor,
Modest when much is given ;
Humble, contrite, sincere, secure,
Such spirits live in heaven.

Blessed are they who grieve and mourn
The afflicted mind to free ;
For though they are by sorrow torn,
They comforted shall be.

Blessed are they of temper mild,
For meekness is a merit :
Those who are gentle as a child,
They shall the earth inherit.

Blessed are they who thirst for good,
And hunger for the right ;
They shall be filled with holy food,
And pure be in God's sight.

Blessed are they in time of war,
That cruelty restrain :
For those who full of mercy are,
They mercy shall obtain.

Blessed are they whose hearts are pure
While on this earth they trod ;
Though they may trials much endure,
Their eyes shall see their God.

Blessed are they who peace doth make
When people are at war ;
Their good name none shall from them take,
They live without a scar.

Blessed are they throughout the land
For goodness much endure;
The kingdom of heaven is in their hand,
Their righteousness secure.

Blessed are ye who men revile,
And evil against you speak ;
They shall you persecute awhile,
And smite you on the cheek.

Rejoice, rejoice exceedingly,
Be glad when thus reviled :
For your reward in heaven shall be
When God hath on you smiled.

COUNTRY vs. CITY LIFE.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

What's riches but refined dust,
That fills the mind with pride and lust ?
What's honour but an empty name,
Unless 'tis free from sin and shame ?
Yea, what is all within the city,
But wretchedness and vanity ?
When I think on its crime and pain,
I long for country life again ;
No city noise, nor city strife,
But quiet, peaceful country life :
The air is pure, the water free,
And man enjoys tranquility ;
While Nature reigns on every rod,
And draws him up to Nature's God.

COUNTRY LIFE

IN NORTH-WESTERN MANITOBA.

I once did in a city live,
The streets were paved with stone ;
The traffic such a noise did give,
I longed to be alone
Upon some mountain wild and grand,
Or even in some foreign land.

I might not handle so much gold,
Or make so great a name ;
But health is happiness untold,
And better far than fame ;
For fame is just an empty bubble
That often brings a lot of trouble.

To Manitoba I did come,
For it was called the best ;
I settled down to make a home—
A quiet place to rest.
Some years have passed, I now know well
I left a heaven for a hell.

You till the soil, you sow the seed,
And then your crop will grow,
But ere it gets the golden shade
The hail may lay it low.
'Tis true indeed : "There's many a slip,"
In Manitoba, " 'twixt cup and lip."*

*KELWOOD—On Saturday afternoon, what amounted to a cloudburst happened in the Glensmith district, which is just two miles east of Kelwood. The thunder and lightning to begin with was very severe, and followed with wind and hail played havoc with things in general. Wagons with racks rolled over and over like balls. Six teams at one threshing took fright from the hail and ran away while five more with another outfit did the same. Jno. Kenrick was the only man

Your place may be burned up with fire,
Your crop be spoiled by frost ;
So diverse are the elements' ire,
Through which your hopes are lost.
There is no other place I'm sure,
In which you'll get so quickly poor.

This country's folk have pleasant grace,
Let them be friend or foe,
They all speak smoothly to your face ;
Your friends you do not know.
Some greet you kindly as they pass,
Who backbite you, and call you "Ass."

The city's noise is great :—But say,
Its truth you cannot doubt ;
Its strife is in a business way,
And friends are friends throughout ;
They shake your hand, look kind with eyes,
The city doth folk civilize.

This country's noise is just as great
With croaking of the frogs ;
Sounds fill the ear early and late,
The land is full of bogs ;
The birds may chatter on the wing,
But not a single bird can sing.

injured in this melee, he having his collar-bone fractured. The rack on one of Thos. Gilmore's wagons was blown a quarter of a mile. Wagons loaded with threshed barley were upset like empty boxes. Whole fields of uncut green feed were stripped of their heads and ruined, while stooks were laid low and much of the grain threshed out. The caboose of the Kelwood threshing company was overturned on a fence and a post driven through the side of it. Wood in Thos. Gilmore's yard was tossed about like straw. The rain fell in torrents and flooded the ground several inches deep. The stooks got such a soaking that it will be several days before threshing can be resumed.—*Neepawa Press*, September 22nd, 1908.

One half the year, the winter last,
The snow is snow I wot ;
I could tell tales about the frost,
Perhaps I'd better not ;
'Tis then the poultry lose their toes,
And cats their ears :—by getting froze.

Those who in Manitoba live,
Know well what flies can do ;
They know what burning bites they give,
And how they inflame too ;
Folk cannot sleep away fatigue,
For flies are Manitoba's plague.

That is, if there was only one,
But there are many more ;
Of Egypt's plagues, one half do come,
And others inflict sore :—
But if you do this country scan,
The greatest plague you'll find is man.

Yes, man is Manitoba's pest,
When sheltered by the bush ;
He's worse by far than all the rest,
To give a down-hill push ;
If you offend him in the least,
He'll take revenge upon your beast. *

And when his mind is full of ire,
He'll pilfer all he may ;
In meadows he will start a fire,
That it may burn your hay ;
He'll break down fence around your crop,
And drive cows in, to eat it up.

* See note to "As we Sow we Reap."

One half that the man plague will do,
Here record we could not ;
'Twould take of pages not a few,
And more time than we've got.
And rulers here encourage much,
That they may dollars make by such.

For crime—no punishment is there
The criminal needs to fear ;
A city's crime, you can't compare
With crimes committed here :
The city's crime is brought to light,
But country crime is hid from sight.*

The Author of "The Course of Time."
This land must had in view,
When he declared : "The people's dime,
The devil's work would do."
For people's money much abused,
To do the devil's work is used.

I once did say : "The air is pure."
But then I did not know
The stinging pests mosquitoes were,
And that they filled it so
No soul could tranquil walk abroad,
To hold sweet commune with his God.

O give me back my city life !
Though sickness be my lot ;
'Tis better far then with the strife
That some folk here have got ;
There solemn thoughts can fill the breast,
And lead the soul to heavenly rest !

*This is especially true in a new settlement, where settlers are few and far between. There are two reasons why crime goes unpunished ; the difficulty to obtain direct evidence ; and the cost of the prosecution, which has to be borne by the individual, as there is no police protection outside of the towns.

A TRUE LOVE EPISODE.

Farmer Brown on Lawyer Gray did call,
To consult about a matter small,
Which had took place that day.
'Mong farmers : Brown is one of the few,
That's designated, "well to do,"
He has wife, and daughter too,
What more I need not say.

"Old Roberts' boy comes to my place,
To have some little talks with Grace,
I saw his well dressed head ;
He just came stepping up to-day,
No doubt he thought I was away,
And when he saw me stacking hay,
He hid himself in shed.

"I left the stack, and slipping round,
Quite soon I had him caged and bound,
By sliding up the door ;
And then I locked the door, you see,
And in my pocket have the key ;
Now what I want to know," said he,
"Can I keep him there in store ?"

"When Roberts comes to know, I'm sure
He'll be as mad as any boor,
About his dandy son ;
Should he smash door or bars of gate,
If took before the Magistrate,
I'd get damages, at any rate,
To pay the harm he'd done ?"

The Lawyer said : "Best thing to do,
Just give the lad a talking to,
And then send him off home ;

But if you think, 'twould do him good
To keep him in, if he is rude,
You can't him starve, he must have food,
Lest any sickness come.

"For damage done you'd have a claim,
If he breaks locks he'd be to blame,
And must the damage pay."
"That's just what I wanted to know,
I'd rather feed him as let him go,
I'll give him bread and water, so
I bid you sir, good day."

The lawyer mused a little while,
And with each thought, there came a smile
About the boy in shed ;
And when he went to house for tea,
He told his wife about the spree ;
"Young Roberts don't need go there," said she,
"Miss Brown wants none but Fred."

"Our Fred, you say ?" "I say our Fred !
And Fred's the boy that's in the shed !
You need not sit and stare !
Miss Brown told me the other day,
About Fred having quite a stay,
Waiting till father went away,
The last time he was there.

" 'But father will soon come round,' she said,
'When he sees I care for none but Fred,
'Twill put him to the test ;
For don't you know, when he gets riled,
He calls me his disobedient child,'
And as she spoke, she broadly smiled,
So you can see the rest."

"I'll go," said he, "up to the farm,
To see that Fred comes to no harm,
So now you need not cry ;
He found the farmer bubbling with joy,
Just like a child, with a nice new toy,
"You've come," said he, "to see the boy ?"
"O no, no, no, not I !

"But one thing I forgot, and so
I thought it right that you should know,
And just came up to say ;
You can't keep the boy all night in shed,
Without supplying him with a bed,
Likewise a pillow for his head,"
Then proudly walked away.

That speech put farmer in a craze,
And he stood for some time in a maze,
Then to himself he said :
"I don't know really what to do,
And so may do what I shall rue,
But one thing—I'm determined to
Keep that boy in the shed.

"There's robes and cushions in the shed,
Enough to make him a good bed,
And that me clear will keep ;
So I'll go round there in a trice,
And tell him what to do : How nice
I'll carry out his dad's advice,
And give him place to sleep."

Now Fred Gray was a jovial lad,
Whom prison bars could not make sad,
He was as sharp as lance ;

And he resolved that he would try
How jokes would work on farmer spry,
If he should only come nearby,
And let him have a chance.

So when the farmer went to the shed,
To give instructions about the bed,
Fred let his tongue run loose ;
He praised the place up to the skies,
The shed and all that met his eyes,
Then farmer got a big surprise,
When asked—If meat was goose ?

"They'd mistook," said he, "the bread and water,
For bread was all well spread with butter,
And oh ! the pie was good.
It is delightful to be so near
The girl you love, the lovely dear !
And I am pleased that I am here,
And fed with such nice food."

The farmer riled, now to the house go,
To have it out with Grace, you know ;
But she had gone to rest.
"I nothing know," her mother said,
"'Tis all betwixt her, you and Fred ;
And she has gone up-stairs to bed,
By now she'll be undrest.

"What's wrong with Fred, I'd like to know,
That you should go and treat him so ?
You'll into trouble get !
Now do not you, yourself deceive,
Mr. Gray will be on the qui vive,
And punishment you shall receive,
In his own time, you bet !"

"I'll just," said he, "send her away,
As soon as it is break of day,
To cousin in the town ;
I'll let her cousin know the rile,
And she will keep her quite a while,
Till that young lawyer's haughty smile,
Is turned into a frown."

But in the morning, soon as 'twas clear,
The girl herself did disappear,
For she away had ran ;
First thing she went round to the shed,
And had a quiet talk with Fred,
Then bracing up, she quickly sped
To carry out her plan.

The farmer searched about the place,
But of his girl could find no trace,
'Twas plain that she had fled.
"I do believe, she's gone," said he,
"Down to Fred's father, for to see
If they can make some plan, to free
Her lover in the shed."

And he was right for once, I know,
For that is just where she did go,
And for her Fred 'twas done ?
Fred's father got a great surprise,
When she stood at window before his eyes
And when he from his seat did rise,
She beckoned, then did run.

He followed her as one would do,
To see where she was going to,
And found her in the shed ;

"I'll be quite comfortable," said she,
"Please bring to me, a cup of tea,
Then lock the door, and lose the key,
Till father lets out Fred."

Her father now his breakfast took,
Then started off her to rebuke,
When up to her he came ;
He was quite riled, and travelled fast.
But nought of her, till he at last
The lawyer's shed was going past,
He stood, and her did name.

"How did you get in here ?" he said,
"Why did you early leave your bed ?"
No answer did he get.
He tried the door, but it was locked,
He would not be by lawyer mocked,
He'd break it in, though firm as rock,
For he was mad you bet.

"Take care, take care, mind what you do,
If you break locks, that ye shall rue,"
The lawyer thus did say,
"When Fred comes home, she'll soon be free,
For he will surely find the key,
And set her at her liberty."
And then he turned away.

"Don't break the door, my father dear,
Or you'll get into trouble here."
She now had found her tongue.
"Just let out Fred, and you shall see
How quickly he will find the key,
And he will come and set me free,
For he is smart and young."

Her father spoke and went away,
She did not hear what he did say,
Perhaps 'twas just as well ;
He soon with Fred was back again,
Fred found the key without much pain,
The gathered crowd now cheered with main,
And Fred rang the cow bell.

And when she came out of the shed,
The crowd cheers gave for her and Fred,
While some at farmer scoff ;
And when he saw how sweet she smiled,
He swore that he had been beguiled
By his own disobedient child,
And in a rage went off.

Mrs. Gray to Grace, then softly said :
"You'll make a charming wife for Fred,
Your plan was full of wit ;
Now come into the house my dear,
And you'll remain with us right here,
Until your father's head gets clear,
And temper cools a bit."

But Miss Brown had not long to stay,
Her father called on following day :

"You wonder that I come —
I come, I come ! to please the wife,
And end all this vexatious strife,
'Tis the worst time e'er I had in life ;
So Fred can bring you home."

Now many years have passed away,
And locks of both are getting gray,
The old folks all are dead.
Last time I called at their abode,
Fred talked about this episode,
And how his girl, ran down the road,
To get him out of shed.

THE WONDERFUL CALF !

Or, THE ABSENT-MINDED MAN.

It was dinner-time on Sunday,
We were seated at the table ;
When a boy came running to the house,
As fast as he was able.

"Will-you-let-one-of-your-boys," he said,
"Come-and-help-me-with-a-calf ?"
The boys, they all did look at him,
And most of them did laugh.

"The-cow-has-had-it-in-the-field,
And-I-can't-get-it-home ;
But, if-I-had-it-on-the-road,
I'm-sure-that-it-would-come."

"The cow has had it in the field,
Well then my boys won't go,
If anything happened to that calf,
They'd get the blame, you know.

"Go home and tell your father boy,
And he'll come right along
And carry it, a calf so young
Can't walk, it is not strong."

"This-calf-can-walk, this-calf-can-run,
This-calf-indeed-can-trot,
For-I-have-chased-it-quite-awhile."
And off he went like shot.

I mused awhile when he had gone :
A—newborn—calf—can—run
"I'll bet your life that calf is ours !"
I called out to my son.

Then up I got, and to the field,
I went with all my might,
But when I got up to their cows,
There was no calf in sight.

The boy was galloping back again,
I saw as I looked roun',
The father was running across the field,
He looked much like a clown.

He had a halter in his hand,
To lead the newborn calf ;
You bet that tickled me a bit,
It "kinder" made me laugh.

"Look here," said I, "there's some mistake,
That calf is mine, I fear ;
If it was yours, you know it would
Be with your cows, right here."

"Oh, no-no-no ! th-there's-no-mistake,"
He gasped as he got breath,
"My b-boy-has-seen-it, th-that's-enough,
'Tis-ours, as su-sure-as-death."

I then described my calf, and showed
Where it was to be found ;
And sure enough, the calf was there
Lying upon the ground.

"A deer ! a deer !" the wise man cried,
When first the calf he spied ;
"O no," said I, " 'tis not a deer,"
And to the calf I hied.

Then turning to the youth, I said :
"Look here, my smart young man ;
Don't you come back, and chase my calves,
Or I your hide will tan.

"This calf I see, is much the worse,
The racing it has got ;
And if you come again, my boy ;
I'll make you wish : 'you'd not !' "

Then spoke the father for the son,
And he confessed, no doubt,
That it was very wrong indeed,
To run the calf about.

"P-p-pray don't-be-angry-sir," he said,
"H-h-had he-known-the-calf-was-yours-
He-would-not-have-chased-it, I-I-I'm-sure,
He th-thought-the-calf-was-ours.

"And, y-y-yet-I-wondered, h-h-how-it-could,
Or h-h-how-to-run-'twas-able,
For m-m-my-cow-that's-going-to-have-a-calf,
Is--t-t-tied-up-in-the-stable."

THE ELDER.

A spiteful man of great renown,
Who makes his hands go up and down,
To look important in the town,
A busy bee ;
His smile you might take for a frown,
So wise is he.

To make-believe he's good, he hies
To all the grandees that he spies,
And he will turn up white of eyes,
And smirk and smile ;
And "Lie like sixty." Oh, how wise !
To them beguile.

But though he looks so good outside,
His little heart is full of pride,
And other lusts of flesh beside,

So artfully :

How have they all got crammed inside ?
(Or, how are they fit there to hide,
So that he may look good outside ?)

I could not say.

"Lie like sixty." "Children and fools tell the truth."
"If you can't lie like sixty you're no good for Manitoba." Such
maxims, which are much in use by those who believe in them,
would make it appear, that, in this country, lying is a virtue
of necessity ; but a better maxim would be :

A liar never can be trusted,
Though he sometimes gospel preach ;
He only makes men feel disgusted,
For the truth he cannot teach.

THE LORDLING.

Of unschooled lordlings, there was one,
Who thought to tyrannize was fun,
Whom the shoe fits, may put it on.

That lordling would no wrong deed shun,
And many a right would leave undone,
For right or wrong, the lordling won.

If many wrongs would make a right,
And hide the wrong deeds out of sight,
That lordling made a glorious fight.

If evil deeds would sheeny bright,
He still would be a man of might,
A burning and a shining light.

But that is what they will not do,
With lordlings either false or true,
And fluey words will stick in flue,

Then wrong deeds startling are to view,
When it becomes too late to rue,
And time is past, to pardon sue.

Some men may feel inclined to jeer,
At thought of those who at right sneer,
Ameliorating ways through fear.

For then such lordlings will look blue.
When wrongs though old, appear quite new.
And not one wrong can they undo.

Their deeds will have a different hue,
When they at length do find their cue,
And take their leave, without adieu !

THE HYPOCRITE AND PHARISEE.

The Hypocrite and Pharisee,
Oft said to be the same ;
Are not synonymous to me,
The last's the better name ;
Of hypocrites—there is one kind,
But more of Pharisees you'll find.

The hypocrite deceives through guile,
And often doth succeed
In making what he knows is vile,
Look like a virtuous deed ;
For he doth try to men deceive,
His righteousness—a make believe.

To men deceived, he looketh fair,
For often he will stand
Up in the church, and make long prayer,
And sing to beat the band ;
But he knows well he is not just,
Nor in the Lord, doth put his trust.

The Pharisee himself deceive,
By thinking he is just ;
For he doth in himself believe,
And in his works do trust ;
He wisheth much all men were good,
And on the platform where he stood.

The best class Pharisee is true,
He trusteth in his God ;
Let him a Christian be, or Jew,
His light doth shine abroad ;
For faith and works together run,
And noble deeds by faith are done.

Old Simeon was a Pharisee,
Who was devout and just ;
Zacharias was a Pharisee,
Who in God put his trust ;
And there are others we might name,
Were Pharisees and free from blame.

There is a difference, you see,
When you them scrutinize ;
The Pharisee may upright be,
And blameless in God's eyes :
The hypocrite—unjust and vile ;
In Pharisee—there is no guile.

"THERE'S NOTHING IN A NAME !"*

"There's nothing in a name !" That's why,
It is not a great sin, I ween ;
The people's name to shuffle by,
And foist on them the name—"Roskeen."
The culprit hides himself from view,
While confrere exculpates the blame ;
By shouting loud his proverb new :
"There's nothing, nothing in a name !"

"A man may have an ugly name,
A name," said he, "you do not like ;
But when to know the man you came,
You found that he himself was right.
With places you the same can trace,
The name may nasty be, or rot ;
But in the beauty of the place,
The nasty name is soon forgot.
"The name 'Roskeen' is not our name,
It was not sent away by us :
It from the great Department came,
Then why should folk make such a fuss.
And any name is good enough,
For such a rustic place as this ;
There's nothing in a name,—but puff ;—
There's nought to fill our cup of bliss."

*This proverb was coined when a political wire-puller, by changing the name on a Petition for a Post-office he was entrusted to send away, got his wife's name "Ross" incorporated into the name of the place, against the will of the people. When a meeting was called to consider his action he stayed at home, and his accomplice tried to fool the meeting by discussing the nothingness of a name. All efforts to get the name changed were unsuccessful. Nevertheless, just as this Book is going to press, Roskeen Post-office is closed, and a stanza added to the poem.

With honeyed words and silvery speech,
He sought his little game to hide ;
But people are hard to beseech,
When seeing eyes are open wide.
'Twas twisting words to suit his plan,
When he so boldly doth exclaim :
"'Tis character that makes the man,
For there is nothing in a name !"

Next meeting when he saw all knew,
That he from path of truth had strayed ;
Into a passion great he flew,
And this in brief is what he said :
"The name 'Roskeen' was sent by us,
I was a willing party to it ;
I SEE NO SIN IN IT ! and thus,
I do not think we should undo it !"

No sin to play the double part !
No sin to practise such deceit !
No sin is felt by perverse heart,
When guileful tongue doth try to cheat !
No sin to hide the truth within,
And cover it upon the shelf ;
In other folk he sees much sin,
But not one sin can see in self.

The people's voice here is God's voice,
" *Vox populi, vox Dei* " show ;
And those who thwart it, make their choice
To work for Satan here below.
Can they expect, who do the wrong,
And work against God's voice on earth ;
To rise at length and dwell among
Those chosen ones for second birth ?

What profit shall it to them be,
Who self exalt by sinful plot ?
When Judge of All to them shall say :
"Depart from Me, I know you not !"
"For Valour" is on the Victoria Cross,
To show the wearer had some game ;
"Coward" would change the gain to loss,
And turn the honour into shame.

How many martyrs would have stood
Upon the pile, within the flame ;
Had name of Christ, been no more good
To them, than any other name ?
Oh, no ! This proverb will not do !
It died in boring as it came ;
'Twas just a little silly cue,
For there is something in a name !

Should you engage in worldly fight,
Make this the burden of your song :
"Much better 'tis, to lose in right,
Than be successful in the wrong."
For truth and right, shall conquer might,
And incense up to heaven shall rise ;
God will reward those who do right,
When spirits meet Him in the skies.

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Roskeen supprest, has gone to rest,
Its proud exultant life is o'er ;
Though wire-pullers done their best,
Roskeen Post-office is no more.
A moral here is seen indeed :
Guile will an unjust cause befriend ;
And falsehood may awhile succeed,
But truth shall triumph in the end.

HAPPINESS

Do you wish to be happy and free?
Then disperse a little around ;
For it is in making folk happy you see,
That happiness is to be found.

Would you like to have envy and pride?
Then show them by twisting your face ;
And then you should watch how quick friendship
will hide,
To give these usurpers a place.

Then the world will seem colder to you,
When envy and pride you display ;
But if you put love in the work that you do,
The coldness will soon pass away.

It is envy and hatred and lust,
That maketh the world look so cold ;
Backbiters destroy the good name of the just,
For truth they will never unfold.

Even so now you know what to do,
If sorrow you wish turned to joy ;
For if you give joy, it will come back to you,
And joy will vexation destroy.

So whatever you would like to be
Is in your own making you know ;
For it is the seed that you sow don't you see,
That produce the crop that will grow.

If you sprinkle the seed that you sow,
With kindness, and friendship, and love,
You will find an elysian world below,
Much like the Elysium above.

SPARE THE ROD !

"Who spareth his rod hateth his son."

Is what the wise man said :—
This is not wisdom of the heart,
Nor wisdom of the head.
To spare the rod and save the child,
Would be a more wise plan ;
A much thrashed boy will never make
A model of a man.
Had all his proverbs been inspired,
This canon would not have been fired.

The best rebuke is with the tongue,
In mild and gentle form ;
This will cement both old and young,
And never make a storm :
Then practise right with all thy might,
And always speak the truth ;
Don't speak through spite nor yet backbite,
For that would spoil the youth.
Precept is good :—Example best ;
Give it a trial :—Make the test !

For if there is deceit in thee,
Thy child will find it out ;
And soon he will deceitful be,
Of that there is no doubt :
But if you always do the right,
And good example show ;
Your child will emulate with might,
And follow good also :—
Then "Spare the rod !" O man, be mild !
Try love and kindness with thy child !

THE GENTLE BOY.

"The tailor makes the man," they say,
But I'm not sure that's true,
And I will in a friendly way,
Try to explain my view :
The tailor makes the clothes, you know,
And makes the man look smart ;
But underneath the dressy show,
May dwell a selfish heart.

Some well-dressed men have not the skill
To do good,—I confess,
They really do not have the will,
To help folk in distress ;
It is not that they duty shirk,
They just don't care a groat ;
Man's inhumanity oft lurk,
Beneath a well-made coat.

When fop to pass a poor man goes,
He holds his head so high ;
His stylish clothes he thereby shows,
Through lack of sympathy :
And if you should approach the dude,
His look would pierce you through,—
That look so rude, says "don't intrude,
I've got no use for you."

You meet another man again,
Not quite so gaudy drest ;
He's not so vain, he lacks the cane,
Also the open vest ;
For show he may not look so grand,
But he is all serene ;—
For he will shake a workman's hand,
Though it be not quite clean.

He talks to those who come his way,
Whom others do oppress ;
He hath a kindly word to say
To people in distress :
Now just put on your thinking cap,
And tell so be you can ;—
Is't the tailor, or is't something else,
That makes the gentleman ?

A woman crossing o'er the street
Where boys were at a game,
She was not going very fleet :
She was a little lame ;
And as she passed, unconsciously
She stepped upon the ball,
And in a trice on ground she lay,
She got a nasty fall.

One boy let up a loud "Ha, ha !"
As if her fall was fun ;
The other ran right up to her
As fast as he could run ;
He helped her up unto her feet,
Then said : "Now take my arm,
And I'll assist you o'er the street.
And keep you safe from harm."

There is a cogent contrast here,
Convincing to the mind ;
One boy could stand, and laugh, and jeer,
The other boy was kind ;
So once again don thinking cap,
And say without alloy :—
Is't the tailor, or is't kindness,
That makes the gentle boy ?

OH JOHN ! WAKE UP !

Oh John ! Where did your greatness go ?
'Tis lost on land ! 'Tis lost on main !
Your War-man say't, and he should know,
Wake up ! and get it back again.
Your Indian yeast, some say is sour,
'Twill bad bread make if put in flour.

The German Emperor is your friend,
But you are dull—you cannot see
His ships are for a better end,
Than fighting you upon the sea ;
He took advice how peace to shield,
From your revered Lord Beaconsfield.

Oh John, wake up ! If you'd succeed,
And all your greatness would maintain,—
Why don't you get a better lead
Than Asquith ? Where's Joe Chamberlain ?
Free Trade, throughout the Empire would,
To working classes do some good.

In making of Imperial laws,
Your colonies should have a voice ;
This would enhance Imperial cause,
And make colonial hearts rejoice :
It would much loyalty cement,
And grounds remove for discontent.

Oh John, wake up ! Let women in !
You'll better be there is no doubt ;
For women's smiles your love shall win,
And sleepy heads will be thrown out ;
Then women will your spirits cheer,
And drowsiness shall disappear.

In a country where a female *Rex*
Can sit exalted on the throne ;
Why should not all the gentle sex,
Have equal rights, that men do own ?
Those rights all women should obtain,
Or Queens should not o'er country reign.

Oh John, wake up ! Don't change the time,
'Tis such a foolish thing to do ;
It shows that you are past your prime—
That dotage days have come to you :
How could you earlier leave your bed,
With such a drowsy, sleepy head ?

Get factories to earlier ope,
And close when work for day is done ;
This would much wiser be, than hope
To change the setting of the sun :
It once stood still while battle last,
But days of miracles are past.

Oh drowsy John ! Wake up, wake up !
But not the way your War-man want ;
Give poor something to eat and sup,
Without so much humbug and cant :
Then you will greatness sure attain,
Upon the land ! Upon the main !

A GRACE

O God ! Give us our daily bread,
And every needful want supply ;
May hearts and minds with grace be fed,
And may our souls on Thee rely :
Then we will praise Thee for the good,
And give Thee thanks for daily food ! Amen.

THE GREAT AND THE GOOD.

Some people become great,
And some of them are good ;
The good 'twere best to emulate,
For all may be who would.

The only great have nerve ;
The good more conscience make :
Two masters not one man can serve ;
Then choose the good to take.

The great induce the fight
Where many lives are lost ;
The good will battle for the right,
Though they be tempest tossed.

The great have often won
A conflict with the true ;
The good will never leave undone,
A duty they should do.

The great will workmen spurn,
And their appeal despise ;
The good will console those who mourn,
And dry tears from their eyes.

The great do often plan
To scatter gifts abroad,
That praise they may receive from man :
The good get praise from God.

Then to be good do try,
Whether you're great or not ;
The treasured deeds of good won't die,
But selfish deeds will rot.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

In fancy let us draw to thee,
A friend when fortune on you smile ;
That friend will fuss, and always be
Talking of friendship all the while.
But years pass by so full of joy,
And something comes that do you part
From your loquacious, fussy boy,
Who always was so warm of heart :
That friend is happy, full of glee,
But not one thought he thinks of thee.

Again you have another friend,
As true a friend as eye could see ;
His glowing love shall never end,
He weeps at thought of parting thee.
But years do roll, and changes come,
That separate you far and wide
From this true friend, who ne'er was dumb,
To show that nought could love divide :—
This friend whose love could never die,
He thinks of thee : He heaves a sigh.

A quiet friend beside you stand,
He knoweth not what he should say ;
He grasps you warmly by the hand,
You feel a love words can't convey.
When changes come as come they will,
This friend will brood o'er by-gone years ;
Your silent friend, is a friend still,
Whose thoughts oft fill his eyes with tears :
The friendship of the silent friend,
Is friendship true, that hath no end.

DYING AND UNDYING LOVE.

The love that's built with candies sweet,
With fruit-cakes and mince-pie ;—
Such love when it doth hardship meet,
Will—droop—and—die.

When wife and husband live apart,
Like as they were not wed ;—
Their love which had a feeble start,
Will—soon—be—dead.

When people have more love for gold,
Than for the family tie ;
The love which they for lucre sold,
Will—sure-ly—die.

But love that cometh from the heart,
And doth much succour give ;
That love may play a humble part,
But—it—will—live.

The love that dwelleth in the breast,
That sparkles in the eye ;
That love may be by grief opprest,
But—will—not—die.

The love that sweetens every care,
And fragrance sheds abroad ;
The love that drives away despair,
Is—love—from—God.

The love that brightens every lot,
And maketh sorrows fly ;
That love shall never be forgot :
It—shall—not—die.

DUPLICITY.

In Manitoba air is clear,
And distant sounds like heifers stray ;
A cattle-bell may sound quite near,
And yet be o'er a mile away.
And when a man doth loudly swear,
His words will travel with the air.

Yea, sometimes words though spoken low,
Will rise on air and take to flight ;
They like a "wireless" message go,
And enter ears that's not in sight ;
And thus do some folks comprehend,
The falsity of supposed friend.

A man when going south one day,
Met two men who were driving north ;
Some senseless words he heard them say,
While crossing bridge when coming forth ;
And as they passed each smiling said :
"Good morning, Master !" bowing head.

They were unconscious of the fact,
That he had heard the words they used,
And knew their seeming courteous act,
Was only courtesy abused ;
And to himself he whispered low :
" 'Tis hard to tell a friend from foe."

There is a moral here for those
Who practise much the duplex art :
To watch the way which the wind blows,
Lest it should play another part ;
And waft into the third man's ear,
Words not intended he should hear.

SOLOMON'S WIVES.

A worthy farmer and his wife,
Enjoyed their evenings much together ;
They were both good, no bitter strife
Had come between, their love to wither.

One night he to his wife did say,
"I think it would be nice to live,
As men did live in Solomon's day,
With many wives to comfort give."

His wife a scornful look put on,
And spoke more sharp than ere before :
"When you can better care for one,
Will be the time to look for more.

"What a fine Solomon you would make !
What a nice figure you would cut !
A better thought you'd better take,
To better please the one you've got.

"If you had now a dozen wives,
And all as mettlesome as I ;
They'd just take one another's lives,
You old——" And she began to cry.

He jammed his hat down o'er his ears,
Remembered horses were not fed ;
Then suddenly he disappears,
And to the stable quickly sped.

He does not speak 'bout Solomon now,
Nor 'bout the wives that Solomon had ;
He has not yet forgot, I trow,
The night when his *one* wife got mad.

A DASH TO THE POLE.

Written after reading Commander Peary's charges against Dr. Cook. The last three stanzas were added, when it was announced that Captain Bernier was to return to the Arctic Sea on a Polar expedition, with instructions to go to the pole or past it.

'Tis wonderful what men will do,
That they may rise to fame ;
What hardships great they will go through,
To get a transient name :
To find that fame's "an empty bubble,
Floating on a sea of trouble."

But this smart dash up to the Pole,
Which I record herein,
Is not for fame, nor did we "stole
A march," the race to win ;
'Tis just to show how swift that we
Could travel o'er the Arctic sea.

Two Yankee-doodles a trip made,
The great North Pole to spy ;
The one we'll call him "My Comrade,"
The other we'll call "I,"
Because 'tis I the story tell,
How my comrade did I excel.

We started with a large dog team,
Seventy-five in all ;
A sled well-filled with meat, 'twould seem
We'd packed a butcher's stall ;
The dogs did travel fast, you know
They cared not for the frost or snow.

They gallop at a furious rate,
As we pass "Peary's Isle,"
The road we took is called "Cook Strait,"
Which suited us the while ;

For we were going to the pole,
And would not stop till reached the goal.

The adventures which to us befell,
I care not to relate,
For you must think we got on well,
To go at such a rate ;
'Twas travelling fast, that kept us free
From sad disasters, don't you see.

And when at length we reached the pole,
It was so very high,
We could not see the top at all,
It must be through the sky ;
My comrade climbed the pole so fleet,
He said he was up three thousand feet.

Then he took out his 'scopic glass,
And put it to his eye :
"I see," said he, "hills green with grass,
As far as I can spy,
And I see people on the shore,
Of Islands :—I can see a score.

"This place is Bradley's land, I'm sure !
It don't look very cold ;
The trees are decked with silver pure,
The streets are paved with gold ;
All things appear so very grand,
You bet, this must be Bradley's land.

"O my ! It is a pretty place,
An inlet like a bay ;
I see a lady wash her face,
Her husband's gone away ;
Oh dear ! he's come back to her now,
And brought with him a Jersey cow.

"Come up and see this place, my boy !"
He calleth down to me ;
"One look would fill your heart with joy,
'Tis beautiful to see !"
I said : "I won't go up at all,
If pole would break, I'd get a fall."

I asked him to describe the bay,
And this is what he said :
"It seems just like a summer day,
When all the ice have fled,
The ships are passing to and fro,
But one won't let the others go.

"O my ! That one's a big Dreadnought,
That holds the rest at bay ;
I cannot see one half they've got,
I see the children play."
But he no land saw near at hand,
Just fields of ice that look like land.

The sun now shone in splendour vast,
My comrade slid down nice ;
The heat was great and melted fast,
The blocks of snow and ice ;
His beauteous land soon disappear,
And song-bird music greet the ear.

I softly from my slumber stole,
And looked for our dog team ;
But lo ! our dash up to the pole,
Was just a pleasant dream ;
When Bernier to the North Pole go,
His fame won't pass like fleeting snow.

Then we will information get
Of scientific worth ;
And Yanks will join in praise, you bet,
Of Bernier being north ;
They will not affidavits make,
To show up Bernier as a fake.

And scientists will scan the ground
Of genuine information ;
How Bernier had the centre found
Of Polar gravitation :
The Union Jack, we'll hear him say,
Was on the spot—not miles away.

And while the sand of time doth roll ;
In every clime and age,
The name of him who reached the Pole,
Shall blazon history's page :
Though he may die, and bones may rot,
His name shall never be forgot.

Capt. Bernier has returned from his Polar expedition, and
the North Pole is not yet discovered,

THE COMET.

Have you seen the comet ? My dear !
It will not remain long here, my dear !
It will wait a few weeks,
To show us its freaks,
And then it will disappear, my dear !
But, if the story is true, my dear !
We may never get a view, my dear !
For,—it struck the North Pole,
That a would-be star stole,
And,—its head is broke in two, my dear !

HIS NATIVE LAND.

What man will say, like popinjay,
Who other lands have trod —
His native land with silver strand,
Most favoured is of God.

Not one is there, who will declare,
His native land is top ;
'Cept coxcomb vain with smallest brain,
Whose tongue no man could stop.

But he who stands on foreign lands,
Their technic to unfold ;
Is not dismayed, to find strands made
With threads of purest gold.

Unselfish eyes, will not despise,
The beauties of the rest ;
He'll not say his more favoured is,
But that : "He loves it best."

THE MAID'S REPLY.

"Now do not plague me any more
About my good old man,
You only make my spirit sore,
You cannot change my plan.

"I love him as I love my life ;
He is not old to me ;
I'll try to make him a good wife,
And faithful will I be.

"You have no other fault to find,
But that he's rather old ;
You do not think he'll prove unkind,
Or given be to scold.

"Then would you want me to resign
This man without a cause ?
This man whose virtues are benign ;
Whose life is free from flaws.

"You think I would much better be
As that young farmer's wife ;
How many pleasures would I see,
Or comforts have in life ?

"You know how 'tis, you see yourself
They're working all the while ;
They work and toil to gather pelf,
And make their husbands smile.

"The Manitoba farmer's aim
Is work, when he gets wed ;
But women have themselves to blame,
Who are so blindly led.

"I know there some exceptions are,
That some of them do love ;
But those between are few and far,
And they the rule do prove.

"A man should have a thrifty spouse
To comfort him through life ;
But feeding pigs, and milking cows,
Is not work for a wife.

"The farmer sees her work life out,
He banters her in fun ;—
A woman's made to run about,
Her work is never done.

"To work so hard just to be fed,
To work while daylight flies ;
You're worn out when you go to bed,
And fatigued when you rise.

"The farmer oft will make a jest,
And go off to his plow ;
But would not give his wife a rest
By milking of a cow.*

"'Tis drudgery all throughout life."
With emphasis she said :
"I would not be a farmer's wife !
I'd rather be a maid !

*

"I love my love, and he loves me,
Though he be near the grave ;
'Tis best an old man's pet to be,
Than be a young man's slave.

"And yet I may be first to go—
A fickle thing is life ;—
He hale and hearty is, you know,
And might outlive his wife.

"But how it is I'll not complain,
Which one goes first to rest ;
In spirit-land we'll meet again,
And be forever blest."

*This may be considered strong, but I have seen a farmer sit at the stove, and allow his wife to go out and milk when she was hardly able to walk on her feet, and should have been resting on her bed. I said to him : "You should have done the milking this morning." "Oh ! she don't mind it much," he replied, "and she can do it in half the time that I can."

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHTS.

Beautiful thoughts make a beautiful soul,
A beautiful soul makes a beautiful face ;
Beautiful thoughts our acts control,
And maketh smooth the roughest place.

Beautiful thoughts by Angels sent ,
The feeble mind to strength restore ;
Beautiful thoughts will bring content,
Where discontent remained before.

Beautiful thoughts to the virtuous give,
A conscience pure as falling snow ;
Beautiful thoughts will make us live,
More useful lives while here below.

Beautiful thoughts to all are given,
Who strive to follow God's behest ;
To souls make beautiful for heaven,
That they may mingle with the blest.

FAITH, HOPE, AND CHARITY.

Faith fills the mind of man ;
Faith living faith !
Faith enters every plan ;
Faith trustful faith !
Faith at home, faith abroad,
Faith in turning of the sod,
Faith in man, faith in God ;
Faith boundless faith !

Hope makes the pathway clear ;
Hope brightest hope !

Hope bids adieu to fear ;
 Hope cheerful hope !
Hope : gem of gems the best,
Hope : the weary traveller's crest,
Hope for eternal rest ;
 Hope blessed hope !

Charity inspires love ;
 Love gentle love !
Love rules the home above ;
 Love purest love !
Love makes kind actions rife,
Love of good will banish strife,
Love is the bloom of life ;
 Love joyous love !

SOW THOUGHTS OF LOVE.

Sow thoughts of love in children's breast,
 They are the best that you can sow ;
They give them sweet refreshing rest,
 Which show that thoughts are things that grow.

Yes, loving thoughts are sure to grow,
 Make children blithe and happy soon ;
Their impulse throw soft light below,
 Like cloudless, soaring, gibbous moon :

For thoughts are seeds, that grow to deeds,
 Then pure, sweet thoughts, the young mind teach :
And they'll not be choked up with weeds,
 If you will practise as you preach.

Sow early, ere the spring be past,
 While hearts are mellow for the seed ;
For youthful minds develop fast,
 And hardened hearts will not take heed.

WHO HATH SORROW ?

Who hath sorrow ? Who hath woe ?
Who hath redness of the eyes ?
They who to the dram-shop go,
And tarry there while daylight flies.

Who hath wounds without a cause ?
Who hath contentions ? Who hath strife ?
They who discard Dame Nature's laws,
And for sensation shorten life.

Who hath babbling in their speech ?
Whose legs get feeble in the knees ?
They who the wine-cup do beseech,
Their fuddled, muddled brain to please.

Whose child doth go with unclothed feet ?
Whose little life hath not one joy ?
They say who see him on the street :
"That child's a drunkard's naked boy !"

Then look not thou upon the wine,
When it doth the red colour give ;
For it will your whole soul entwine,
And be a mocker while you live.

It will a nice sensation bring
To snare you in its fetters tight ;
Then like an adder it will sting,
And like a serpent it will bite.

Thine eyes strange women shall behold,
And perverse things thy tongue shall speak ;
Thou'lt be like he down in the hold,
While timbers of his ship do creak.

You'll think that people injured you
When that deep sleep hath cleared thy brain;
But such a mocking it will do,
Thou'lt go and seek it yet again.

But if thou wilt some goodness show,
And try to lead a better life,
Abjure the wine-cup's ruddy glow,
And be a comfort to your wife.

Your child will then be clothed and fed
Like other children in the place ;
He'll not then needs hang down his head,
He will look people in the face.

CONSOLATION.

There is no Death ! To those who love
Their Saviour, and their God ;
'Tis only calling more above,
To heaven's blest abode.

To those left here on earth below,
To bear affliction's rod,
'Tis consolation just to know,
They trusted in their God.

Yet tears will come, but sweet are they
When comfort hath been given ;
So put your trust in God, and say :
"My loved one is in heaven ;
My darling's clothed in white array,
In that bright home of heaven."

IF WEEDS IN YOUR GARDEN GROW?

If weeds in your garden grow,
What then will your crop be worth?
If smutty seed is the kind that you sow,
Will crop be clean that come forth?
Your growing crop will be like the seed,
And so with your good or evil deed.

If evil passions rule within,
Then sorrow is at the gate;
If you in the home will encourage sin,
A curse at your door doth wait;
For sorrow and sin companions be,
But, with eyelids closed you cannot see.

So, now is the time to think,
While conscience is still alive;
If all your earnings are spent upon drink,
How can you expect to thrive?
For, when the conscience of man doth die,
To do what is right, he will not try.

The drink shall please you awhile,
It lures until it gets hold;
The home will suffer while it you beguile,
Then love will at length grow cold;
The love troth-plighted at Hymen's shrine,
Will die in the love you get for wine.

Take thought, what will be the end?
Be firm! ere you be allured;
Give up the drink, save the money you'd spend,
And comfort will be assured:
Sorrow and sin, from you shall depart,
Peace, joy and love, shall enter your heart.

TOBACCO *vs.* DRINK.

Good people now wage a war upon drink,
In order the world to amend ;
For many poor families now on the brink,
The money thus spent would befriend.

Such war will do good, but it looks like a joke,
By many who in it take part ;
They are running down drink, and puffing up smoke,
To foster a tobacco heart.

They see all the evil in what others do,
They trumpet that evil abroad ;
While tobacco they smoke, and tobacco they chew,
As 'twere for the glory of God.

They don't seem to think that smoking is sin,
Or chewing tobacco a crime ;
The pleasure they get, is enough for to win,
From them a good dollar or dime.

The dollar thus spent, would do as much good,
As the dollar- that's spent on drink ;
It would pay as much rent, and buy as much food,
But of that the smoker don't think.

The smoker's mind is as absorbed in his smoke,
As the drinker's is on his cup ;
The smoker may say that the drunkard's a "bloke,"
But tobacco he would not give up.

The smoker's the most unsafe man of the two,
When he throws burning matches away ;
He does not reflect on the harm they would do,
Should they happen to fall among hay.

A smoker was searching one day for a dime,
His pocket he turned inside out ;
Some bits of broke matches fell down at the time,
And they just got scattered about.

In the course of a week his barn was on fire,
None could tell how that fire was done :
The head of a match might get struck with wheel tire,
Or ignite with the heat of the sun.

Two men, talking drink and tobacco one day :
They hailed me, and asked which was worse :
They are much on a par, I to them did say,
But tobacco's the greater curse.

THE POTENT SMILE.

A smile is very pleasant, when
It cometh you to greet,
From some one who is kind and true,
That you may chance to meet :
But he who hath a constant smile,
May look indeed quite civil ;
Yet he will smile to you the while,
And cheat you like the devil.

The potent smiler will deceive,
E'en when he talks the best ;
Mendacious smile is to beguile,
His words won't stand the test :
From all such smilers keep away,
Lest you through them get "busted,"
No matter what they do or say,—
They are not to be trusted.

THE FALSE AND THE TRUE.

O the greatness of self ! that some men display.
Who are pillars and props in God's Church to-day;
They trample the weak, they tread on the poor,
They give to the church, to heaven secure.
Those beautiful words, the Son of Man said,
About doing God's will, are not often read
In prosperous churches, where great men attend;
For preachers will not rich people offend,
Lest they to poor friends,
Their money should send.

"Not every one," said Christ, "who saith unto Me,
Lord, Lord ! shall enter, or God's kingdom see;
But those who do right, who follow the path
Which leadeth to heaven, that kingdom hath."
They may be oppressed, as o'er earth they trod,
But never, no never ! shall lose faith in God !
And when the change come, and earth's trials o'er,
Shall peace and rest find on heaven's bright shore :
And for evermore,
They will God adore !

GOOD THOUGHTS.

Good thoughts much better are than wealth ;
Good Thoughts will soothe a mental pain ;
Good Thoughts will lead the sick to health,
And bring the bloom to cheek again.

Good Thoughts will banish care and strife,
And evil words and actions chase ;
Good Thoughts will add years to the life,
And raise up high the human race.

Good Thoughts will cure a broken heart ;
Good Thoughts will ease affliction's rod ;
Good Thoughts will cause sin to depart,
And guide the penitent to God.

Good Thoughts the best of jewels are,
Their sheen illumine far and wide ;
They bring to view the guiding star
Of trustful hope, that fear-thoughts hide.

Good Thoughts more brilliant are than gold,
Their lustre shine through bright clear eyes ;
Good Thoughts true beauty will unfold,
And make the home a paradise.

Good Thoughts then cultivate, and find
Your heart o'erflow with love and grace :
'Tis God inspires the human mind,
Good Thoughts are His—give them a place.

RELIGION.

The religion to live,
Is religion to give,
You comfort when shadows do fall ;
You'll live your religion,
Elsewise your religion,
Is not a religion at all.

The religion we want—
Not religion of cant,
Nor religion forced with the sword ;
But religion of life,
Purifier of strife,
Reflecting the love of the Lord.

INTOLERANCE.

For credence, no man persecute,
No matter what creed be ;
His may be quite as sweet, and right,
To him, as thine to thee.
Faith do not make creed false or true,
A false is oft believed ;
It only true, makes creed to you ;
If false, you are deceived.

Why call a man an infidel,
Who in Jehovah trust !
Why should his brain be racked with pain,
Whose actions all are just ?
Why should man have his head chopped off,
Or live be put on pyre ?
Or, why should he, who disagree
On faith, be burned in fire ?

The persecuted's faith, is oft
The better of the two ;
Who persecute is just a brute,
Who knows not what he do.
The time has now arrived, when man
Can see faith is no guide :
Belief in wrong, may be as strong,
As prejudice or pride.

The old intolerant days are past,
Return they never can ;
Religion's free, and all may see,
The love of God to man :
Each man is now at liberty,
To choose his creed ; for still,
His faith's the best, who on God rest,
And do His holy will.

NATURE'S LAWS.

Teach us, O Lord ! to live by laws,
That would-be scientists deride ;
For Nature's Laws,—without man's flaws,—
Were made to be our rule and guide.

Teach us, O Lord ! to breathe fresh air
For oxygen which it contains ;
That circulation may be fair,
Through all capillaries and veins.

Teach us, O Lord ! Disease departs,
If we drink water good and pure ;
For it will cleanse our inmost parts ;
From drunkard's cup we'll be secure.

Teach us, O Lord ! The food we eat,
To build us up and make us strong ;
And give us strength, to leave vile meat,
That puts digestive organs wrong.

Teach us, O Lord ! Essentials are
Enough to make health organs rife
Good food, pure water, and fresh air,
The trinity of human life.

Teach us, O Lord ! Those laws to keep,
That Nature's God to us hath given ;
And we will praise, for health so cheap,
The Trinity of God in heaven.

THE SEQUENCE.

The health of the body is riches full measure ;
The joy of the soul, is man's greatest treasure ;
And these are in store for each human creature,
Who lives right and keeps well the good laws of
Nature.

EVEN SO, FATHER !

In Eden's beautiful retreat,
A little water brook there played ;
It ran beside a shaded seat,
Within a leafy sheltered glade ;
Where resting in the noonday heat,
The weary travellers bathed their feet,
And looked to heaven's God for aid.

And when God said unto them : "Drink !"
They in their innocence obeyed ;
They laid them down upon the brink,
And quaffed the nectar for them made ;
They drank the cordial cool and clear,
Their hearts reviving with the cheer,
They were refreshed, their thirst allayed.

But such a change o'er man hath come,
That now when God to him says : "Drink !" .
The look he gives, would strike God dumb,
Superior wisdom (?) makes him shrink,
And to God say : "It filthy be,
E'en though it seemeth good to Thee,
To drink such stuff, I could not think :

"For unknown germs are eddying o'er,
To cut man off before his prime ;
The place where thousands drank before,
The drink now is not worth a dime."
And so he died, he could not live,
He would not drink what God did give,
His wisdom cost him dear this time.

FORGET ! FORGIVE !

To men do good while in the mood,
And act a kindly neighbour's part ;
For ill is wrought by want of thought,
As well as callousness of heart ;
And many times, 'tis true, 'tis true,
The trickster feels as bad as you.

He feels that he would like to be
Away from scenes which foster strife,
Away from where through want of care,
He took the sunshine from a life ;
The cruel actions he thought fun,
Don't look the same when they are done.

To brood o'er wrongs will make you fret,
And so disturb your peace of mind ;
Then why should you not wrongs forget,
And think of actions that were kind ?
You say you can't forget and live,
Then do the best you can : Forgive !

Keep no resentment in the breast,
But try with love your heart to fill ;
Keep every evil thought suppressed,
And strive to do God's holy will ;
The one who evil done, depend,
Will soon become your staunchest friend.

And all around will see that you
Are trying to do what is right ;
And so they good will strive to do,
And emulate with all their might :
And God will smile upon the ground,
Where people serving Him abound.

THE MUSES.

Gray calls the Muses, "The Sad Nine."

But why he should, I do not know ;
For don't they gladden with a mine
Of love and joy, and peace bestow.
Those Muses should not be called sad,
That makes an earth-born spirit glad.

A tragic poem will make one sad,
Or epic, when mournful scene depict ;
But love and comedy, will make glad,
They do not sadden or afflict ;
They come to us when full of care,
To drive hobgoblins off the stair.

* "Man's inhumanity to man,
Makes countless thousands mourn !"
Was wrote by Burns, with spirits wan,
When soul was sick, and sad, and lorn ;
Had Burns not seen inhuman men,
Those words would not have left his pen.

Did we not into conflict come,
And see so much inhuman ire ;
The latent Muse might still be dumb,
For wrath at wrong, the pen inspire.
Inhuman acts, like love, oft do
Arouse, and bring the Muse to view.

But when Burns sang in lighter vein,
As when the work of Nature classes :
"Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,
An' then she made the lasses."
He gives the lovely lasses here,
A compliment without compeer.

And when we sing a lyric song,
That lifts the soul above the sky,
And raise the spirits up among
The hosts, who sing God's praise on high :
How should those Muses be called sad,
That maketh souls and spirits glad !

APPENDICITIS.

When Robert Reid was taken ill,
His groans would rouse a nation ;
The puzzled doctors wise did look,
Then held a consultation.

"We'll have to operate," said one,
"To find out what's the trouble."
"We'll call it Appendicitis,
And then our fees we'll double."

They told the patient his disease,
With faces grave and hazy :
"Dear doctors, you are wrong," he said,
"You surely must be crazy."

"There's nought but an operation, sir,
Will save your precious life ;
And we have the permission got,
From your dear, darling wife."

The Surgeon's knives were now brought out,
And they began to slash ;
What care they for the patient's life,
They only want his cash.

"The Appendix seems to be all right."
One doc. was heard to say ;
"We'll cut it out," the other said,
"It's no use any way."

"A successful operation,"
Was what the doctors said ;
But ere they had their knives packed up,
Poor Robert Reid was dead.

A successful operation,
From Surgeon's point of view ;
They make his wife a widow,
And take his money too.

Please do not think this overdrawn,
To get the doctors blame ;
The story is, alas ! too true !
But Reid is not the name.

THE BEGGAR WHO GETS ON A HORSE.

The beggar who gets on a horse, is the man
Who will ride to a place he won't name ;
Who will use his exalted position, to fan
Dying embers again into flame.

The man who's promoted, and then gets too big,
When honours unto him do come,
Will turn out a skunk, or a brainless pig,
Much worse than the brutes that are dumb.

He'll hide the vile lazarus that gives others pain,
Till the pain gets hard to endure ;
He'll look down from pedestal with haughty disdain,

On the men he is now making poor.

He'll chase a delusion like a knavish scamp,
And satellites many will hire ;
He'll follow a shadow through morass or swamp,
Hoping others will stick in the mire.

He'll bow to the rich with cunning and tact,
And with dignity there will he stand ;
He'll trample the poor, and gloat o'er the fact,
That he juggled them out of their land.

Though now he is mounted, he may not long stay,
Some day he may topple and fall ;
The would-be great men, like dogs have their day,
For they are just men after all.

He thinks his position with him shall remain,
His power for ever shall last ;
So he gallops his horse o'er hill and o'er plain,
Till it drops down, through going so fast.

His charger is dead, his friends all have fled,
And the water is deep he's to cross :
How dread it must be, to cross that dark sea,
To a place where a demon is "Boss."

SLAVERY.

We hear folks speak of slaves to drink,
But of other slaves they do not think ;
They do not think there's slavery where
Tobacco smoke pollutes the air ;
They do not think it slavery,
To be addicted to drink tea ;
They do not think that slavery lies
In passing time by telling lies ;
They do not think that they are slaves
Who steal, and cheat, and act like knaves ;
They do not think there's slavery in
The things that many folks call sin :
And so time pass without a thought,
Where freedom ends and slaves are bought.

THE TROUBLES OF A JEW

I am a Jew in drouble doo,
Vor married I vould like to be ;
I vish you'd tell me vat to do,
Vor dwo girls vant to marry me ;
Dey both am zisters, dat is why
I am zo droupled, I could cry.

My fadder von day to me say :
"My zon I droubled 'bout you am,
You'll 'ave to get a vife zome day,
Ant raise up zons to Abraham ;
I have a vrient with daughters dwo,
Ant von ov dem he'd give to you."

Zo I did go to zee dis vrient,
Who had dwo daughters vit to ved ;
Vhen I got to my journey's ent,
He caught my hant, ant to me zaid :
"I am zo glad to zee my boy,
My vrient's zon vills my heart vith joy."

Den he me took up to his house,
Ant introdooed me to dey girls,
Ruth was as prim as any mouse,
But Zillah zet mine heart in whirls ;
Dey both vas nice as nice could be,
But Zillah vas de girl vor me.

Ruth is a good girl I vas told,
Dey praise her all dat dey can do ;
But den she makes me feel zo cold,
Ant she's as fat as mutton too ;
But Zillah being nice ant thin,
Just took my eye like a new pin.

If I vas Christian, I would go
Ant marry Zillah right avay ;
But den I am a Jew you know,
Ant laws of Moses must obey ;
Dey zay der fadder'd be accurst,
If he don't give dey oldest virst.

Vhen Jacob vas dis vay perplexed,
Dey gave de oldest in de dark ;
Ant in dey morning he vas vext,
To vind dey von without his heart ;
But den vor me dat would not do,
'Cause now I could not marry two.

I tought about dis a long dime,
Den 'vited vrient to come me zee,
Who being zmart, and in his prime,
He would do Ruth as vell as me ;
Ant I told Ruth dat he vas zweet,
Ant she his zweetness did repeat.

I tought de ting vas vorking vine,
Ant tolt him he should marry Ruth,
He zaid it would not do dis dime,
Ant den he told me all de truth ;
He vas engaget to anudder,
Ant he had spoken to her mudder.

Vhen I told Ruth, lod she vas mad,
Ant she'd bring wengeance on his head ;
To tink dat she to love him had,
De tought made her vish she vas dead ;
She zent invite dat wery day,
To bring his girl with her to stay.

Ant vhen de girl to visit come,
Vor a good while, Ruth praised him such
As please de girl, den vhispered some ;
"He vants to marry me zo much,
But I don't love him, zo you zee,
Dat's vhy he cannot marry me."

De girl vas den zo bad dat she
Vas nearly falling on de floor ;
Zaid she : "He is engaged to me,
Ant now he vants to throw me o'er."
"O my !" zaid Ruth, "if I had knew,
I'd not have told dat tale to you."

Now Ruth is wery diplomat,
Ant knows how to vork out tings vell ;
She made her frightened as a bat,
Ant promise dat she vould not tell ;
Vor Ruth knew vell he vould deny,
Ant upzet all her plans forby.

But vhen his girl returned home,
She zent him all his prezents back ;
My vrient vas mad, his mouth did voam,
He zvore he'd end all 'in a crack ;
But he don't know de cause, you zee,
Ant he puts all de blame on me.

I lost my vrient, he lost his girl,
Ant Ruth is still in de vay yet ;
Ant Zillah puts me in a whirl,
Vhen I my arms aroud her get :
Ant yet I'm zad, I'd like to cry,
I vish dat Ruth vould marry, or die.

MAN'S INHUMANITY !

Written after the death of the Postmaster's daughter,
who died on January 16th, 1911, at Riding Mountain, Man.

Oh ! 'tis an awful time to live,
For folk beneath the azure sky ;
When sympathy they must not give
To parents, when their children die :
What good is household quarantine,
When germs,—the little nasty things,—
“Can fly hundreds of miles unseen,
And carry with them deadly stings” (?)

By words, man will his faith declare,
That God the Lord can all things do ;
By acts, which make more dazzling flare,
That neither faith nor words are true :
For when unknown germs take the wing (?)
And vile disease do spread abroad (?)
Some disinfectant is the thing !
Carbolic Acid is their god !

Man's inhumanity to-day,
Is worse than e'er it was before ;
If you should near a sick one stay,
The doctor comes and locks the door :
Oh ! it is terrible to be
In such a corner of the world,
Where you can't show your sympathy,
And where love's banner is kept furl'd.

A lady here the other day,
Her arms put round one in distress ;*
And lovely words to her did say,
To try to make her trouble less :
Such acts do make the angels smile ;

*The mother of the deceased on the day of the funeral.

But a man who bows to doctor's god,
Comes round and locks her up awhile,
She is not safe to go abroad.

None shall "Love neighbour as thyself,"
Nor do a kindness in this place,
When a conceited stubborn elf,
Has power the kindest love to chase :
But those who trample down the good,
And o'er the cruel act will gloat,
May find a serpent in their brood,
Who yet will grasp them by the throat.

Where hath the power of God gone ?
'Tis superseded on earth now !
It is usurped by men alone,
And to proud tyrants all must bow !
No kindly act will be allowed,
While power is in the tyrant's hand ;
But God will yet o'erthrow the proud,
And love establish on the land !

CLOUDS.

Celestial bodies e'en so bright,
Are hid from view on cloudy night ;
And, yet at night stars come out, too,
Which sunshine hideth from our view.

So, let the clouds be dark or light,
They many beauties hide from sight ;
And blessings each day of the year,
Are hid by worry, doubt and fear.

Then keep fear-clouds out of the mind,
Keep doubts away, and you shall find
When faith and hope make clear your eyes,
That many blessings shall arise.

Blessings unseen through doubting clouds ;
Blessings unfelt through worry shrouds ;
Blessings unheard through dread and fear,
Though beating on the drum of ear.

Blessings when nought obstructs the view,
Are seen through bright and black clouds too :
Blessings not lifted from the mould,
More bright than gems encased with gold.

Behind the darkest cloud doth shine,
A light as brilliant as divine ;
A light much fragrance sheds abroad,
Illumined with the love of God.

THE CITY FLOWER.

You sickly, good-for-nothing flower,
You grew within a city bower ;
With houses high on every side,
The sunshine from you, they did hide ;
No wonder you etiolate,
You grew in such a confined state.

A strong wind on you never blew,
And good fresh air you never knew ;
You oft were smothered with a fog,
And pampered like a poodle dog ;
I'm not astonished you are pale,
How many were beside you hale ?

Not one was ever near you hearty,
Except when going to a party ;
And when they did return at night,
They were like you, a weary sight :
Shut up in rooms, without fresh air,
Could man or flower, be healthy there ?

RING OUT, RING OUT !

Ring out, ring out ! ye marriage bells,
Look sharp, look sharp ! ye Mountain swells,
And get your presents ready ;
The preacher's head is in a whirl,
When he drives out his own best girl ;
His visits are quite steady.

His loving heart goes pit-a-pat,
When with his girl he has a chat ;
And when he hears her sing,
The music of her charming voice
Doth make the preacher's soul rejoice,
And wedding bells to ring.

He goes away once in a while,
(Of course that is the preacher's style,)
Just to come back again ;
For love soon brings him round about,
It is a killing thing no doubt,
But marriage cures the pain.

Ring out, ring out ! ye wedding bells,
Rejoice, rejoice ! ye Mountain swells,
Get all your presents soon ;
The preacher's head is in a whirl,
When he drives out his own best girl :—
God bless their honey-moon !

THE AEROPLANE.

'Tis nice up there,
To float on air,
Danger ! Not much with Aeroplane :
Should ought go wrong,
You don't take long,
To come back down to earth again.

SYMPATHY.

"Please let me kiss away those tears?"
He to the maid did say;
So quickly she dispelled her fears,—
It looked as she had known him years,—
And promptly did obey.

He kissed her many, many times,
And still the tears did flow;
He kissed her now to rhythmic rhymes,
He kissed her to the church bell chimes,
Yet tears still trickle low.

"Will nothing make them stop?" said he,
His sympathy was sure;
"Oh, no! it hay-fever is," said she,
"And till the season pass, you see,
There's nothing will it cure.

"But, your palliative treatment,
Assuages the disease;
It soothes so nice, it brings content,
It must be by the angels sent,—
Go on with it, if you please!"

FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

A PUZZLE'M.

I'm to be found on mountain,
But not on little hill;
I'm in both meat and medicine,
But not in drug or pill.
I'm in the arms of mother,
And I'm in mamma more;
But I never go near father,
And he will feel it sore.

I'm always first at meeting,
For I like to be in time ;
And though my youth is fleeting,
I still am in my prime.
I'm very much in summer,
And you may think it queer,
I'm ever in a tremor,
Though never known to fear.
I'm first in man, and maid, and mind,
Of that there is no doubt ;
And when a three-legged em you find,
You'll make this puzzle 'm out.

JACK AND GILL.

A NEW VERSION.

Jack and Gill went up the hill,
To fetch papa a rafter ;
Jack fell down, the footless clown,
And Gill just roared with laughter.

WHICH IS BEST ?

"All work and no play,
Makes Jack a dull boy."
All play and no work,
Makes Jack a little Turk.
Some work and some play,
Makes Jack blithe every day.

A NURSERY RHYME IMPROVED.

Hey diddle-diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The scene, the moon shone over ;
The little dog wagged his tail and laughed,
And the cow kept eating clover.

SUPPLEMENTARY LINES TO THE RIDING
MOUNTAIN POEM

A poem in which fun was poked in great profusion, headed "The Riding Mountain Poem" and signed "The R. M. Poet" was published in one of the local papers; the following week these lines appeared in the other local, and are now reproduced minus his name.

John Jokes is our poet, who publicity shun,
For Jack is so modest, when writing for fun ;
When he starts to write poetry, he cannot stop
Till paper is done, then he whirls like a top.
When reading his poem, he laughed mild at first,
But it soon got so loud, his wife tho't he'd burst ;
Then he hopp'd and hurra'd and joyously shout,
Till the cheer was took up by wolves round about.
Now what do you think of our poet ? the best
Who wrote thirty-six verses, without a rest ;
And he'd have wrote more, but his paper was done,
For his subject was great, and full of good fun.

I'm not the R.M. Poet, but only one who
Is delighted to show what our poet can do.

A GRACE IN TWO FORMS.

O God ! The air we breathe is Thine.
And water comes from Thy hand divine ;
Thou likewise give to us our food,
And all Thou givest is for good ;
We praise Thee for this trinity,
Conferred on all that live by Thee. Amen.

We bless Thee, Lord ! For air we breathe,
And for the water we receive ;
We praise and thank Thee for our food,
For all Thou givest is so good ;
The trinity of life ; All three
Are graciously bestowed by Thee. Amen !

A NEW YEAR GREETING

In Scottis

We hail wi' cheer a guid New Yeir ;
Tho' 't be a milestane on the way ;
It wad be queer tae dree or fear,
On happie New Yeir's Day.

The cock may crawl at early daw,
Tae lat us ken the Yeir is boarn ;
Nae froast, nae snaw, naw wun that blaw,
Sould dool us on this moarn.

When moarnin' licht maks a' thing bricht,
An' bids the auld Yeir gang his gait,
It isna wrang, tae herp a sang
O' joy, an' cheer a spait.

May ilka frien' be snug an' bien,
Wi' muckle routh athin thair ha' ;
May poortith's dree tak wings an' flee,
An' nae come near's ava.

May joysum daffins gled the e'e,
Wi' coothie, blythesum, cantie cheer :
May gowpins fou o' blissins' be,
A' thru this guid New Yeir.

A NEW YEAR REVERIE.

Hail, glad New Year ! We welcome you,
On this cold stormy day ;
With mercies great, and sorrows few,
We hope for joy alway.
Although we here tranquil arise,
With blessings at our door ;
We cannot, must not shut our eyes,
Till Britain's storm is o'er.

The war which is in Britain now,
About the House of Lords ;
May end in a disastrous row,
Through Rosebery and Lloyd-George :
An unfulfilled prophecy
Of Alexander Peden,
May be fulfilled in this affray,
And sorrow bring to Britain. *

"If I in second grave am laid,"
Said Peden to his class,
"Then every prophecy I've made,
Will surely come to pass :
Two bushes at that grave of mine,
Shall up together grow,
And when that their top twigs entwine,
Distress shall Britain know."

Are these top twigs entwined now ?
(They were pruned for many years ;)
For when they are entwined, a row
Shall fill the land with tears :
It shall at "The Crown-head begin,
And spread throughout the land."
But what its cause, or who will win,
None then could understand.

*When these lines were penned on New Year's morning, I did not expect the prophecy would be fulfilled by the death of the King ; yet I was impressed with the idea that the time for the fulfilment of the vaticination was at hand, though how it would be fulfilled was beyond my power to conjecture. That it is fulfilled, there is no room for doubt ; the distress began at the Crown-head, and spread over the country as fast as the telegraph flashed the news, and "this terrible political situation" being the cause, made the sorrow greater than it otherwise would have been.

This war which now is on tapis,
Began near the Crown-head ;
Perhaps we shall this trouble see,
That prophet Peden said
Would come to pass : Yea, come to pass,
And fill the land with woe ;
Then sorrow shall be great, alas !
And people's tears will flow.

There's many points in a Lloyd-George speech,
That passions will inflame ;
The man who prejudices preach,
Is for results to blame ;
Those points intended votes to catch,
Produce much bitter ire :
It easier is to strike the match,
Than to put out the fire.

Now Britain's King is not to blane,
For what to pass may come ;
To him both Houses are the same,
So he remaineth dumb :
But when this turmoil pass away,
His prestige shall increase ;
Then Edward shall his sceptre sway,
For harmony and peace.

Again we hail Thee, glad New Year !
Of Nineteen hundred and ten ;
May we in thee, dispel each fear,
And live like free-born men ;
May nations of the earth, depend
On God, the great I AM !
Then costly dreadnought craze, shall end
In universal calm.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

Beauty is bravery in a boy,
 And modesty in a maid ;
 Beauty is a charming toy.
 Of which none are afraid.

Beauty is like a passing glance,
 That soon will fade away ;
 But love is an inheritance,
 That never will decay.

Beauty and love with grace combine,
 Dost thou divinely love ?
 For only grace through love divine,
 Will lead the soul above.

Love is the strongest thing in life,
 It hath no hidden path ;
 Love knows no bitterness nor strife,
 No turbulence nor wrath.

Love only knows the pure and true,
 It rules without a sword ;
 Love tries to hide, then comes to view,
 And binds without a cord.

For love is life, o'er hill and vale,
 It casteth out all fear ;
 Love is the everlasting tale,
 That angels love to hear.

Thus, Love and Beauty, bound in youth,
 Animation spreads abroad :
 For "God is Love," is half the truth,
 The other,—LOVE is God !

WHEN THE MESSIAH COMES TO REIGN.

When the Messiah comes to reign,
Comes down to set His people free ;
Comes down to banish grief and pain,
And drive away all misery ;
Comes down to show Himself among
The persecuted Jewish race ;
Comes down that they may sing a song
Of freedom, in the tyrant's face.

"The Christ has come !" shall be the song
That Christians o'er the world shall sing ;
They shall with might His praise prolong,
And hail Him as their Lord and King.
Mohammedans shall also hail
Him as Mohammed come again ;
Allah to them shall never fail,
When the Messiah comes to reign.

By all who now in darkness walk,
A great light shall be seen that day !
About that light they then shall talk,
And all their idols throw away :
Thus idol worship all shall end,
And people look to God alone ;
All then shall on the Lord depend,
And worship at Jehovah's throne.

No more shall workmen be oppressed,
That avarice may riches gain,
For love of right shall fill each breast,
And laws of God all shall maintain ;
The rich shall not their wealth increase
Through craft, or underpay for toil ;
And other lands they will not lease,
That they may have control of oil.

All combines then shall pass away,
 And honest dealing take their place ;
 For truth and love the world shall sway,
 And love hypocrisy shall chase :
 All people then shall honest be,
 And every one the truth shall speak ;
 No man shall talk religion free,
 And slyly put his tongue in cheek.

Malfeasance and ill-will shall end,
 Malignant enmity shall cease ;
 Each man shall be his neighbour's friend,
 The influence of the Prince of Peace :
 For love shall reign in every breast,
 And tyranny shall be uncrowned ;
 War shall for ever be suppressed,
 And warriors will till the ground.

Then Dreadnoughts will more useful be,
 Than that for which they were designed ;
 They'll carry food across the sea,
 And be a blessing to mankind :
 Their swords to ploughshares men shall beat,
 And spears to pruning-hooks they'll make ;
 They shall no more prate with deceit,
 Nor of their neighbours vantage take.

All persecution then shall cease,
 And Love's bright banner be unfurl'd ;
 All nations then shall live at peace,
 And brothers be throughout the world :
 Thus Peace and Love shall spread abroad,
 And people shall from sin refrain ;
 All shall unite to worship God,
 When the Messiah comes to reign.

GIFTS AND GRACES.

When I perceive the many gifts,
That Nature's God on man bestow ;
My grateful heart with joy uplifts,
And praise for graces to Him flow.

Just look around if you have eyes,
Behold the blessed gifts God send !
The sun and moon shine from the skies,
And rain from clouds to earth descend.

How many fail to understand,
How crops do grow upon the ground ?
Or how that frost renews the land,
That food in plenty may abound ?

When vapours from the earth arise,
And fall as dew during the night :
How many can't them realize,
When gifts and graces are in sight ?

No one can tell the wealth contained
Within the bowels of the earth ;
Nor yet how many riches gained,
Who had no riches at their birth.

How many pretty flowers grow
Where foot of man hath never trod ;
Nor eyes admire their brilliant glow,
But the all-seeing eye of God ?

But the most precious gifts of all,
Are thoughts inspired within the mind ;
And they who heed the gospel call,
Do some of God's sweet graces find.

For though their sins like scarlet be,
He will them wash, and make them white ;
Whiter than snow, or foam of sea,
And pure as rays of morning light.

In virtue's path He will them lead,
And fill their souls with peace and love ;
And through God's grace they will succeed,
To make their homes like heaven above.

And when their days on earth are o'er,
Some loving friends their lips will kiss ;
And though they'll meet on earth no more,
Their souls shall meet in realms of bliss.

INVITATIONS.

"Turn ye ! Why will you die ?"
Jehovah's Prophets said :
"God will have mercy. Turn !
Before your souls are dead !"

"Come unto Me !" said Christ,
"And I will give you rest ;
My yoke is easy, burdens light,
And gifts the best."

The Spirit and the Bride say : "Come !
Come to the Lord !
While mercy's gate is open, come !
Believe His word."

"Come unto Christ !" Apostles say :
"He will receive ;
He'll wash and cleanse you from your sins,
Repent, believe !"

7

"I do repent !" One say :
"The many sins I've done ;
But God don't hear ! He seems
To my repentance shun.

"I do repent my sins !
I'm sorry, sad and lorn ;
And often, often wish,
I never had been born !"

Repent of sin to-day,
And sin again to-morrow ;
Will never you release,
From all your dole and sorrow.

Repent is not enough :
Leave all your sins behind,
And onward, upward press,
Till peace and rest you find.

It is God's voice you hear,
When men upon you call ;
Come unto Him to-day !
Don't let the shadows fall.

He now will you receive,
And will you succour give ;
And when the body dies,
Your soul with Him shall live.

For God most gracious is,
To every erring child,
Return unto Him now,
When He is reconciled.

O come to God ! Once more
The invitation's given ;
Learn to obey His will,
And make your home a heaven.

THE SKY-LARK.

O lovely bird ! I often long
To see thee soar on high,
And hear thy sweet, melodious song,
When thou art in the sky ;
How oft have I in days of youth,
Lain down upon the sod ;
And watch thee mount in very truth,
The path that leads to God :—
The path that ransomed spirits go,
When they take leave of friends below.

Thou art a lively little bird,
Thy music fills the air,
Proclaiming drowsiness absurd,
And joy spreads everywhere ;
Thy song doth raise the soul above
The sorrows of the earth ;
It fills the heart with peace and love,
And sadness turns to mirth ;
Thou art the king of birds that sing,
Thou hast no equal on the wing.

The Nightingale doth sweetly sing,
When Nature goes to rest ;
She sings at night, the crafty thing,
When music sounds its best :—
A song that soundeth sweet at night,
And charming is to hear ;
Might listless be when sun shines bright,
And fall flat on the ear :—
So Philomel, you must give way
To the Sky-lark, that sings by day.

To call Sky-lark the king is meet,
His music brings delight,
And songs that are by day so sweet,
Would sweeter be at night ;
I oft do long to hear his song,
And think of days gone by,
But childhood years will not prolong,
And swiftly do they fly ;
Yet memory calls me back again,
To hear his song, and sweet refrain.

I wonder if Sky-lark would live
Throughout the winter here ;
Enjoyment pure his song would give,
And many souls would cheer ;
For he would sing upon the wing,
When sun doth shine by day ;
His trilling notes would pleasure bring,
With cheerful roundelay :
A graceful bird with noble crest,
And as a songster—is the best.

A GRACE.

O God ! Do teach, we Thee beseech,
The food to eat to make us strong ;
And grant that we may ever be,
So fond of right, we won't do wrong.
O bless us still ! And do Thou fill
With healthful food, both mind and soul :
And so shall we give back to Thee,
Praise for Thy guidance and control. AMEN.

NATURE'S DRINK.

The drink that Nature gives,
Is water from the spring ;
And he who drinks it, lives
As blithe as birds that sing.

The earth would beam with joy,
If it were given pure
To every girl and boy :
For health it would secure.

But people who are wise (?)
Will Nature's drink destroy ;
For sugar in their eyes,
Is such a grand alloy.

I heard a young man say,
He could not water drink ;
He'd sicken right away,
Now what would grandma think :

If she could now arise,
Her grandson thus to see ;
To see his blood-shot eyes,
And hear him talk so free.

She did not think, that she
Was training him away :
Away from God ! To be
A drunkard in his day.

How many do thus think,
Who appetites destroy ;
That sugar in his drink,
Would hurt the darling boy ?

That sugar in his food,
Would feed him for disease;
"So sweet, so nice, so good!"
It must a baby please.
"Put salt in baby's food?
Oh, no! the nasty thing;
The sugar is so good,
It no disease would bring."
Yet salt, the "nasty thing,"
Will keep disease away!
Sugar: disease will bring!
No matter what folk say.

A PRAYER FOR THE YOUNG.

God bless Father! God bless Mother!
God bless us one and all!
May nothing bad, to make us sad,
On any one befall!
May all our folk,—like sturdy oak,—
Have strength to stand the blast!
And may our song, when wind blows strong,
Be "Praise God!" when 'tis past.
And then God will our bosoms fill,
With treasures from His store;
And so we shall love God for all;
Yea, love Him more and more. Amen.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

God bless Papa! God bless Mamma!
God bless me! God bless the rest!
And we will love, each other love,
And love God best. Amen.

THE LOVE OF GOD.

The Love of God,—a mighty river;
It watereth all plains somehow;
It faileth not, it flows for ever;
Is your heart irrigated now?
If not, open your heart and find,
It calmly flow into your soul;
Find how your burdens will unbind,
And how peace turbulence control.

Find concord in each walk of life,
For duty done it bringeth joy;
It cleanseth hearts from bitter strife,
And purifies without alloy;
It leadeth to the gates of peace,
And discontent will wash away;
It will your happiness increase,
And show the sunshine of the day.

The Love of God seraphic reigns,
What one can comprehend it fully?
It flows o'er Africa's sunny plains;
It flows o'er dim and distant Thule;
It comes with sweet, quiescent calm,
To mitigate a mental pain;
Its aromatic, fragrant balm,
Relieves and soothes time and again.

It cometh with the morning light,
To fit man for the day's behest;
It cometh with the shades of night,
To give the weary traveller rest:
So, to the heavens lift thine eyes,
See there the tranquillizing river,
Find there the fount that never dries;—
The Love of God that flows for ever;

FAITH AND WORKS.

"Faith without works," said James, "is dead,
Because it is alone."

When only faith is in the head,
How can that faith be shown?
A man may laud his faith so high,
And say that he is good;
But without works to show it by,
How many will get food?

Faith is the first step on the way,
That leads to truth and love;
But other steps you take each day,
And these your faith do prove.
"Only believe," and "Simply trust,"
No good have ever done;
For without works no man is just,
Nor victory have won.

We valued are for what we do,
And not for what we say;
Although our words may be so true,
That none can say them Nay!
The man who climbs gets to the peak,
Where talkers would not try;
Actions, than words, more loud do speak,
And faith is proved thereby.

The Levite came and looked upon,
The poor man in distress:
One simple look, then he was gone,
Did that make trouble less?
Another came who kindness show,
And to an Inn him took;
And if you would the story know,
You'll find it in the Book.

Thus Faith is strongest, when it feels
That hope lives in the breast,
And Hope is blithest, when it kneels
To make the soul's request :
So Love is purest, when it cedes
To purer, grander love,
And Work is brightest, when it leads
To brighter realms above.

Who are the blessed ? They who are kind,
Whose sympathies are true ;
Whose loving hearts some work will find,
For willing hands to do ;
Whose gentle mien through grace, succeed
To scatter joys abroad ;
Whose soothing words and acts, will lead
A weary soul to God.

O GOD OF BETHEL !

O God of Bethel ! Wisdom give,
To teach us how on earth to live ;
That when our bodies die,
Our souls may take the silvery road,
That souls of many saints have trod,
Which leadeth to the home of God,
Above the ethereal sky.

Throughout the turmoil of this life,
Where men display malicious strife,
Thou God hast comfort given ;
And though we live in solitude,
Thy Spirit cheers us through the wood,
And mysteries will be understood,
When souls arrive in heaven.

AN EVEN-SONG.

At the evening sacrifice I spread out my hands unto
the Lord my God.

O God, Jehovah, Lord of all !
We come to Thee at close of day ;
And as around us shadows fall,
Be with us till they pass away.

O do Thou o'er us vigil keep,
That we may have a peaceful rest !
And give us sweet refreshing sleep,
To fit us for the day's behest.

May we have no unpleasant dreams,
To spoil the slumbers of the night ;
But if we dream, O may the themes
Be such as fill us with delight !

Revive us for the coming day,
May all our acts be done through love ;
But shouldst Thou take the soul away,
O take it to Thy home above !

For Thou art God, and Thou alone
Canst draw the burdened soul to Thee ;
No human act for sin atone,
But Thou canst set the sinner free.

Therefore, O God ! To Thee we cry,
We plead that Thou wilt give us rest ;
We plead that Thou wilt love supply,
Till all the world with love is blest.

Then, then the arrogant will be,
Quite full of love to men abroad ;
All will be free, to worship Thee :
The merciful, and loving God.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

Our Father who in heaven art !
Who ruleth o'er the eârth and sea ;
Thy name, so dear to every heart,
O may it ever hallowed be !
Thy kingdom come, beneath the sun,
When sinners all shall be forgiven ;
O may Thy righteous will be done,
On earth, as it is done in heaven !
Give us each day our daily bread,
And all our wants do Thou supply ;
By Thine own hand may we be fed,
That we may still on Thee rely.
Forgive us all our trespasses,
As we do those forgive, who plead
That we forgive ills done to us ;
By our own acts, do Thou proceed.
O lead us not into temptation !
From sin and sorrow keep us free ;
Dispel the evil inclination,
That drives the soul away from Thee.
For Thine the kingdom, Thine the power,
Thou God of love ! Thou Life divine !
Of blessings—send us down a shower,
And we assign, the glory Thine,
For ever ! yea, for ever Thine ! Amen.

A GRACE

We thank Thee, Lord ! For this our food,
And with it do a blessing give ;
Thy blessing makes it taste more good,
Enrich it so that we may live :
And give us strength to walk, that we
May show the world we live in Thee.
—AMEN.

SONNETS

ON DRINK.

Have you e'er thought, how many here
Are killed by drink throughout the year ?
Have you e'er thought, how cruel some,
Who take strong drink, do soon become ?
Have you e'er thought, how many men
Their wives abuse, when filled with drink ?
And terrorize their children, when
Their reason's fled. Take time and think !
And think how mothers' hearts are broke,
And filled with sorrow, drear and sad ;
Through sons who evil never spoke,
Except when strong drink drove them mad :
Such thoughts as these should warning make,
If you are one, who strong drink take.

ON SLEEP.

Don't wake your child, medicine to give,
If you do wish your child to live !
Of medicines, sleep is the best,
Disturb it not, just let it rest.
Sleep is Nature's strength restorer,
Sleep is the universal balm ;
Sleep ! all Nature do adore her,
The turbulent she maketh calm ;
Sleep is the rest that Nature gives,
Sleep will the weary one improve ;
Sleep doth refresh each thing that lives,
Let patients sleep, if you them love ;
Sleep, balmy sleep, health will restore,
When drugs are baffled ten times o'er.

AULD SCOTIA'S FAME.

I would I were a bard, that sing I might,
A song in praise of those who've gone before;
Of famous men, like Bruce, and Wallace wight,
And poets, whom their countrymen adore.
There's Thomson, Campbell, Ramsey, Burns and Scott,
Whose worthy pens have been with laurels dressed;
There's Tannahill, whom historians have forgot,
Whose lovely songs still cheer the Scottish breast;
The Ettrick Shepherd, who wrote thrilling lays,
And Janet Hamilton, poetess of Langloan,
And many others, Scotland loves to own,
Whose poems and songs deserve their Country's
praise,
For Scotia's poets laud the Scottish name,
And through their songs, sustain Auld Scotia's fame.

THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

O do not thou God's Book despise !
No matter what some men may say :
It fills with light the longing eyes,
And 'lumes the sunshine of the day,
That good old Book ! That dear old Book !
'Twill soothe your sorrows, calm your fears ;
For a better book you need not look,
Nor one that lived so many years.
When hearts o'erburdened are with care,
The seeker will find solace there ;
'Twill teach the mind all that is best,
And give the wandering spirit rest ;
'Twill ease the soul by conflicts riven,
And point the road that leads to Heaven.

IN MEMORIAM.

To Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Gengill, Florenta, who lost their home, and their three children, by fire, on November 29th, 1895

The sympathetic tear will fall,
And sorrow fill the breasts of all
Who read the news with bated breath,
How Gengill's children met their death ;
How fire with its tragic power,
Took home and children in an hour.

The parents' grief—who can express ?
Or, who with words of tenderness
Those broken-hearted souls can cheer,
When all is lost, they held so dear ?
Yes, weep they must, to ease the pain,
Though not to bring them back again.

Let this thought comfort to you give :
"All children go, with God to live."
Nor would we wish them here once more,
After they've reached the heavenly shore ;
Where mingling with the hosts above,
With saints who sing their song of love :

When brilliant crowns to them are given,
Crowns which all children wear in heaven ;
When robes of righteousness they wear,
And palms of victory they bear ;
And, when among the happy throng,
Their voices raise in sweetest song.

In the first version of this poem, which was published in the Neepawa Register, at the time of the sad occurrence, I said:

"Yet do not weep: you know 'tis vain,
Tears cannot bring them back again."

"Now don't cry" and "Do not weep" are expressions that are often used with the best intentions; but "May God bless

ON THE DEATH OF
R. H. HAMILTON, OF NEEPAWA.

Who died on May 14th, 1906.

The news of R. H. Hamilton's fate,
Read with abated breath ;
Show life's uncertain in this state,—
A certain thing is death.

So full of vis, so full of vim,
His manhood knew no fear ;
So full of health, no thought by him,
The messenger was near.

He did not think that day so bright,
A tragic death he'd meet :
His lively team would shy through fright,
And throw him from his seat.

No thoughts like these enter his breast,
As he drives swift along,
Until the act doth him divest
Of life : though he be strong.

'Twere good that many like him were,
So ready for the call ;
His gentleness who can compare,
He courteous was to all.

His love for man through kindness spent,
Each one to him was friend ;
And all who knew him will lament,
His sad, untimely end.

your tears and console you in your affliction," would have a more sympathetic touch on the feelings of those addressed, and after writing "The Blessed Tear" I amended these lines, and otherwise improved the poem.

Of One his tragic death remind,
Within whose path he trod ;
For he who love for man doth find,
Must surely love his God.

Then consolation here should rest,—
From God's love nought can sever ;
And he who man through love hath blest,
God shall him bless for ever !

ON A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Need I describe a lady fair,
When love-light sparkles in her eye ;
With blooming cheeks and auburn hair,
And song like sky-lark soaring high.
For now her cheeks have lost their red ;
The lustre bright hath left her eyes ;
No earthly music cheers the dead ;
Nor song of triumph where she lies.

No more shall sorrow swell her breast ;
Disease no more shall give her pain ;
Her hands and feet have gone to rest,
But loving acts by them remain.

Those loving acts shall never die,
They'll live as long as ages roll ;
Her spirit's gone above the sky,
To dwell with God—a ransomed soul.

Then, why should loving friends complain,
That she so soon was taken hence ?
We only part to meet again,
When joys eternal shall commence.

IN MEMORY OF
MY DEAR DEVOTED SISTER.

Who departed this life on May 1st, 1909.

A Peaceful Death : "I'm tired," she said
Then calm, sweet sleep was given ;
The breathing cease, the body's dead,
How tranquilly her spirit fled,
And winged its way to heaven !

WE CALL IT DEATH ! *

We call it Death ! When spirits leave
Their tabernacles made of clay ;
We call it Death ! And so we grieve,
To lose the friends who pass away.

We call it Death ! When souls arise,
To make obeisance at God's throne;
We call it Death ! Because our eyes
Can't see the place where they have gone.

Could we but see that land so bright ;
Could we the glory comprehend ;
Could we but see a gleam of light,
A glimpse of joys that never end.

Could we but see departing breath,
And watch it rise to whence it came :
We would not, could not, call it Death !
We'd give it, a more-joyful name.

*The author was utterly disconsolate at the death of his sister, and one morning when unable to take breakfast, he went to his desk and wrote these lines; and hopes that the reading of them will bring as much comfort and consolation to the bereaved as the writing of them brought to him.

ON MRS. HARVIE.

The first three stanzas appeared in the *Neepawa Register*, when she was a maid, under the heading : *Virtute, non astutia*. The fourth was added after her death, which took place on May 9th, 1910.

A young lady bright
Is a beautiful sight,
When her heart is full of devotion ;
And such may be seen,
With countenance serene,
By any one passing through Goshen.

With beauty she's fair,
Among women she's rare,
A gem, or a jewel in motion ;
A treasure to love,
As pure as a dove,
And she dwells on a homestead in Goshen.*

Truth, modesty, grace,
May be seen in her face,
Not frivolous, nor follower of fashion ;
She heads all the rest,
Because she's the best,
There is not her equal in Goshen.

Now that lady bright
Hath passed from our sight,
To her last home on earth she is driven ;
Her body's at rest,
Her spirit is blest,
And she is a dweller in heaven.

*Goshen was the first name of Riding Mountain. The village of Riding Mountain is built on this homestead.

I LOVE TO THINK OF HEAVEN !*

I love to think of Heaven !
The home of God above ;
That place of rest where saints are blest,
And all is love.

I love to think of Heaven !
The garden of the Lord ;
The fruits of life produce no strife,
They all concord.

I love to think of Heaven !
With flowers every where ;
The smile of God spreads joy abroad,
No pain is there.

I love to think of Heaven !
A perfect atmosphere ;
The seasons range, they never change,
There is no year.

I love to think of Heaven !
Where praise is one glad song ;
Where festively their harmony,
All blend in one.

I love to think of Heaven !
A joyful company ;
Where happiness with God is bliss,
There is no sea.

I love to think of Heaven !
Where all is peace and rest ;
No painful sigh, no farewell cry,
Disturb the blest.

*These lines were composed during a severe illness in the Spring of 1911, when recovery was not expected.

I love to think of Heaven !
That home where all is light ;
God's presence there pervades the air,
There is no night.

I love to think of Heaven !
To live for God I've striven ;
Such thoughts raise high, they never die,
Their life is Heaven !

THE JOYS OF HEAVEN.

In Heaven : There not one dies !
All, all in heaven is life ;
And when from earth man's spirit hies,
It upward goes, and quickly flies,
To joys kept free from strife.

The Joys of Heaven are sure,
There nothing can annoy ;
Bespangled with allegiance pure,
An ornament that will endure,
Upheld with saintly foy.

The Joys of Heaven do shine,
Throughout that great expanse :
The joys of heaven shall never pine,
They are not flushed with drunkard's wine,
Their glory to enhance.

The Joys of Heaven are bright,
Illumed with rays of bliss ;
They are an everlasting light,
They are an interesting sight,
That ransomed souls won't miss.

The Joys of Heaven shall last,
 Nought can those joys destroy ;
 No troubled thoughts about the past,
 Nor selfishness beneath a mask,
 To darken heaven's joy.

The Joys of Heaven are true,
 They are divinely given ;
 And if on earth, God's will you do,
 Death will an entrance be to you,
 To joys of saints in heaven.

The Joys of Heaven shall stay,
 They are supremely fed ;
 The smile of God, those joys do sway,
 They never, never shall decay,
 Nor shall they ever pass away ;
 Those joys endure eternally,
 In Heaven : There are no Dead !

IMPROMPTU.

Our King is Dead !
 Britain's beloved King is Dead !
 On 6th of May, his spirit fled,
 Mourn Empire, mourn : Our King is Dead !

King Edward : idol of the world,
 Peacemaker, benefactor, friend ;
 A model king, an honoured king,
 But death his peaceful reign doth end.

The Empire mourns : What can it do,
 But weep for loss of king so true ?
 A noble soul ! Mourn Empire sore,
 King Edward's dead : His reign is o'er !

His soul hath gone to dwell on high ;
 His work, his influence, shall not die !

ON THE DEATH OF

KING EDWARD VII.

His Majesty exclaimed several times, during the last two days of his illness : "I cannot rest, because I am thinking of this terrible political situation. I cannot stop in bed. I must be up." And shortly before the end, he said : "Well, it is all over, but I think I have done my duty."

Edward the great, Edward the good,
From earth now disappears ;
His life was one of honours full,
Though not so full of years.
His loss not one can estimate,
At such a trying time ;
His knowledge of affairs was great,
His judgment was sublime.

His mind was ever dwelling on
This ultra situation,
And worry undermines his health,
Through thinking of the nation ;
And all who have welfare at heart,
Of Britain, must deplore
The cause, for trouble that he felt,
And hope that it was o'er.

It rests with those men at the helm,
Whom State affairs do sway,
Whether the Empire shall be great,
Or fall into decay ;
This conflict o'er the House of Lords,
Might easily have been stilled,
But many politicians are
So head-strong, and self-willed.

Kind Edward dreaded much the end
Of crisis on tapis ;
The Crown lay heavy on his head,
Its weight none felt but he :
"I cannot rest, I cannot rest,"
His Majesty oft said,
"I must be up, I must be up.
I cannot stop in bed."

So, thinking about the crisis,
And worry o'er the strife,
Have taken from the Empire now,
The King's most valued life ;
Deprived the people of the world,
Of their peace-loving friend ;
"This terrible situation,"
Much hasten doth the end.

Look back upon his useful life,
For it much good will do,
To view the work that he hath done,
His love for peace was true :
Edward, a good peacemaker was,
And in a quiet way
Would smooth the ruffled path, without
Ostensible display.

"I think I have my duty done,"
He softly, softly said,
To Queen, and those who weeping stood,
Around the royal bed.
Yes, yes, he had his duty done !
That all the world will own ;
No better king hath ever reigned,
Upon the British throne !

His failing strength gives way at length,
Then tranquilly he lies,
And like a conqueror of Death,
So peacefully he dies.
Well, well ! It is all over now !
His kingly work is done ;
The earthly Empire here is lost :
The Crown of Victory Won !

ON MISS FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE, O. M.,
the famous nurse of
THE CRIMEAN WAR.
Died August 13th, 1910.

BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL !

A noble soul hath crossed the vale,
A valiant spirit gone to rest ;
The brave, Miss Florence Nightingale,
Hath joined the army of the blest.

Her work on earth shall never die,
As nurse she like an angel trod ;
An angel here beneath the sky,
Adored by men, beloved by God !

A sainted light where'er she ran ;
Her great life work—labour of love ;
She's better than sainted by man,
She's sainted in the realms above.

The love that she dispersed abroad,
That humane love so freely given ;
Hath raised her to the home of God,
Where she enjoys the love of heaven !

SONGS

O FREEDOM ! WHERE ART THOU ?*

O Freedom, Freedom ! Where art thou ?
Hast thou departed from this earth ?
Hast thou lost all thy prestige now ?
Hast thou lost all vaunted worth ?
O rise up from thy gory bed !
And do not hide thy weary head.

How proud thou wert in days of yore !
And boasted greatly of thy might ;
How thou didst bind up many a sore !
And for thee did our fathers fight.
But now, the world doth thee disown ;
And tyrants reign upon thy throne !

There is no force in freedom's sphere ;
Compulsion there hath not a place ;
And those who use compulsion here,
Just tyrannize the human race :
'Tis time that people now were free,
From brutal, dark-age cruelty.

No man hath right from us to take
The freedom which our God doth give ;
'Tis freedom, health, and love, that make
The happy homes in which we live :
Then let not one, beneath the sun,
Give up those rights our fathers won.

This song is published with music for organ or piano,
and copies may be had from the author. Price 25 cents each.
The other songs will shortly be published with music.

Denounce those callous-hearted men,
Who would from us our freedom take ;
Rebuke those tyrants once again,
Who would us servile creatures make ;
Stand up for right and make this age
The brightest light on history's page.

Put Freedom back upon her throne ;
Let tyrants from her place be hurled ;
And love, and right, and peace shall own,
The grandest spots throughout the world :
Triumphant then our song shall be,
For justice, health, and liberty.

THE BLACK MUSTACHE.

They say that women never love,
But that's not true, you know ;
Of course they do not fall in love,
Until they meet their "Joe."
I know I never fell in love,
But looked on men as trash ;
Till I met a red-haired laddie
With a BLACK MUSTACHE.

You may talk about Apollo,
And puff his manly form ;
You may look around in sunshine,
Or search about in storm ;
But to me true manly beauty
Appeared just like a flash ;
When I met that red-haired laddie
With a BLACK MUSTACHE.

The Eden boys may curl their hair,
And dress up to the skies,
To captivate a pretty girl,
And carry off the prize ;
But of all the swells in Eden,*
There's none can cut a dash,
Like the mountain red-haired laddie
With a BLACK MUSTACHE.

You may talk about Apollo,
And puff his manly form ;
You may look around in sunshine,
Or search about in storm ;
But to me true manly beauty,
Appeared just like a flash,
When I met that red-haired laddie
With a BLACK MUSTACHE.

O how my heart goes pit-a-pat,
Just like a dead lamb's tail ;
When I do see him wash his face
With water in a pail ;
For should the diamond dye come off,
My heart would get a smash ;
For oh ! I never could endure
A RED MUSTACHE.

You may talk about Apollo,
And puff his manly form,
You may look around in sunshine,
Or search about in storm ;
But to me true manly beauty,
Appeared just like a flash,
When I met that red-haired laddie
With the BLACK MUSTACHE.

*Eden is a village 10 miles South of Riding Mountain.

PERFECT LOVE !

Perfect Love ! Thou hast departed
From where love seemed to be true ;
Perfect Love ! You never started,
It was selfish love, not you—
Unselfish you !

Perfect Love ! Comes down from heaven,
Bringing messages from God ;
Perfect Love ! True hearts shall leaven,
Spreading peace and joy abroad ;
For Love is God !

Selfish Love ! An earth-born treasure,
Not desirable to gain ;
Selfish love ! Must have its pleasure,
Though that pleasure may cause pain
To others—Pain !

Perfect Love ! Is a sure token
That our thoughts are pure and true ;
Perfect Love ! No ill hath spoken,
All is good that it can do ;
'Tis God in you !

Selfish Love ! Alas ! too often
Makes a wound and leaves it sore ;
Perfect Love ! A wound will soften,
And the pain is felt no more,
No, never more !

Perfect Love ! Hath not departed
From those minds that soar above ;
Perfect Love ! Is tender-hearted,
Kind and good, for God is Love :
Pure, Perfect Love !

HOW LOVELY IS MUSIC !

How lovely is Music ! How joyous its lays !
And this is my theme, I will sing to its praise ;
Its tones are enticing, they charm as they rise,
And carry us upward to homes in the skies :
Oh Music ! nice Music ! There is not a day,
But hearts are illumined with thy shiny ray ;
Go forth lovely Music ! your lustre unfold,
For Music, nice Music ! is brighter than gold.

How cheerful is Music ! Its message of love,
Will make earthly homes like the mansions above ;
The joyance of Music, brings youth to the old,
And love will grow warmer, where love had been cold :
O Music ! bright Music ! There is not a day,
But hearts are enlivened by thy lovely ray ;
Go forth cheerful Music ! of fine arts the best,
For Music, bright Music ! doth lead all the rest.

How tranquil is Music ! It quiets the heart,
When filled with dismay, and will make fears depart ;
How calming, consoling, to poor and oppressed,
And sooth weary souls, to heavenly rest !
O Music ! sweet Music ! There is not a day,
But hearts are influenced with thy gentle ray ;
Go forth tranquil Music ! and make it well known :
The sweeter the Music ! the nearer God's throne !

How brilliant is Music ! Its glory transcend,
From regions above unto earth's utmost end ;
When peace trilling Music, doth warm up each
breast,
Then war, cruel war ! will sure be suppressed :
O Music ! grand Music ! There is not a day,
But hearts are enlightened by thy peaceful ray ;
Go forth brilliant Music ! with banner unfurled,
For Music, grand Music ! shall conquer the world.

NATURE VOICES !

O God ! Thy change decree,
Like clouds above us soar ;
And loud as stormy sea
That beats on rocky shore ;
While Nature Voices cry aloud :
"O why should mortal man be proud ?"
The Spring-time testifies
With bud and leaf on tree,
The spirit never dies,
But lives eternally ;
The falling leaf is Autumn's word :
"Prepare, prepare to meet the Lord !"

The universal call
Flies through the Summer air,
Shakes the terrestrial ball,
And shouts aloud "Prepare !"
Though Winter's storms fill ashy urns,
Life reappears when Spring returns.
The thunder's awful peal
The solemn call repeat ;
Volcanoes do not fail
To show the sinner's fate ;
And vivid lightning flash the work :
"Prepare, prepare to meet the Lord !"

'Twas but a moment's call,
Messina folk receive ;
Her buildings shake and fall,
Just as the earth upheave ;
And thousands by that Earthquake die,
While others shriek the wailing cry.

The King and queen went there,
Their sympathies to give,
And words of comfort were
Spoken to those who live ;
But they could not stop Earthquake's word :
"Prepare, prepare to meet the Lord !"

Fair Italy's gentle Queen
Much bravery doth show ;
Few, few like her have seen
Such dire appalling woe,
But she wrought hard to succour give,
And show the world how folk should live.
All shall at length rejoice,—
Like Italy's Queen and King,—
Who work with hand and voice
To consolation bring ;
The call to them contains the word :
"Welcome ye blessed of the Lord !"

GOD OF LOVE !

A SONG FOR THE HOME.

God of Love ! Give us Thy blessing,
As we worship at Thy shrine ;
Joyful Love ! Each one possessing
That pure love which is divine,
For Love is Thine !

God of Love ! O may we centre
All our thoughts of love on Thee !
Purest Love ! let no doubts enter,
May our minds from fear be free,
But full of Thee.

God of Love ! O bless us often,
Often as our cares increase !
Gentle Love ! dost thou then soften
Earthly pain, and bring us peace,
Most joyous Peace.

God of Love ! O may no elfish
Spirit blight, or hope alloy !
Trustful Love ! let not one selfish
Word or act, our peace destroy,
For Love is joy.

God of Love ! Bless those united
In affection's bond of love !
Peaceful Love ! let no short sighted
Self-born love this bond remove,
Of lasting Love.

God of Love ! Give us Thy blessing
At this anniversary !
Fondest Love ! each one caressing,
On return of that sweet day,
When Love held sway.

God of Love ! O may we never,
Never cause each other pain !
Faithful Love ! let nought us sever,
Till the crown of life we gain,
When Love shall reign.

God of Love ! When life is ending
In this changing world of ours ;
Hopeful Love ! dost thou be sending,
Hope to strew our path with flow'rs,
Bright Heav'nly Flow'rs !

The fifth and sixth stanzas are for a wedding and anniver.say

TO THE READER.

You now will know, our thesis show,
That blessings come from doing right ;
That Faith and Works together flow,
And are a unit in God's sight.
Of other virtues—Love is best,—
It makes the home like heaven above :
Love maketh man supremely blest,
For Love is God ! and God is Love !

FINIS.